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ON THE TRACK OF THE GREAT

RECOLLECTIONS OF A "SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT"

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ON THE TRACK OF THE GREAT

CHAPTER I

Starting life in the Bank of England—Sir Arthur Birch—I go to the United States—Looking for work—The *Evening Telegram*—The Editor gives me employment as "Morgue man"—A welcome change—The Salvation Army's first appearance in New York—A Professor of Divinity and the "soul doctors"—"He is saved! Another sinner that repenteth"—Some exclusive information—John P. Jackson—I become his assistant—The famous war correspondent, Macgahan—A flying trip through the States with an exotic French Count—A curious custom in American restaurants—The dexterous negro.

"WHY don't you write a book of your experiences?"

The above is a question which has been asked me so often, by so many people, including the late King Edward, that long ago I had determined, when opportunity offered, to publish an account of some of the incidents which have occurred to me in my vocation as a "Special Correspondent," with a record of over a quarter of a century of almost unceasing activity in four continents.

Up till lately my time had been far too occupied to embark upon any such work as

that entailed in the composing of a book. But just now chance occurs, and I avail myself of it, to publish a few of my experiences, which I hope may be found interesting and, in turn, amusing.

The very fact of the extremely vague knowledge which the great newspaper-reading public has of the life that the "Special Correspondent" leads, in order to furnish it with the news, dished up in readable form in the morning newspaper, strikes me as quite sufficient reason for the production of a book which will give a more intimate knowledge of the man who works very hard in order to provide a striking daily item of news.

Starting in life as a clerk in the Bank of England, Western Branch, where I was lucky enough to serve under Sir Arthur Birch, a distinguished ex-colonial administrator, and being ever of an adventurous and exceedingly active turn of mind, I naturally very soon tired of such a circumscribed life. I am fully convinced that I was out and away one of the worst bank clerks that ever darkened the portals of the stately home of "the old Lady of Threadneedle Street." I was totally unable to develop the remotest enthusiasm for the two vast green ledgers it became my duty to keep, and the writing up of pass books was still more unsympathetic. So, one fine day, having long

ago fully decided that I had fallen upon an unsuitable groove, on this the Lord's footstool, I gathered together what cash I could—be it told, a very meagre sum—got a few letters of introduction to people in New York, and, chock-full of that kind of gaiety which is liable to permeate an adventurous spirit, at the thought of having cut oneself adrift from what the cant term calls "all visible means of existence," I started to cross the broad Atlantic for the first time, with nothing more definite before me than a vague idea of seeking my fortune in the United States.

I have crossed "the pond" many times since, but never experienced so vile a passage as on that particular occasion. The good ship *Arizona*, which carried me, was for the entire passage incessantly tossed by storms, beset by head-winds, and finally arrived in New York, in intense cold, looking like a ship of ice, as she crushed her way through the heavy snow-bedecked floes which came crashing down the Hudson. During the voyage one sailor had been washed over-board, another nearly killed, and in the height of one of the fiercest gales a giant-sized passenger was taken with violent delirium tremens, and, getting hold of a couple of pistols, threatened my life and that of every other passenger he came across. We overpowered him, and he passed the remainder of the trip in irons. On

arrival in New York, he, in a state of drunkenness, fell down some steps and broke his neck.

Never did any one step more blithely ashore than I did, so filled with illusions. I had the usual idea that I needed but to show myself in this great new world and tempting offers of employment would meet me on all sides. Letters of introduction gave me the *entrée*, for a limited period, to the leading clubs, the Union League, Manhattan, New York Yacht, and Knickerbocker, at which last the excellence of the terrapin soup, served on Saturdays towards midnight, was a thing never to be forgotten.

It was all very nice for a while. The hospitality of the New Yorkers is unlimited. But I very soon found out the utter folly of coming to America with the idea of taking up some kind of clerical work. If a mechanic goes to the United States he is sure of work at extraordinarily high pay. Carpenters and bricklayers were making as much as five dollars a day. But if an advertisement appeared for a clerk at ten dollars a week, thousands of applicants were on hand, many of them poor half-starved fellows desperately eager for employment.

To cut a long and commonplace story short, after some six months of vain attempts to get an opening or an occupation, I found myself

stranded high and dry in the great, bustling, busy "hub of the universe," as the Americans call New York. No money, and there were times when meals were scarce. But the world is full of good people, and, finding I was destitute, a kind-hearted friend and his wife, living on the beautiful Brooklyn Heights overlooking the Hudson, took me into their house.

Those hard experiences were a mighty beneficial thing for me, and, after passing through them, I am fully convinced that every man ought to have suffered the pangs of hunger at one time or other in his life. It makes him for ever after more humane and better able to appreciate the sufferings of mankind. And besides, as the saying goes, "Let the body suffer, it enriches the soul."

One day, when at the height of my impecuniosity, I was talking to a friend of the name of Mackie, one of the best of fellows, who worked in the office of Mr. Thomas Bowring, now Sir Thomas Bowring, of the City of London. I confided to him how awkward it was to be without any ready cash. A position as purser in a ship trading with the West Indies had been offered me for a month later on; but in the meantime I hadn't a cent in my pocket.

Mackie, who often gave items of news to the papers, and had a considerable hankering after journalism, all at once said, "I've got it!

Come along." And with that he seized his hat and started off, with me after him.

A few minutes later he was whizzing up the flights of iron stairs leading to the *Evening Telegram* office, and before I could quite understand what was taking place Mackie was busy introducing me to a vast and imposing-looking person of the name of Shaw, the editor of the paper. And to my dismay he was asking the great man to give me journalistic work. I had never written anything for a newspaper in my life.

Editor Shaw, very busy, replied with the usual, " Staff full up, nothing for him to do ! "

But my genial friend would not take " No " for an answer. At last, in order, I think, to get rid of the persistent Mackie, Mr. Shaw said, " Well, he can wait; if anything turns up I will try him." And with that I was permitted to occupy a stool in the corner of the editorial room.

There I was able for the first time to watch the most interesting process of the " make up " of a big afternoon paper, wherein minutes—even seconds—count, and where the amount of collective energy brought to bear, combined with the rapidity of brainwork needed, leave the novice in such matters almost spellbound. Shaw was here, there, and everywhere. Reporters rushed in breathless and submitted their work to the

omniscient editor, who at once decided how much space he could allow them. At one moment he was at the galleys, at another instructing a reporter, then a consultation with the foreman of the printing department, and so on. And, with his eye constantly upon the clock, he would rush to the telephone, give out orders, furnish new ideas to his reporters, and, with his coat off and shirt sleeves turned up, be completely master of the situation.

All at once Editor Shaw, whom I was closely watching, had an idea and looked round for some unoccupied reporter. There happened to be none available for the moment. He reflected, made up his mind, and called out, "Say you, Mister!" And with that he gave me my first "detail" in journalism.

On my return, the big man ran his eye rapidly over my brief contribution. I believe it was concerning the banana trade. "W-a-a-l," he said kindly enough, "your way of writing might do very well for the London *Times*, but here you must make it more lively." And with that he turned it over to an editor to be infused with more vitality. I thanked Mr. Shaw, saying that I would try and make my style breezier next time.

The office hours of an afternoon paper commence very early in the morning. And next day I was on hand first of any one. That evidently

pleased Shaw, who shortly afterwards sailed in, all-important and full of animation, saluted me, and, after having read all the morning papers with lightning-like rapidity, he turned his swivel chair round so as to face me, and said : " Guess that Morgue man is getting slack, he ought to be here by now. Feel like giving you his job ! "

And thus I found myself with my first fixed occupation in newspaperdom. It was not of the kind I would have picked out if given my choice. But I was glad of anything. My new duty was to go to the Morgue and find out any details possible about the promiscuous and unreclaimed dead taken there ; to lift the lids of an ever-varying number of common deal coffins and describe what I saw within, for the purposes of identification. As the weather was tropical and the corpses in a very parlous state, this particular " detail " put a big crimp into the enthusiasm which I had begun to feel concerning journalism, and turned my thoughts back seriously towards the pursership. Luckily it lasted only a few days.

The representatives of the Salvation Army had just then come to New York for the first time, and I was detailed to write about them. Their arrival coincided with the end of the peach season. And when they appeared in their quaint costumes, the roughs pelted them with unserviceable and over-ripe fruit till their con-

dition was piteous and even revolting. Nor could they quite understand the repartee of the sharp American.

"Have you found the Lord?" said a blithe and bonnie British lassie, rushing up to a tall, lank, sallow-cheeked New Englander, who was taking in the scene with a cold sardonic look in his eye. Whatever else he had lost, it had, from his appearance, not been the habit of frequenting bars, and it was just on account of his toper-like appearance that he was considered a quite specially interesting subject for conversion by the Salvationists.

The suddenness of the attack for the moment unnerved him, but, pausing awhile, as though to consider the matter seriously, he gave the quid of chewing tobacco, which was his solace, a smart turn round in his cheek, and in drawling nasal voice replied, "Waàl, Missie, so far as I knows awf, I never lost him!"

A quiet, highly respectable-looking old man, walking along, was pounced upon by one of the leaders of the Salvation Army, promptly "held up," and asked the leading question, which formed yet another of the stock phrases of the new evangelists, "Are you saved?"

"Goodness gracious," replied the old fellow, thoroughly astonished at being thus requested to make a confession in the open street, "but I am a doctor of theology!"

"That may be," persisted the ardent reformer of souls, "but don't let such a trifle as that stand between yourself and your Saviour. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" And with that the Professor of Divinity was surrounded by a lot of capering fanatical "soul doctors," as they termed themselves, who, *nolens volens*, hurried him off to the Conference Hall, with loud cries of "He is saved! Another sinner that repenteth!" and songs, the refrain of one of which was, I recollect, "If you can't get in over the Garden gate, get over the Garden wall." This doggerel applied to heaven, and was one of many such, in reality very suited to the people, thousands upon thousands who would never have considered the question of religion had it not been placed before them in a popular and realistic form.

The clergy at the time, I remember very well, were furious, and called the new apostles blasphemers, but in spite of that and the extreme enmity of the populace at the beginning, the Salvationists survived taunts and ill-treatment, and before long the women of the poorer quarters ranged themselves on the side of the religious crusaders and the battle was won. To-day the influence of the Salvation Army all over the United States is enormous, and its record of well-doing and reclamation of thousands of supposedly irreclaimable cases, is a noble fact.

But soon there was an incident which did much towards influencing my future. One morning I went down town to see my friend the French Consul-General, a delightful little Frenchman of the old school, who was very kindly inclined towards me, I think because he liked talking French, and my glibness in that language pleased him.

It was shortly after midday, and as I entered his office he had just received a telegram from his agent at Sandy Hook. Its contents were evidently of a quite unusual kind, for he danced up and down, his bright sharp eyes twinkled, and he tugged away hard at his trim, snow-white moustache. He was altogether very agitated.

"Ah," he said, on catching sight of me, "I was just going to send for you, and here you are. Enfin, j'ai une nouvelle pour vous, un primeur!"

Having thus wrought up my curiosity to a fine point, he, with much show of mystery, seized me by the arm and drew me into his private office. There, in bated tones, he began to tell of how the day previously, M. Blanc, the well-known French sportsman and financier, whose big white yacht—I believe her name was *La Reine Blanche*—had been so much admired during the past fortnight as she lay anchored in the bay, had started of a sudden on a homeward trip, and that the telegram he had just received told

that the yacht now lay fast on the Hell Gate Rocks, most dreaded of submerged reefs, so feared of the pilots. They have since been blown away by means of dynamite.

What had taken place to bring about such a serious accident, was that the Blanc party, being in a great hurry to get away, had allowed itself to be imposed upon by a bogus pilot, with the result that the magnificent yacht was stuck on the dreaded reefs. At that time there were any number of bogus pilots about, and the French Consul had warned the Blanc party against them.

After getting all the further details available, and knowing that it was a matter of minutes before the paper went to press, I raced for the office and reached there out of breath and streaming with perspiration, for it was just then the warmest period of the year, in that hottest of cities, New York. I suppose that I looked wild, and excited I certainly was.

To my dismay I saw that the final operation was taking place, of screwing up the heavy polished steel chases, which were in use before the appearance of the Linotype machine.

"I have a bit of news. . . ."

"News at this time of day!" replied the big editor in a tone of scorn and irritation, which was perfectly comprehensible in one who was in the throes of putting a paper to press.

Any of you who have ever seen that strenuous and critical operation can readily understand the excellent Shaw's feelings towards me at that moment.

A big "But" was frozen on my lips when I heard the omniscient editor say, "Now away with her smart, we're already two minutes late."

Even in those days of my inexperience I had come to know the importance of seconds in the mind of an editor when sending a newspaper to press. The competition between the afternoon papers was fierce, and a few minutes late in coming out might easily mean the loss of the sale of thousands of copies.

So there I was, with a striking piece of live news in my pocket and not knowing what to do with it. The French Consul-General had told me that none knew of what had happened to the Blanc party besides he and myself. But such a thing could not remain secret long. Disgusted and distracted by what had taken place, I went off to consult the inimitable Mackie, whom I found as usual up to his eyes in work. He listened with interest, and in a moment had made up his mind.

"You need dollars badly!" he said, a truism which was striking. "I have no time to go with you, but take my card to the editor of the *Times*, a friend of mine. Tell him you

have a big bit of exclusive news, and ask a hundred dollars for it."

A few minutes later I was at the *Times* office. Mackie's card opened the editorial door without delay, and the few words he had written on it evidently excited interest. Without any hesitation the amount asked was accorded, upon the conditions that the news was true and exclusive. It proved to be both, and the next morning the cashier paid me out the sum of one hundred dollars. That money came as a gift from the gods. It enabled me to leave a villainous mosquito-beridden bedroom in the outskirts of Brooklyn, and to pay money necessary for urgent needs.

The *Times* ran the story of the Blanc yacht upon the Hell Gate Rocks as a leading feature for three days, and, the first day, had the story all to itself.

At that time it looked seriously as though my expectations in journalism had vanished. Members of the *Telegram* staff, who had been away on holiday, returned, and they got the work which I might otherwise have had. There was no room for me in the editorial room, and I was relegated to a desk in the corridor. There I had most of the day to reflect, and each morning the humble position of purser on the ship trading between New York and the West Indies loomed up larger. It was within a couple

of weeks of that vessel arriving in port, and I would very soon have to make up my mind.

One day, as I was disconsolately pondering over the future, a kindly faced man, with long, blond moustache, heavy features, sleepy-looking eyes, smoking a huge cigar which he balanced at extraordinary angles, apparently struck by my forlorn look, came up to me and asked what I was doing there. I told him of my position, of the story of the French yacht. He opened his usually sleepy eyes very wide, and after asking many further questions and finding that I could master German and French, he invited me to be his assistant at a small but fixed salary—sixteen dollars a week. I jumped at the proposition. My last week's efforts had only brought in seven dollars, and my budget needed recuperation sorely.

Such was my introduction to John P. Jackson, who had passed a long and distinguished career on the *Herald* as a Special Correspondent. He had roughed it in such capacity pretty well all over the world, inclusive of a wondrous trip he had made into the Arctic regions to describe the return of the survivors of the ill-fated *Janette* expedition. A correspondent by vocation, Jackson's whole soul was wrapped up in music and art. He had written a remarkable work on Wagner, played the violin to perfec-

tion, the piano equally well, and talked with knowledge and eloquence upon classical music.

Mr. Jackson had been charged with the bringing out of a weekly supplement of the *Evening Telegram*, illustrated, dealing largely with music and art. Having an extensive knowledge of foreign journals, specialising in those subjects, he was just then looking round for some one to act as translator. I happened to "fill the billet."

And so I became secretary to "John P.," as he was known to his intimates, and found in him one of the kindliest of men it has ever been my lot to meet. He was wont to tell me wondrous yarns about his experiences as a Special Correspondent, and stirring tales concerning the prowess of that most successful of war correspondents, Macgahan, the intimate and beloved friend of the famous Russian, General Skobeleff. Poor Macgahan! he died at his post, a terrible death from black pest, just at the close of the Russo-Turkish War, at a moment when he had earned the laurels of fame. For it was his eloquent pleading which at last stirred up apathetic Christendom to rise and overthrow the hitherto existing tyranny of the Turk in the Balkan provinces.

When Macgahan died, Jackson was sent to take his place, and found the whole Russian army in the field, weeping for the loss of the famous

Correspondent whose personal magnetism and fine qualities endeared him to all.

It was told of Macgahan that, during the war, he had collected a number of notes, the results of long and arduous labours. He had sat up an entire night to compose therefrom a long dispatch. On the way to the telegraph office, his horse, whilst crossing the bridge over the Maritza, shied, and the valuable manuscript, contained in a wallet, flew far away into the river. Macgahan, under such trying circumstances, never for a moment lost his habitual calm, but just remarked, as though nothing particular had happened, "It might have been worse. I came near being flung into the Maritza at the same time as my dispatch." None ever heard Macgahan utter an angry word, and wherever he went, in whatever company he found himself, he was always the life and soul of all around him, the man who always cheered up the rest, no matter how disagreeable the circumstances.

"John P." grew friendlier each day. He was just one of those silent men who, when once they take the trouble to talk, discourse beautifully. He lauded up the calling of Special Correspondent, kept telling story after story of his audiences and interviews with crowned heads, statesmen, and interesting personalities of all kinds. He besought me to give up the idea of being a

purser, which he condemned as utterly ridiculous for one who, he insisted, had the makings of a Foreign Correspondent. Thus encouraged, I cancelled the nomination as purser which had been kindly offered me by the well-known shipping firm of Forewood & Company.

Soon a new turn of the wheel of fortune placed me in quite a different position, and brought me with unexpected suddenness into the position, for which I had so much hoped and so little expected, of Special Correspondent to one of the biggest papers in the world, then at the height of its repute as the most enterprising "daily" existing.

One morning there came the news that the Yacht *Namouna*, having aboard her owner, the famous James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, with a party of friends, had arrived and had gone to Newport. Aboard the *Namouna* there happened to be a great friend of myself and my family, a grand type of the old French-Norman aristocracy, Comte Henri de Gauville. He being exceedingly desirous of making a flying trip to some of the principal towns of the United States, and unable to speak any English, asked his host whether he would not allow a friend who was on his staff to accompany him. Mr. Bennett, much surprised, asked who that person could be. Explanations followed, and the result was that

I and the Comte made a delightful trip, which included Washington, Philadelphia, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and Boston, and ended up at Stone Villa, Newport, the residence of Mr. Bennett.

Never shall I forget the extraordinary impression which the hustle-bustle and general strenuosity of life, as understood in the United States, made upon that most genial, placid-minded representative of a class, with whom existence in the old world is a sort of exotic dream, filled with ease and luxury, and to whom work is an unknown thing. He couldn't understand how it was that men with money should work as they do in the United States, and die in harness. That frenetic avidity for work which permeates every phase of life in the United States, staggered my dear old-time Norman Count and left him speechless.

Then again he was vividly struck with the prodigious rôle played in this new world by what he soon learnt to call the "gentlemen of colour," namely, the negro. Accustomed to take his meals in the Jockey Club in Paris, and knowing nothing beyond the most delicate and refined of French cooking, his expression of countenance when he saw the kind of food which is, so to speak, thrown at the guests in such places as the large hotels at Saratoga and Niagara Falls, was a whole comedy in itself.

The menus would consist of a hundred dishes or so, many of the names of which were double Dutch to me. The "gentleman of colour" who waited insisted that the whole meal should be ordered at once from beginning to end; and the Americans are accustomed to order a quite surprising number of dishes. I refer to the class which frequent the huge hotels such as those we went to, specially that the Count should obtain an insight into the character and habits of the average American.

"Commandons!" De Gauville would say as we sat down in the same room as some fifteen hundred to two thousand people, who, at the sound of a bell in the outer court, had rushed in haste into the vast dining-hall. And I ordered from a most perplexing menu as many American dishes as possible, for instance—clam chowder, planked shad, soft shell crabs, hominy, etc. etc. etc. With wondrous rapidity the "gentleman of colour," after having taken the order, would return without having forgotten a single item. It was all there, from the soup to the ice, the dishes one atop the other, in pyramid form, with the soup crowning all. The big tray containing the entire meal was dexterously poised upon the upturned palm of the negro, who, with the hand of a juggler, would twist the whole around, and, after first giving the soup from the top, begin to deal out

the infinite number of small oval dishes containing the food, with the manner and ability of a croupier at Monte Carlo throwing gold pieces to a lucky winner.

You should have seen the expression of face of the Count, of exotic habits, the first time the "gentleman of colour" began the process of dealing out the little oval dishes, each one containing something that he had never seen before, and the contents, mostly, highly uninviting. There he found himself with the hot soup to begin with, and having before him the task of trying to eat through a meal and reach the ice before it melted, and that upon a piping hot day. The food was really too bad for anything.

A guest who saw the Count's face of dismay told a story as follows. It was in an hotel in Florida, where the food was exceptionally bad and the "gentleman of colour" had gone out into the court and had begun to ring the bell to summon the guests. At the sound a cur dog began to howl plaintively, upon which the "coon" for a moment stopped ringing, and, addressing the dog, said, "Now den, what's de matter wid you? You's haven't got to eat it!"

What struck Comte de Gauville most, was that, on entering the dining-hall, the "gentleman of colour" who took our hats and sticks had given no number in return, and

didn't even seem to have taken any particular notice of us. And it was the same with all the other guests, who one and all deposited their belongings as they entered, and the same were returned when they left, without ever a mistake being made by the coloured caretakers.

The above example of wonderfully acute memory is, I believe, confined entirely to the coloured races. I have in my long travels never seen or heard of its being repeated by a white man. How it is accomplished was a constant source of speculation amongst the guests and especially the foreigners. It was all the more remarkable on account of the prodigious rush which occurs at meal-times in those great caravansaries, the vast number of the guests, and the constant change of visitors daily.

Frequently bets were made by the visitors as to the possibility of deceiving those trusty recorders of hats, sticks, and other paraphernalia. One of the favourite tricks was, on going out, to pretend that the effects returned were not those given on entrance. But it invariably failed. The negro wasn't taken in for a second, but enjoyed the attempt made to puzzle him vastly, and would reply, showing his ivories and laughing heartily, "No, Massa, it's no use whatsoever o' you a-trying to fool dis child; dat's yourn—you's knows it is!" Needless to say, those memorisers won many a dollar over such

bets. As for the Count, his astonishment knew no bounds, and he talked upon the subject for years afterwards.

However, the admiration which the genial Frenchman had at first developed for the "gentlemen of colour" sank below zero as the journey progressed. This reversion of sentiment was based largely upon the outrageous charges which the coloured porters were wont to ask him for carrying a small bag which was all the luggage he had with him. A dollar (five francs) was a quite common demand, which so outraged the Count's feelings that, in spite of the very hot weather, he insisted upon carrying the bag himself to and fro from the station, a task which, being totally unaccustomed to it, caused him much trouble. And when he halted on the way to mop his heated brow, he would break out into invective, with a torrent of "Oh là là! Ces sacrés nègres. Fichtre va, que le diable les emporte!" and other like expressions.

Certainly none was happier than M. de Gauville when we landed back at Stone Villa, Newport, the residence of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, where half a dozen *Cordons bleus* were on hand, and where I remember distinctly tasting for the first time that Frenchiest of French dishes, *Cuisses de Grenouilles*, otherwise frogs' legs.

CHAPTER II

James Gordon Bennett—His self-reliance—The ideal leader of a great daily paper—His remarkable abilities—He appoints me Special Correspondent in London to the *New York Herald*—Oakey Hall—The murder of "Jim" Fiske—A glaring miscarriage of justice—A confirmed night-hawk—The Fenians—Bomb outrage in the House of Commons and the Tower—The death of Gordon—The Durham Divorce Suit—"The silent Miss Milner"—The legend of Glamis Castle—"All London" crowds the court—Dr. Feran and his cholera inoculation—Charlatan or not?—I leave for Spain to find out—And am inoculated in the cause of realism—Alarming symptoms—In the heart of the cholera area—Awful condition of the people—An American in distress.

One of the most remarkable and interesting of men I have ever met is Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the world-wide-known proprietor of the *New York Herald* and owner of the fine mansion at Newport, modestly christened Stone Villa. A striking type of the dolichocephalic caste, he was endowed with the most intelligent pair of steel-grey eyes that have ever met mine.

Tall and extremely thin, a keen yachtsman, a thorough sportsman, who drove a four-in-hand brilliantly, danced with that perfection which is peculiar to Americans, a polo player, a keen game shot, who had been commodore of the New York Yacht Club and master of the Pau Foxhounds. In addition to being sole proprietor of the *New York Herald*, with its eight

hundred or so of correspondents, he also owned the *Evening Telegram*, upon the staff of which I had so accidentally fallen. Both papers he personally conducted in the most practical and absolute sense of the term, just as later on he controlled the *Paris Herald*. Absolute self-reliance was his chief characteristic. He had the fullest faith in himself and exceedingly little confidence in others. It was that strongest trait in his nature which made him work to obtain a captain's certificate, so that he might be full master of his own yacht; which made him his own chauffeur when the automobile came in, and in driving which he was as highly expert as at tooling four horses or at the wheel of his yacht.

Having had an exceptionally fine education at the hands of specially chosen and very clever men, who taught him to cultivate a thorough and intimate knowledge of mankind, endowed with a fine memory, and being rich, independent, and fond of travel, it is easy to understand the knowledge of things and experience of men such a person had acquired by the time he was forty-four, when I first met him. He had raced across the Atlantic in a sailing yacht and won the wager depending upon the result; had won walking matches; it was he who organised the *Janette* expedition to the North Pole; sent Stanley in search of Livingstone; and, whereas his

clever father had made a big paper out of the *New York Herald*, the son had increased its size tenfold. He was altogether the ideal leader of a great daily paper, in a country where enterprise and strenuosity are the ruling powers. He had what is termed "the nose for news" developed in the acutest degree, and had a capacity for foreseeing coming events which made him, as regards his competitors, like a skilled chess-player, who calculates surely on ten moves ahead, when his rivals only see one or two.

Saying little, thinking much, and observing everything that took place around him, James Gordon Bennett, when once roused, was a brilliant and most instructive conversationalist, and his knowledge of history and literature was unbounded.

I was for twenty-four hours a guest at Stone Villa. During the entire period its owner was the recipient of constant telegrams, which at times were delivered to him several at once. These he read as they came, with eagerness, and then stuffed them away into various pockets, and at meals he was continuously making notes of ideas which came to him and would constantly leave the table to attend to some urgent business.

Until the morning after my arrival, he said little or nothing to me, but I was aware he listened to every word I said in general con-

versation, and was carefully sizing me up. Early the next day, however, he met me on the terrace of the Villa, and, after making me give him an account of my past and what I had been doing lately, he asked me whether I would like to go to London as Special Correspondent, there being a vacancy. Naturally, I accepted with the utmost joy. The same afternoon I was on my way to New York, to take the first steamer to Europe and to report in London to Mr. Oakey Hall, in charge of that special bureau.

Like most newspaper offices, the Fleet Street bureau was a dingy kind of place. There I duly reported myself, as instructed, to a fine-looking old man, with a sharp, eagle-like face, and keen scintillating eyes which gleamed through the light-made American spectacles which he always wore. A more clever and amiable man than Oakey Hall it would be impossible to find. His one pet idea appeared to consist of a keen desire to do all the work of the bureau himself. A lawyer by profession, Oakey Hall had somehow or another become entangled in the meshes of New York political intrigues, and thus it had become necessary for him to make a prolonged stay abroad. He considered he had been made the victim of others.

He had been a friend of Bennett the elder, and Bennett junior, always full of kindness, had, when appealed to, given the old man the

position of dominating factor of his London bureau.

Oakey Hall was ever ready at any time of the day or night to turn his American-manufactured swivel chair round, adjust his spectacles over his gleaming eyes, and tell amusing stories, principally connected with the corrupt government of New York, then notorious, and upon which subject he displayed all the intimate knowledge of an expert. He had, according to his own account, in the course of his legal career come into contact with almost all of the "hard cases," grafters, corrupt politicians, and such-like of his time. The story he told best was of how his friend, "Jim" Fiske, had been murdered in a cold-blooded manner by Edward Stokes, the well-known and wealthy proprietor of the then most gorgeous hotel in New York, the Hoffman House.

I used daily, when in New York, to see Edward Stokes, a wondrous handsome man, sitting in the Hoffman House bar, the most decoratively rich thing of its kind in the United States, full of fine pictures and works of art, surrounded by his satellites. It was there that the professional politicians of New York and the country at large were wont to congregate, and "Ed" Stokes was king.

According to Oakey Hall, Stokes had been convicted of the deliberate murder of "Jim"

Fiske, whom he had shot down as he descended the stairs of the hotel. It was all a question of a beautiful woman, for whose love there was bitter rivalry between Fiske and Stokes. That the murder was premeditated was fully proved, and Stokes was judged and sentenced to death. Nevertheless, with the assistance of his political friends and the possession of a long purse, there he was, free as the air, living in the height of luxury. Moreover, he was a personage, in a way a hero, pointed out to the newcomer as a famous character; as a man to whom it was advisable to be polite, one ready to "shoot on sight."

It was in the telling of the details of how justice had been successfully foiled and the manner in which all kinds of officials, from the highest downwards, had been bought over, and the murderer finally freed, that old Oakey Hall waxed so brilliantly eloquent and even enthusiastic, that at times I could not help thinking that he himself must have played a leading rôle in that particularly glaring instance of the miscarriage of justice.

He was also very rich in his recollections of the doings of the "Tweed Ring," one of the most notorious of schemes conceived by Tweed and his allies to appropriate to themselves public funds, on a scale of daring hitherto unknown. Oakey Hall had been engaged in the Tweed

Ring trial, and according to himself had been martyrised.

Of all the disagreeable duties connected with journalism, the worst is night work. But the dear old ex-lawyer simply revelled in it. He was a confirmed night-hawk. The later it got, the brighter his eagle-like eyes shone through the brimless spectacles. His greatest pleasure was to get the rest of the staff to leave the office and, aided only by a wild, red-headed, typical Fleet Street boy, of the name of Kelly, finish up the most arduous share of the work.

My oft-repeated offers of assistance were invariably met by the reply, "Go home, dear boy, and rest. I have been doing this kind of work all my life." And he beamed goodwill through his glasses. "When I was at the Bar I did all my best work at nights, and very often went direct from my office, where I had been up all night, to the Law Courts."

Further, the red-haired boy Kelly told me that often, when the special wires had ceased running, at about 4 a.m., Oakey Hall would sit at his desk and write private letters for hours.

My first experiences in London gave me an immediate insight of how active an occupation that of the "Special" must necessarily be. I arrived just in time for the famous day when the whole of London was panic-stricken owing to the almost simultaneous explosion of three

bombs, two in the House of Commons, one within the precincts of the Tower of London. I can only describe the citizens of London as in a frenzied state. One of the bombs in the Commons had exploded just beneath the ornamental gate which forms the entrance to the Crypt, and the other in the body of the House itself, apparently, and as far as one could judge afterwards, just under the Strangers' Gallery. The damage done was stupendous. The statues in the Lobby were hurled down from their pedestals; fallen beams hung over the Speaker's chair, which was reduced to tinder-wood; the entire beautiful glass ceiling of the House of Commons had fallen in; every window in the House and also in Westminster Abbey was either blown to fragments or seriously damaged; the famous Lobby was demolished and the western extremity of the House a total wreck. The destruction of masonry, sculpture, decorations, and furniture was piteous to see. As far as I remember, in the House of Commons explosions only one policeman was killed. The material damage was estimated at £70,000.

Almost simultaneously the bomb was exploded in the White Tower of the Tower of London. It wounded and broke the limbs of a number of children of tender years. The explosion was operated somewhere near the inner bastion of the Esplanade, adjacent the St.

Thomas's Tower. The noise was so terrific that it was heard for miles down the Thames.

The excitement displayed and the extent of the indignation aroused gave the lie to the common impression that the English are a non-emotional race. The popular anger was so great that there arose a general clamour from the vast crowds assembled for some one upon whom to wreak vengeance for the awful crimes of that afternoon. The sentiment aroused was so insatiate that several persons, arrested upon suspicion, narrowly escaped being maltreated and beaten to death. On all sides were heard cries of "Lynch the fiends!" and expressions of like nature.

Parnell was sphinx-like. O'Donovan Rossa in New York was inciting the Fenians to fresh action, and, whilst raging against British barbarism and tyranny, was shot through the shoulder by a woman.

News of Gordon's assassination, stabbed as he came out of Government Building in Khartoum, was announced to Mr. Gladstone as he sat in the theatre, and was immediately followed by the announcement that Earle, second in command to Lord Wolseley, had fallen whilst leading an attack upon an Arab position.

All these disasters had a terrible effect upon the public mind. Gladstone's glorious sun had set. It was the knell of the dismal

ending of so grand a career. And further still, the Liberal leader's health had begun to fail. Gladstone, with extraordinary tenacity and courage, wished "to face the music"; but his medical adviser, Sir Andrew Clark, came out with the solemn veto: "You must leave office or die!"

Just then I passed a good deal of my time in the Law Courts, having to record the Durham divorce suit.

One of the most beautiful girls one could possibly imagine was Miss Ethel Milner. In Hyde Park, where I had often seen her taking her morning walks, people stopped short and gazed as they saw before them a vision of one of the purest and most delicate types of true English maidenly loveliness. Her beauty was classical, of a refinement and gentleness incomparable, and, with that, a truly artistic grace and bearing which once seen one could never forget, so winsome, so fascinating, so thoroughbred. Her partners who danced with her, and the many who tried to woo her, were startled by her irresponsiveness to any conversational efforts on their part. She was known as "the silent Miss Milner." Then came the announcement of the engagement of this, the most beautiful girl of the season, to one of the richest and best known of England's youthful aristocracy, Lord Durham.

All that I knew. And now it was part of my duty to attend the Law Courts and listen to a fierce and personal battle of counter-evidences of the families of the Lambtons and the Milnes as to whether that lovely being, whose never-to-be-forgotten beauty had made such an impression on me, were insane or not previous to the marriage.

As might be expected, the papers were full of the great divorce suit. Dead legends concerning Glamis Castle were decapitated by enterprising leading counsel in order to demonstrate that the young bride might have been frightened into mental aberration by a horrible apparition, which, according to the family legend, appears in the form of some uncanny beast that issues from a well.

The skeletons in the cupboards of both families were shaken up unceremoniously, and well-known members of society were placed in the witness box and plied with leading and personal questions by alert and impertinent professional cross-examiners, to the evident delight of "all London," which crowded the courts to overflowing each day. And finally the divorce demanded was refused.

The moment I had completed the uncongenial work attached to the great divorce, I received a "detail," which was really my first special European work. It was to hurry down as fast

as possible to the western portion of Spain, where cholera was reported raging. A certain Dr. Feran was exciting a good deal of interest by inoculating people against cholera, and it was desirable to know exactly whether he was a charlatan or not.

I located Dr. Feran at Valencia, and found him just about to inoculate a young doctor with cholera bacilli which had been taken from the [illegible] of those who had recently died of the disease in the city. It at once struck me that in my position as a Special Correspondent it was my duty, in the public interest, to submit myself to the inoculation in order to find out whether or not it was efficient. The well-known Dr. Cameron, who was just then sending some interesting figures to the *Standard* in reference to the experiments in inoculation against cholera, which had been recently made in Valencia, fully illustrated my way of thinking when he wrote as follows: "But, after all, statistics in the mass, because they can be made to prove anything, generally prove nothing. What an individual wants to convince him is an experiment upon himself. So also the public wants to see some one offer himself for inoculation."

The next morning I had an appointment with Dr. Feran. I was anything but confident concerning the efficacy of his inoculations, because

rumour had it that several of those upon whom he had experimented had died. Yet I had fully made up my mind, in the interest of the public desire for realism, which Dr. Cameron describes, to submit myself to a personal experiment as to the worth of Dr. Feran's prophylactic.

To the minute I was at Dr. Feran's laboratory. He had up to that time inoculated sixty-two people, almost all doctors and sick warders who were going into the cholera district of Suaka, below Valencia, whither I myself was also bound. The bacteriologist called upon me to take off my coat and bare my arms to above the elbow. With a lancet he cut an incision just above the elbow, and into this he injected several drops of the germ-containing bouillon. The injections took place on both arms. This method is directly opposed to the Jenner and Pasteur systems, where the process is performed subcutaneously by means of a long and very fine needle-pointed syringe.

The effect was rapid, for within an hour I had alarming sensations in the forearm as though poison were spreading, with severe pains in the palms of the hands. Those pains were accompanied by nervous twitchings which seemed to rise to the shoulder and thence pass down the region of the spine. I had what can best be described as an attack of jumping pains which flew alternately from elbow to knee joints, and

vice versa, and a general languor set in, with nervous tremors, fever, and cold sweats.

At the end of twelve hours my head was so heavy that I had to remain lying down; nausea set in, and I fell into a deep sleep, waking with a violent headache. My arms were swollen towards the shoulder to such an extent that I could not lift them. At this period I decided that I was undergoing indicated symptoms of acute poisoning, and I fully determined that I would not undergo the second inoculation which Dr. Feran deemed necessary to give me immunity from cholera.

What I instinctively felt concerning the Feran inoculation was fully confirmed afterwards by such high authorities as Sir William Gull, Sir Oscar Clayton, and Doctors Thorne and Buchanan, all of whom I saw on my return to London. They agreed that a virus which works with such rapidity was distinctly suspicious, and that I had had a lucky escape from considerable danger. Dr. Brouardel, who went to Spain specially to study the Feran inoculation, came away decrying it.

Anyhow, Dr. Feran continued his inoculations for some time, being regarded by some people as a redeemer, but by the majority of the populace as a devil. In fact, his presence in Murcia caused riots, and finally he was forbidden by the Government to continue his experiments,

after eighteen sisters of mercy, inoculated by him, had died. Five colleagues of the said sisters, who refused to be inoculated, had no cholera.

Thanking my stars that it was no worse, I passed on southwards, below Alicante, to Suaka, the worst-stricken district of all. There, in the many cholera-stricken villages I visited, sights so terrible and heart-rending met my eyes that they may appear well-nigh incredible.

The population of the district, almost in its entirety, employed in the cultivation of rice, and the labourers passed the greater portion of their days working in the paddy fields up to their knees in mud and water, with a torrid sun beating down upon their heads, and the most poisonous miasmas arising from the putrescent sort of mire, which it was their duty to stir up by constant treading with their feet. Never before have I witnessed such utter misery. Most of those poor people had, from the nature of their work, contracted gruesome malignant swellings of the joints. Their poverty and misery was extreme. The dirt within the hovels in which they dwelt was indescribable. Meat was unknown to them. A lump of drab-coloured bread and a few black olives was apparently all they had for meals.

You can readily imagine the terrors of a cholera epidemic amongst a populace living

under such conditions. The doctors were scarce and intensely ignorant. This last was perhaps not their fault, for as Sir Oscar Clayton, discussing the matter with me afterwards, said, "The crudity of scientific knowledge, so far existing, as regards the causes of cholera, is endless!"

Nothing that I could do would persuade my guide, Emilio Sansapée, to accompany me into the mud hovels where the sick and dead were lying. Neither bribery nor threats nor suasion of any kind had the smallest effect upon him. He would kneel down in the middle of the very dusty road and offer up Paternosters at every eleventh bead in his rosary, with a volubility and patience which had no bounds. But enter one of those foul-smelling hovels, no! His conduct caused me grave inconvenience, because of the great difficulty of conversing with the peasants, who, often mistaking me for a doctor, were inclined to be hostile. For such was the feeling at the time amongst the ignorant peasants against the medicos, that they accused the doctors of wilfully spreading the cholera.

What terrible types of humanity I saw there! People who passed their day in the unhealthy ooze, their nights in those reeking mud-built hovels. In most cases there was no bed, and one tin pan in a cottage was often the only drinking-cup. The man dying of cholera would

drink out of it equally with the other members of the family.

No wonder the disease spread! All the members of the family slept in the one common room, with its mud floor upon which every kind of rubbish figured. In many of the huts more than one member was down with the epidemic. In others, a sheet thrown over the body told me the tale of death. And the plague of flies was awful. They settled everywhere, upon the living as upon the dead and dying. You could see there people, men and women, scarce thirty years of age, already appearing quite old. Every kind of skin trouble was rife amongst that misery-stricken folk.

It had been an awful year for them. In the autumn there had been inundations everywhere, pitilessly submerging the entire countryside. The peasants had just before laid down the guano which serves as fertiliser for the rice. The rivers, bursting their banks, devoured everything. They absorbed the guano, which poisoned them, and the Spaniards, who do not look close at things, drank that contaminated water just as we would drink mineral water.

Then came snow and ice. In the province of Valencia, the country of sun and flowers, it had not snowed in twenty years. The younger generation took up the flakes in their hands and, stupefied, asked the elders what it was! The

cold destroyed the fruit, which, together with the rice, is the sole source of subsistence of the folk. No more harvest! Those colds had ravaged "lovely Valencia."

The ever exceedingly poor population suffered from hunger. The siege of Paris had not imposed upon the stomach of the people more cruel privations, or a fate more severe than that of the destruction of those crops. They ate dead rats, decayed meat, roots—anything. All this coming upon an atmosphere already naturally tainted, in a country where the most elementary hygienic principles are unknown, in the midst of open cesspools, the streets full of detritus fermenting beneath a burning sun, and there you have a picture which will easily account to any one for the truly awful condition in which I found those hard-stricken people.

At Suaka I was witness of a particularly cruel scene. Entering a hovel which had been indicated to me as contaminated, I found there a man, the father of the family, in a dying condition. The throes of pain had left his exhausted and terribly emaciated body. The numerous family had gathered round in the one foul-smelling room which constituted the entire home. Scarce had I begun to make inquiries than a big hirsute creature rushed in, talking loud and flourishing some papers. He had come to claim a small debt of a few pesetas,

which he insisted, threateningly, must be paid at once upon the pain of immediate eviction. He was the landlord, and came at such a moment as that to claim his rent, which the agonised man was, naturally, entirely unable to pay.

The distracted members of the family fell on their knees and wailed in chorus, " Santa Maria, spare us ! Santa Maria, give us a little time ! " and so on.

The big brute finally agreed to give them three days' grace, and when he came back the dread malady had already expelled the father from the face of this earth, and the family was cast out into the street. Alas ! such a case was but one in thousands. The small landlords were also starving, for they could collect no rents, as the people were impotent to pay any.

Before leaving Valencia, I happened to come across a very remarkable case, which ought for ever to stand as a lesson to all countries against appointing unpaid consuls or those not of the nationality of the country they represent. I understand the United States, which has of late so immensely improved its consular service, no longer appoints unpaid or foreign consuls to represent her. England still does appoint foreigners.

At that time, and the custom still prevails in some of the smaller Spanish towns, *serenos*, or night watchmen, carrying a pike and lantern

wearing a long rough coat and peaked hat, walk the streets, and by ancient custom call out the time, every quarter, through the night. They strike the foreigner as very wild and uncouth.

Now it happened that an American sailing ship had put into the harbour of Valencia. On the evening before she started the crew were given liberty, but warned that their ship would sail at daybreak. They proceeded to act in a way which most sailors do when they get ashore, and they worshipped far too freely at the shrine of Bacchus.

And now let me transfer you to the miserable-looking prison of the town of Valencia. I had been told by the British Consul that there was lying there, sorely in need, a young American sailor, without money or clothes and apparently without friends. The British Consul had done what he could for the man ; but, after all, it was not his business, and officially he had no right to interfere. And he begged me to go and look up the case, which I did with alacrity.

Having gained access to the low-lying barred and bolted house which did duty as the city prison, the Señor Americano was called out to me from the midst of the worst-looking set of ruffians it has ever been my lot to see together. He was a tall, very fair, refined, and intelligent-looking young man, thin and exceedingly sparely clad.

"My name," he said, "is Clarke Allison, and I am a native of the city of Boston. We had had a pretty hard voyage and very little 'liberty.' The ship was sailing early on the morning following the night we landed, intending to have a good time. Before coming ashore one of our mates, who knew these parts, began telling yarns about the wickedness of the Spaniards and how they were likely as not to attack a sailor with their stilettos, and rip him up in little or no time.

"Yes, we did have a jolly time, and I don't quite know how it all happened, but of a sudden I was awakened from a sleep on a doorstep by a wild-looking man, who was digging into my ribs with a sort of pike and flashing a lantern in my face.

"'Aho!' I says to myself, 'here is one of them fellows our pal told about.' And with that I up from the doorstep upon which I had fallen asleep and where my pals had evidently left me, drat them! and I let out from the shoulder at the chap. I rolled him over quick with one right between the eyes, and never in my life have I heard a man make such a noise over so small a thing. He bellowed and talked so fast that I wondered his ugly face could stand it at all. Then he brought out a whistle and a sort of rattle, and he made such a din until several others of his kind came running along and they all fell on me. I was very dazed,

anyhow, and they hustled me off to this place, and here I have been for eight months without a trial, and as far as I can make out, unless some one like yourself had come along, I might have stopped here for the rest of my life."

"Why didn't you send for the Consul?"

"I asked again and again for the American Consul," he replied. "At last he came, but could not understand what I said, he being a Spaniard. And when the authorities told him what I had done, he looked very shocked, because he is a Spaniard, and in the eyes of a Spaniard the very worst crime a man can commit is to hit an official; because an official is the representative of the Government, and if you knock an official down you knock the Government down. How was I to know that that muffled-up thing was an official? He looked just like a murderer.

"Why, since I have been in here I have seen the greatest number of cutting-up matches. Those fellows in with me all carry sharp-pointed knives. They play cards nearly all the while, and quarrel over it. Then out come the stilettos, and they go at one another till one side cannot hold out any longer. Several of them, after the fights, have been carried out apparently dead. And neither the guardians nor the prisoners seem to care a bit.

"I have had scarcely anything to eat but

bread and rice and now and again a few olives since I have been in here. The others get along all right because they have friends in the town who bring them plenty of things, and they seem to love being here. I'm half starved, and had it not been for the English Consul I would have been without clothes."

Indeed, he looked it all.

Allison had not had enough money to cable home, but had written, and suspected that the guardian had stolen the stamp and destroyed the letter. I forthwith telegraphed to the American Minister at Madrid, and cabled to the prisoner's people at Boston. Before I left Valencia I had the satisfaction of knowing that Clarke Allison was released, and, provided with all the necessaries for the journey, was on his way to the United States.

CHAPTER III

The hydrophobia craze—Pasteur—Four children sent by the *New York Herald* to the Pasteur Institute—The most-talked-of boys in the world—Patsy's "pants"—Pasteur's personality—The boys are inoculated—What the Pasteur system is—The journey home—Journalistic rivalry—A ruse—Getting the best of Billings the bacteriologist—The *Herald's* "scoop."

And now, of a sudden, both the Old and New World became stricken with a hydrophobia craze.

Pasteur had immortalised himself by the discovery of a cure for rabies, and just at the same time, as though to emphasise its importance, the press of two hemispheres was filled with startling accounts of cases of hydrophobia.

Pasteur was "the man of the moment." His famous prophylactic was new, comparatively untried, its results unknown, but the world was full of hopes as to its success.

Rabies on an extensive scale was recorded from the United States. Mad dogs were reported in New York, in New Jersey, in Newburg, where virulent cases had taken place in a large kennel. Meissonier's son was reported to have been bitten by a mad dog at Poissy, near Paris. London was under the influence of the mad dog scare, twenty-six human beings having succumbed

to hydrophobia in the British metropolis during the year.

A young Hungarian hussar had been fearfully bitten by a rabid dog in the Barracks at Budapest. The hussar when attacked drew his sword and slashed at the dog, finally killing it, but before the beast died it had bitten his sword hand through to the bone. He was sent to the Pasteur Institute.

A Russian, bitten months previously, had died of hydrophobia in the Pasteur Institute whilst being inoculated. Another Russian, an officer in the Guards, had had his arm well-nigh bitten off by a mad wolf-hound and had come to the Pasteur Institute; and a gentleman of Lyons had been bitten six times by a rabid mastiff.

It was just at this time that four children, of parents in humble circumstances, were bitten by a mad dog in Newark, New Jersey. They were Austin Fitzgerald, aged ten; Eddie Ryan, five years; Willie Lane, thirteen years; and Patsy Reynolds, a typical Irish boy, aged ten, and as full of fun and mischief as any boy can be.

A subscription had been started by the *New York Herald* with the object of sending the children over to the Pasteur Institute in Paris. And from that moment they became the most-talked-of boys in the world. The papers were full of them, their smallest doings were recorded

minutely. Hundreds of columns were printed daily concerning their movements, their homes, their families, and the tales recorded concerning the antics of Patsy were cabled round the world and kept the populations of the universe smiling. Patsy's observations upon reception of his first pair of "pants," subscribed for by the public, were wired from one end of the United States to the other and even cabled over to Europe.

Rabies had been known to develop in twenty-five days. The children, whose immediate future so absorbed the attention of millions of people, could not possibly start until one week after they had been bitten, and the journey, in a not over-quick boat, the *Canada*, would take about twelve days. The transatlantic liners were not racers in those days. It was therefore a close touch if any one of them were to avoid becoming rabid, as was possible, in record time. Some doctors gave it as their opinion that a sea voyage was highly dangerous, as, by exciting nervous tension, it might easily bring on premature development of rabies amongst the boys.

The children had been bitten on the 2nd of December. They arrived in Paris on the 21st. The same evening they received their first inoculation at the Pasteur Institute, it being considered that the considerable time which

had elapsed since they were bitten made the cases urgent.

The inoculation, which took place in the lower part of the stomach, with a Pravas syringe, was performed by Dr. Granchier. Dr. Pasteur himself had no right to operate, he not being qualified, for he was merely a man of science and not a medical practitioner.

Pasteur, as I knew him, was a sturdy-looking little Frenchman, of the distinctly bourgeois type, with square head and iron-grey beard, a man who evidently paid small attention to his personal appearance. A thick-set man, active in his movements, with a highly determined expression in his eyes, and quite indefatigable. His eyebrows turned up in sharp points, giving him somewhat the appearance of the alchemist, as described by Sir Walter Scott. He was wont to wear a black silk skull cap cocked on one side of his head, and a dark blue reefing jacket, in the buttonhole of which was the rose of the Legion of Honour. The extraordinary rôle he was at the moment playing, as the most-talked-of man in the world, appeared not to have the slightest effect upon him. He was so full of character that the petty quality of vanity appeared unknown to him. A strong man, a very strong man, was the striking impression he made.

I had many talks with him, both in the

institute named after him and at his private residence at Garches, and was continuously impressed by his great simplicity and his unaffected kindliness and evident good-heartedness.

The great French savant had been cabled to from New York.

"Four children bitten by dog yesterday, supposed to be mad; dog prematurely killed. Will send head and spinal cord if required. Will also send children if you will take charge of them.

"DR. O'GORMAN."

"Send the children at once.—PASTEUR,"

was the brief reply, which a few minutes later had travelled over the bed of the Atlantic.

"The sooner you treat after the bite the better. When it is long after, the treatment is more protracted and complicated. But I have successfully treated cases after two months. In August last four children were bitten by a mad dog in the Convent d'Alma at Algiers. In October one of the children died of acute hydrophobia. The sisters grew frightened and telegraphed me, asking if I would receive the other three. I replied 'Yes.' The three children arrived on October the twentieth, and I began inoculations, twice a day at first, and after-

wards once a day. I kept the children with me fifteen days, and then sent them back to Algiers, where they are now in first-rate health, and for the next year they can be bitten by any number of mad dogs with impunity." So spoke Pasteur when it was suggested that perhaps the Newark children had come too late.

As for the offer of the dog's head being sent him, he refused, saying it was useless, as it would arrive in a state of putrefaction, and would only be thrown away. He told them to inoculate other dogs with the virus from the brain of the one killed. This he said could be done as well in Newark as in Paris. "Wolf hydrophobia is very much more virulent than that of the dog, and works with far greater celerity," said Pasteur. "But, in any case, always, if possible, capture and detain the rabid animal, as thus, by keeping it, you can make quite sure whether or not it is suffering from rabies."

With the children on their journey to Paris, Mrs. Ryan, who ought never to have come at all, had insisted upon accompanying her son. She was continually in the way, and added another passenger to those aboard the ship on the return voyage. There was also Dr. Billings, Professor of Bacteriology of the New York Polytechnic College, upon whom I played a wicked trick, as will be seen later on.

Mad dogs almost invariably fly upwards in their attacks, and therefore the wounds made are generally on the arms and hands or face of those attacked. Eddie Ryan, a typical street urchin, had been wounded on the right arm; Austin Fitzgerald, the most delicate and nervous of the lot, bitten on the left hand, also on the thigh. Being a child of intelligence and high nervous organisation, the fear of hydrophobia had preyed on his mind. The others were all bitten on the arms, as they raised them to protect themselves.

In truth, it takes a big sacrifice of animal life to obtain the virus of needed strength, and somewhere near a hundred rabbits have to be immolated in order to get one marrow of sufficient strength for inoculation purposes.

The effects of the inoculations upon the boys varied according to their temperaments. After all, and I can speak from experience, there is no pain beyond the prick of the needle-ended syringe as it enters beneath the skin of the hypochondrium. Willie Lane winced perceptibly, but, in the full pride of his thirteen years, uttered no sound. Austin Fitzgerald gave a nervous gasp and trembled all over. Patsy Reynolds gave a howl and followed it with a sort of whoop and ended with a "gee-whiz"; whilst Eddie Ryan just burst into tears and cried hard in his mother's arms.

That was only the first time, afterwards they got used to it, and did not mind a bit.

The general idea of the operation is to inoculate alternately on the right and left sides, one inoculation each day. The virus first injected is very mild, and each day grows stronger. The body is thus gradually prepared for the reception of the more powerful injections. Pasteur's treatment consists of inoculating the organisms with virus which develops much quicker than virus given out by a mad dog, which only develops in rabbits by trepanning after fifteen to twenty days. That of Pasteur would develop the same in six days. Thus the treatment, taken in time, annihilates the rabies virus already existing in the body, and renders it inoffensive. Children receive half a syringeful of the virus, grown-ups three-quarters. The inoculations vary in number from ten to twelve.

The first day the virus was thirteen days old, the next eleven, and so each day from that out it became one day less or one day stronger, till it was but two days old. This last would kill a rabbit of rabies in six days. That six or seven days old would kill a rabbit at the end of fifteen days. I could give many more details, but as I have no pretensions towards the writing of anything beyond a popular explanation of the inoculations, what

I have given will be quite sufficient for readers in general to get an intelligent idea of what the Pasteur system is. The doctors already know.

When the last of the inoculations had taken place, Pasteur, who had taken a quite specially kindly interest in the case of the little Americans, said, " Vous êtes content, n'est ce pas ? "

This being interpreted to the children, they burst out laughing and gave out their entire vocabulary of French, which consisted of " Oh oui ! "

They were indeed happy. It was New Year's Day, and they were looking forward to what Patsy called a "big blow out." And they were very home-sick.

The great French savant, as they left, patted them all paternally on their heads, and gave them his photograph. The Lane boy jumped at the Hungarian hussar, previously mentioned, and catching him fast by his long blond moustache, shouted, " Good-bye, old topboots ! We're off before you ! "

To Pasteur they chorused, " Good-bye, little guv'nor ! Good-bye, papa ! "

And they fairly danced out of the Pasteur Institute, bursting with good spirits and flowing over with fun and mischief, in which last Patsy was naturally the ringleader.

And now I come to another side of this rabies story. It concerns that particular part of it in which two big papers had come into

rivalry. The *Herald* it certainly was which had first suggested the idea of the boys being sent to Paris, had raised a subscription in its columns for that purpose, and had spent large sums of money in cabling all details and drawing attention to the Pasteur treatment, and so on. In the newspaper world the taking of a leading part in the burning subject of the day, and being the first to ventilate it, plays a very important rôle. That the *Herald* should have, so to speak, swept the field in such a big news feature, was naturally a great thing for it, and the *World*, its chief rival, in those times had determined to get on equal terms.

What the *World* had proposed to do, in order to achieve its purpose, was to purchase the services of Dr. Billings, who, as previously stated, accompanied the boys on a watching medical errand. His contract was to write an intimate account of the voyage home, which would be published in the *World* on his return. This exclusive feature would, of course, be a great score for that paper, and was calculated as being a fine bit of journalistic generalship.

All is fair in journalism, as in love and war. The *World* kept this move upon its part very secret, but, after all, those who calculate that anything in this universe can be kept concealed for long, why, they are . . . well, I won't say what I was going to say, but you will guess.

Anyhow the *Herald* was very soon in possession of the *World's* intention to score a "beat" at its expense, and it fell to my lot to be the instrument to foil those well-laid plans and, if possible, leave our rival in the lurch.

The return journey to New York was contracted for aboard the *Canada*, the same vessel by which the children, Mrs. Ryan, and Dr. Billings had come to Havre. My duty was to pose as an ordinary passenger and to keep my identity concealed. My chief prey was naturally to be the rival correspondent, Dr. Billings, who was known to be of distinctly sociable and convivial nature. I was to get all the information I possibly could out of him, treat him in the most open-handed manner, and be, during the entire trip, in frequent communication with the boys. Arrived near New York, the *Herald's* tug was to meet me at quarantine, my prepared communication would be dropped overboard on to its deck, and thereby the *Herald* would, in all probability, have the first and exclusive news of anything that might have happened on the *Canada* during her run home. It acted admirably and without a hitch of any kind. I was provided with unlimited funds, and Dr. Billings knew me only as a young Englishman with lots of money, exceedingly, almost profusely, hospitable, ready at any moment to open a bottle of champagne or any other bottle of anything going.

In truth, I found the American bacteriologist a most charming companionable man, so much so that often during that curious journey I really had qualms of conscience, which no good Special Correspondent ought ever to have, concerning the way I was deceiving him. Not having the slightest suspicion of my being connected with newspaperdom, he opened out his heart to me in all matters concerning the boys and their inoculation, and so forth, in fact, upon every subject upon which I was most anxious to be informed. When we arrived at quarantine it was towards sunset, and we had to lie off there all night. Nothing could have been luckier, for the tug was on hand, and shortly after our arrival was hieing full speed towards the distant lights of New York, whilst my rival was sleeping innocently and would only be able to deliver what "copy" he had, which I had good reason for thinking was, at most, little, the next day, when it would be too late.

The steamer *Canada* made port at daylight, and by that time my full account of the voyage, of the boys, their doings, and the opinions of Dr. Billings was in print in the *Herald* and on sale.

It read as follows :—

"The transatlantique steamer *Canada* lay under full pressure of steam on the 2nd of

January at Havre. The night was dull and a thick fog enveloped the harbour. Just within an hour of her departure the Paris mail train arrived, bringing with it the now famous Newark children. Quietly enough the passengers came aboard, till at last a rushing noise was heard and a ringing voice, which I afterwards ascertained to be that of the inimitable Patsy Reynolds, was heard, 'Come along wid ye, Austin, here she is,' and without further ado the two cousins, Patsy Reynolds and Austin Fitzgerald, rushed up the gangway and began careering about the decks of their old playground, and visiting their many friends aboard, the favourite of which was, by long odds, the baker. In more sedate form followed Willie Lane, as also Dr. Billings, with the inevitable gold spectacles, the rear being brought up by the unwilling Mrs. Ryan, who wished to remain on shore with her two children.

"Immediately afterwards dinner was served, and the cry was worry worry. Whatever else might have happened assuredly the children's appetites had in nowise suffered. Soon dinner terminated, and the *Canada*, at half-past seven, was off amid a chorus of foghorn screeching and accompanied by a small fleet of tugboats. The children soon found their way on to the upper deck again, and were eagerly asking the meaning of various lights and signals, and

Patsy suggested that it would have been much better to have sailed straight from Paris and avoid so many complications.

"The first day out was marked by glorious weather. The children were the centre of interest to all their fellow-passengers. Pasteur became the theme of the smoking-room. Know-nothings looked wise whilst talking of the new prophylactic, and generally the inoculation topic fever prevailed, from the commandant to the cook's boy.

"Dr. Billings lay in easy attitude reading an article headed, 'Experts on Rabies.'

"'Is there any danger of those boys having rabies on board before the journey is over?' queried a young English traveller, whose acquaintance the doctor had made soon after his arrival aboard the *Canada*.

"'Yes,' he replied quickly, 'there is every danger. They are now passing through a most critical period. They might develop hydrophobia at any moment. During the first eight days of the voyage they are equally liable. After that the danger is past!'

"The same passenger again broached the subject the day following. 'Doctor,' he queried in suppressed tones, 'what would you do if the worst were to happen to your little patients?'

"'Why, inject them hypodermically with

morphia and send them to sleep!' came the answer, short and sharp. 'That would be the most merciful means of treatment; in fact, there is no other.'

"'And after?'

"'Hold an autopsy!' was the brief reply.

"On the evening of January the 3rd, the weather began to freshen, and for the next two days the children, with the exception of Patsy, scarcely showed up. Not that Patrick was any better sailor than the rest, but merely that, out of sheer cussedness, he delighted in showing off his seasickness before other people, because it made them feel uncomfortable, and that made Patsy laugh.

"Patsy, at this period of the voyage, had a way of coming up to passengers with a dudish strut, then pursing up his face into an expression of excruciating dignity, drawl out, 'D'ye know who I am? I'm Patrick Joseph Reynolds.' Then, with a fiendish yell, 'Now, watch me be sick.'

"Willie Lane was considerably affected, his quiet nervous nature evidently causing him to suffer much. When well enough, he was very fond of conversation. Asked how he liked Paris, he replied, 'We liked it very much indeed, and then Monsieur Pasteur was most kind to us. See what he gave us each before we left!' he exclaimed, with brightening eyes and proud

look, pulling out a pocket-book and producing an excellent likeness of M. Pasteur, taken by electric light. At the foot of the picture was the savant's signature. 'See, this is what he gave us. You know him, of course. He is the gentleman who cured us.'

"Austin Fitzgerald rarely made any remark, he appeared to be quite overshadowed by Patsy. But little Eddie Ryan, aged five, when asked one day what he thought of Paris, said that he would go there again, but would 'see them coming with their sticking,' by which he meant that he would give a wide berth to inoculation.

"On the fourth day out, Dr. Billings, in a conversation of some length, while walking on deck, delivered himself upon the subject of M. Pasteur. He said that he fully believed in him personally, but he could not conceal from himself that, up to now, the operations were in the experimental stage.

"As each day came round and the time approached when it was known that the danger would be over, the boys improved immensely in looks. Bright eyes, high spirits, and good appetites prevailed. On 5th January, Mrs. Ryan gave birth to another male child. She had already Willie, two years old, and Eddie, five years, to look after.

"On the 6th, Patsy indulged in a new

freak. One of the passengers had been telling him a story, the development of which hung largely on a bottle thrown from aboard a ship into the waves, and containing an important message. Patsy's active brain seized the idea with lightning rapidity, and his enthusiasm was fully shared by the other boys. Quick as thought, a soda-water bottle was procured, together with a solid cork. Then came the knotty question of what the message was to consist of. A solemn sitting of the four was held, and after much wrangling, and it being decided finally to call in the aid of a passenger, the following document was compiled, to be launched out to sea :—

"'This is from Willie Lane, aged thirteen; Patsy Reynolds, aged ten; Austin Fitzgerald, aged ten; Eddie Ryan, aged five: the four Newark boys bitten by a mad dog in December 1885. This is written on our return journey from Paris, where we have been inoculated by M. Pasteur. We feel quite well, and are very grateful to M. Pasteur for having cured us. We visited M. Pasteur every day. He stuck us ten times each, but Willie eleven times, in the stomach, with a needle—once a a day—except Eddie Ryan, who was only stuck nine times. The sticking felt just like a mosquito bite. We enjoyed Paris very much, and saw all the animals in the Jardin des Plantes,

but we are very pleased to be on our way home again.'

"This composition was duly placed inside the bottle, the cork rammed home with fitting formality, and the whole thrown far out into the ocean by the irrepressible Patsy, amid excitement. The term 'stuck,' it may be explained, was invariably used by the children when speaking of their inoculation.

"January the 8th was the critical day. The doctor had been restless during the preceding twenty-four hours, whether from anxiety or otherwise can only be guessed. Few on board knew how much hung on the result of that day. The children rose looking fit and well. They played about just as usual, they ate heartily, and when the evening came they went to bed as usual. The danger was past, that is as regards M. Pasteur's part of the contract. On the 9th the doctor's spirits had risen fifty per cent. The reason was surely not far to seek. After this he talked with far greater freedom than he had done hitherto.

"On the evening of the 13th the captain of the *Canada* made an after-dinner speech, in which he referred in kindly terms to the young Americans who had been under his care in such critical circumstances, and he wished them good health and prosperous careers.

"Dr. Billings, in reply, thanked the captain,

the officers of the ship, and others who had been so kind and dealt so leniently with these children who came amongst them under such exceptional circumstances. He felt the more grateful to those persons in their conduct to the children, because, being born of poor parents, and perhaps not destined to lead lives of luxury and ease, he felt sure that in whatever line of life they ultimately blossomed, high or low, they would ever remember this trip as a ray of sunshine in their lives. Much applause greeted the doctor's remarks.

"That the cheering was specially strong was meant as a rebuke to the attitude of a very few of the passengers who, it appeared, had been ill-conditioned enough to complain of the freedom allowed the children aboard the ship.

"During the last twenty-four hours of the passage the joy of the children was continuous and spontaneous, and it was a relief to all to find that, at the end of the journey, Patsy had so far unbent as to wear his new hat, which he had formerly condemned as being 'too homely,' threatening at times to throw the offending head-dress into the sea. His new gloves, however, were not sported, for, sad to say, Patsy had used them during the trip to wash his face with."

CHAPTER IV

Off for Panama to meet Lesseps—Ugly rumours concerning the Canal—A Government Commission of inquiry—Taken to Panama by Lesseps on a specially chartered steamer—A desperate attempt to save a hopeless situation—My journey to the Isthmus—John Bigelow—Charleston—The coloured man at home—"The good old days" of slavery—John Jouett, "the fighting Admiral"—*Le Grand Français's* son and Baron Henri Cottu—We meet Count Ferdinand de Lesseps—A dominating spirit—His personal magnetism—Invites us to stay at his palace—The third Duke of Sutherland—The luxuries of Paris in the wildness of the Isthmus—A perpetual picnic—Exploring the proposed Canal—Lesseps' prodigal hospitality—A dramatic surprise—The trump card—French delegates deeply impressed—A stupendous swindle—The terrible climate—Wholesale deaths among the negroes—Buried like dogs—A honeycomb of catacombs.

SCARCE had I grown reaccustomed to the hustle and bustle of New York when I received instructions as follows: "Start for Panama by the first steamer. You will meet Ferdinand de Lesseps there. Write your opinion upon the truth of conditions as regards the Canal and the possibilities of its completion."

Here was a big jump to make and a mission of the highest importance to carry out. That visit of M. de Lesseps to Panama was the great and final effort of the Grand Old Frenchman to save the second great work of his life, which for some time past had been threatened with failure. Ugly rumours of corruption in connection with

contracts and reckless squandering of the people's money subscribed for the building of the Canal were rife in France. The populace had had unlimited faith in Lesseps, because he had so successfully completed the Suez Canal. The proverbial *bas de laine* of the people had been depleted in order to furnish the millions which had already been expended upon the Panama undertaking. And now the French nation not only refused to furnish further funds, but there was a rapidly growing under-current of anger and suspicion amongst the French people, and the newspapers were beginning to demand explanations.

In the midst of this brewing storm *le Grand Français* remained calm and sanguine. He insisted that the whole thing was merely a matter of money, and that all was going *pour le mieux*. He had conceived a great lottery scheme, which would bring in the necessary millions to complete the Canal. It needed the sanction of the Government. But M. Brisson's Ministry decided that such support could only be given after a report made by a Government Commission, which must be favourable. If not, no lottery.

Lesseps under such conditions decided to charter a large ship, and invited delegates from all the provinces of France to be his guests to come along with him to Panama and see for themselves how finely the whole undertaking

was proceeding. So absolute was his faith in his own personal magnetism that he felt perfectly assured of the success of his scheme, which was to convince the French nation that all was well when all was not well. In fact, the visit of M. de Lesseps meant, as regards the continuation of the Canal by the French Company, "to be, or not to be." It was the deciding of a great crisis as to whether the French Company would have to give up the Panama undertaking, upon which so many millions had been spent, or that his present trip should meet with success. It was, in fact, a final and desperate effort to save a hopeless situation.

Accordingly I took the first steamer bound for the Isthmus, by name the *Colon*. Has it ever been the experience of the reader of this to have made a protracted sea voyage in a faultily laden ship? If so, he will be able to appreciate the discomforts of the journey aboard the *Colon*. She started out with a heavy list to port. And so, throughout that voyage, in rough weather she was in danger of rolling over entirely, whilst in smooth she swung like a pendulum and rolled like a porpoise. We tumbled into the thick of a storm off Cape Hatteras, and the experience, owing to the condition of the *Colon*, was a thing to be remembered a lifetime. Fortunately the list was on the weather side, otherwise I am

convinced that we would surely have gone under.

My co-passengers were few. One of the most notable was old Mr. John Bigelow, who had passed a good portion of a distinguished career in diplomacy. He prided himself immensely upon his strikingly Indian type of features. Undoubtedly he was of classic Red Indian cast, a mighty handsome man. He had a mission to report upon the Canal for the Chamber of Commerce of New York. With him he brought his daughter, Miss Grace, and there was also Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, who was reputed to be the American agent of the Panama Canal.

On the way down we stopped at Charleston, and I landed in order to get a rest from the erratic movements of the *Colon* and to study the coloured man at home, where he is to be seen at his best. Those of the race I had seen in New York made a very unfavourable impression. The negro bears ill the change into high civilisation. He becomes "sassy" and vicious. In such atmosphere he appears rapidly to imbibe all that is undesirable and fails utterly to acquire the desirable qualities which he might attain in his new surroundings. He makes a habit of carrying a razor in his pocket, which he uses upon small provocation as a very deadly weapon; whilst his womankind, abandoning

the picturesque bandanna headgear of the South, adorn their crisp locks with the most outrageous multicoloured feathers.

In Charleston I was well rewarded during my few hours' stay by seeing the coloured man at home. There indeed he is a most lovable, genial, sympathetic creature. I made a point of talking with some of the oldest, and was surprised to hear the majority of them expressing regret that the good old plantation days were gone. For, although Mrs. Beecher Stowe's world-famed book *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been accepted by the world as showing that the negroes were cruelly treated, I found here in Charleston nearly all the old negroes talking continuously of the good old days when they lived on the plantations and were treated as though they were children of the house by their masters and mistresses. Their general plaint was that nowadays they had to work right hard for a living, that employment was difficult to get, and that in times of sickness they were not, as in the old days, cared for, but were left to their own resources.

One venerable white-haired old negro told me a long yarn about the terrible times the coloured folk had had since they were freed. Nowadays, instead of living all together on a rich plantation, they had to hustle for themselves, and their labour being no longer co-operative

profits were more difficult to reap. "And," he added plaintively, "since we'se freed and got de same rights as de white man, we gets just de same illnesses as de white folks, which we never did before."

Strolling along, with the idea of further improving my knowledge of the negro, I came to a large barn, almost empty except for some farm implements and a little hay and straw. From the far end, where it was quite dark, I heard strange noises, half moaning, half snorting. I went in the direction whence the sounds came, and when my eyes had become accustomed to the semi-darkness I saw in front of me, on a low, rough-made trestle-bed, a poor old negro covered with sacks and evidently suffering much, if one could judge by the rolling of his eyes and his groans. He looked all eyes.

"What's the matter with you, Sam?"

"Oh, massa," he replied between moans, "i'se got de miseries dat bad!"

I had never heard of an illness called the miseries. "What is that, what are your symptoms?"

"I'se got no syntons, but I feels, massa, orful powerful weak."

He had, he told me, previously been on a plantation and had been very happy there.

Following down the Gulf Stream and accompanied by convoys of flying-fish of brilliant hues,

the *Colon* finally reached her destination on the 18th of February, and we found that M. de Lesseps had arrived the day before aboard the Royal steamship *Medway*, which he had chartered and filled, as I afterwards found out, with a vast supply of good things to eat and drink, delicacies of all kinds, also a complement of French cooks, so that the guests he brought with him and those he would find at Colon would be royally regaled during the entire time of his visit. We were to be spoilt and be treated in a luxurious manner. That was part of the programme, for those guests in the main were very important people, whose good opinion it was of the highest value to him to obtain for evident reasons.

The first visit of Mr. John Bigelow, Mr. Nathan Appleton, and myself, was to Admiral John Jouett, known as "the fighting Admiral," on account of his fine record as the keenest marine officer during the war. We found him aboard and in command of the *Tennessee*, the largest, very old and quite out of date, wooden warship the U.S. Navy ever had, of the frigate type, and just now on her last voyage before being broken up. A finer type of man than Admiral Jouett it would be impossible to find anywhere. A broad, square forehead, a jaw expressive of iron determination, a right keen but most kindly eye, a rollicking and jaunty appearance, he

was beloved of the sailors and adored by the fair sex, for which last he had a quite special weakness, and had a way with them which captured their hearts at once. He was the ideal sailor of the old school, but, being bluff of manner, and having a meagre respect for the officials, was in constant state of more or less acute warfare with the Department, otherwise the Admiralty officials at Washington. Anyhow, as with his old wooden ship, this was Jouett's last trip. He had been at Panama for near a year, during which time he had been called upon several times to suppress risings and revolutionary movements in the turbulent Isthmus.

On our return to shore, we were met by M. Charles de Lesseps, the son of *le Grand Français*, and Baron Henri Cottu, a man of the highest intelligence, secretary-general to Count Ferdinand, and the one person who appeared to be the active mind of the entire combination.

" M. Charles," as he was universally known, at once took us up to a sort of sanitary oasis, raised above the rest of the ground about, called Christopher Columbus, upon which a palace for the President of the Company had been built, to see M. le President, who had heard of our arrival, and, according to " M. Charles," desired to offer us the hospitality of his palace.

Like so many of the great men of the world,

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was very small of stature. But there was a something about his personality which, wherever he was, caused him to stand out as the dominating spirit of all and everything. The most remarkable pair of eagle-like, keen, piercing steel-blue eyes transfixed you from either side of a strong, almost beak-like, Roman nose. A high, much-wrinkled mobile forehead, which worked about according to his moods, and a square iron jaw, all this on a comparatively small face, the skin a dark olive colour. His smile, constantly there, was most fascinating. He had the manners and ways of a diplomat of the old school, and there was so great a magnetism about his entire personality, backed up by an enthusiasm and optimism of such forcibility, that one could at once understand why this little man, with the eagle eye and the trim white moustache and the airs of a dandy, had been chosen to be president of two of the greatest undertakings of the century.

Many people have imagined that Ferdinand de Lesseps owed his fame to being a great engineer, and it will surprise those to hear that he knew nothing at all about engineering. He was a diplomat by career, and, if I mistake not, was stationed at Cairo at the time when the Suez Canal was mooted. A head and leader was needed to enlist interest in the scheme, and Lesseps loomed forth as just the man for

the situation, not from any practical technical qualities, but because of that personal magnetism which made him a natural born leader of men.

With delightful old-time courtesy of manner, the great little man asked us to give him the honour of housing us in his palace so long as his party remained at the Colon end of the Isthmus, and we installed ourselves there with as little delay as possible. Amongst other guests were the third Duke of Sutherland, who had arrived on his yacht, the *Sans Peur*, from Jamaica, accompanied by Mrs. Blair, whom he afterwards married; Captain Coxhead, aide-de-camp to the Governor of Jamaica; and a whole lot of French delegates, representing influential French political parties, whose names would be of no interest, so are not given.

The reception of the venerable President on his reaching Colon had been enthusiastic. The French section of Colon was splendidly decorated, the Colombian officials lined up to give him welcome, and he was given a guard of honour composed of Colombian troops. Two young ladies presented him with bouquets, the one a Miss Chamberlain, who wore a sash of the French tricolour, and the other, a Señora Herrera, a scarf of Colombian colours. The gallant Frenchman, who had the greatest admiration for the fair sex, kissed them both

Admiral Jouett had sent his chief officer to welcome M. de Lesseps, and the band of the flagship *Tennessee* was there and played the "Marseillaise" as the *Medway* passed her.

From the first day our stay was made absolutely delightful. The luxuries of Paris were transferred, as though by magic, into the wildest portions of the Isthmus. It was, for a week or so, one ideal and perpetual picnic. Sometimes a-ponyback, at others down narrow turnings of the swift-flowing, serpentine-running Chagres River, in bark canoes most dexterously paddled by highly picturesque Indians. Now and again we explored the navigable portions of the Canal in neat little, spluttering and blowing, river launches. Sometimes, but not often, we walked. Where the going was very difficult, sure-footed mules were at our disposal.

In such varied ways, De Lesseps and his guests made their pleasant and instructive daily expeditions over the entire extent of the proposed Canal. The trips as a rule were made through absolutely virgin country, full of wild beauty, with a richness of vegetation and an exoticism of tropical plants, full of giant creepers and rare orchids, accounted for by a climate so hot and so humid. And amidst all that luxuriance and prodigality of nature, there flitted about, in the greatest numbers, those smallest and most brilliantly coloured of

feathered creatures, the multicoloured humming-birds. They are so delicate that they can only be killed by means of blow-tubes, in shooting which the negroes of the Isthmus are specially skilful. I bought scores and scores of those lovely little beings, half-insect, half-bird, and sent quantities of them home.

And about midday, when the members of Lesseps' party were beginning to feel tired and hungry, they would all at once find in some lovely shaded spot a vast marquee—formed entirely of the big spreading leaves of a special kind of palm—in the construction of which the natives were experts. And within, spread out, a whole series of tempting *hors d'œuvres*, to be followed by an exquisite French *déjeuner*. Nothing had been forgotten to make those exotic picnics perfect, served by waiters in speckless white cotton liveries, who had accompanied *le Grand Français* from France.

At those delightful al fresco *déjeuners* conversation was led by M. le President with a charm and breeziness which was truly fascinating. Of course his theme was invariably the Panama Canal, which he never once allowed any one to doubt the achievement of, under his direction. His optimism was infectious, and it was interesting to note how, little by little, and every day more, the delegates became fascinated and began to have the same beliefs as their host.

One of the favourite statements of M. de Lesseps, which he never tired of repeating, was: "I have already chartered a large steamer for the middle of 1889. In her, together with my entire family (exceedingly numerous) and a party of friends, I will make a tour of the world, passing through the Suez and Panama Canals."

And none who listened to the enthusiastic and fiery eloquence of M. le President could doubt that the Grand Old Man most thoroughly believed every word he said, and that he looked forward with intense and characteristic enthusiasm to that tour, as a realistic apotheosis of his great career of intense energy and strenuous efforts.

On one of those occasions when the Grand Old Frenchman was acting his rôle as guide and informant to the party, he took us to witness a really grand effect which had been prepared for the influential visitors. We all stood at the end of a precipice formed by the excavations for the Canal, and were told to watch a certain point some five hundred yards away. Lesseps addressed us all. I was standing next to him.

"Messieurs," he said, "don't be alarmed, but a great explosion is going to take place. Two and a half tons of dynamite will be exploded, and you will see thirty thousand cubic metres of earth and rock removed in a few seconds!"

The situation was perfect from the theatrical

and effective point of view. Probably not one of us there had ever seen a hundred cubic metres of anything blown up. And now, as one of the big surprises of the entire trip, M. le President announced this enormous engineering feat about to take place. All at once the ridge in front of us appeared to vomit forth clouds of smoke and dust, there occurred a great rumbling and trembling of the soil beneath us, just as though an earthquake were taking place, a terrific explosion, such as I have never heard the equal of before and never want to hear again, and a noise like the combined assault on a besieged city with heavy artillery followed. Then we were witness of vast masses of shattered rocks and colossal quantities of earth and trees and vegetation being thrown skywards, a scene of such an upsetting of nature in so violent a form that we stood there watching, wondering, awestruck, speechless, except for the Grand Old Frenchman, who kept up a chorus of "Magnifique! Magnifique!" "Q'en pensez vous?"

Indeed it was a superb display. It was the trump card, intended to impress upon the French delegates, who would ultimately have so much to say regarding the big lottery, the vastness of the work being accomplished. The suggestion intended to be conveyed by that exhibition was that such a thing was of daily occurrence, and that, therefore, the completion

of the Canal was proceeding at a very rapid rate.

The French delegates were undoubtedly deeply impressed. I did not appear at the dinner table that evening, but occupied my time in making independent inquiries. As a result, I found out that the grand exhibition of explosive possibilities, which we had witnessed that afternoon, had taken three years of continuous drilling to work up, and that, far from the French Canal Company doing good work, it was quite the contrary. What I discovered was that contractors were getting rich and doing little or no honest work. That, being paid by the cubic metre for what they cleared away, their common habit was to extract little beyond the softest and easiest, charge for the same at top rates, and leave all that was difficult of removal. In such manner contractors had come and gone, made fortunes and done nothing really towards the furtherance of the completion of the Canal. It is mild to say that such swindling as took place about these times in connection with the Panama Canal was stupendous. Before I had been many days on the Isthmus I had testimony from a dozen of unbiased witnesses as to the wholesale robberies taking place. It was an accepted fact that to obtain a contract upon the Panama Canal was to pocket a fortune. There are men to-day, living in Paris in wealth and

splendour, holding their heads high, to a certain extent respected, who obtained valuable contracts in Panama at the times I write of, and virtually did nothing beyond make a pretence of excavating. And when a propitious moment came, they pocketed the large sums they had received and returned as rich men to France.

Magnificent and quite useless buildings had been erected at enormous cost. A palace for the President, for instance, was quite unnecessary, seeing how exceedingly few his visits were, and the ease of living aboard a steamer. A palatial hospital was another gigantic folly. Concerning the cost of thus much-boasted institution, which consisted of a series of houses, seventeen in all, the greatest mystery was observed. M. Charles de Lesseps, when asked, went so far as to say, "No one knows and no one will ever know!"

On fairly good authority I heard the sum stated as ten millions of francs. It must be remembered that everything for construction had to be shipped long distances.

When I visited this exotic hospital it was almost empty. There were several reasons for that, the principal being that the contractors sending patients there were charged a dollar and a half a day per man. Secondly, the expense and difficulty of transportation. Thirdly, that the epidemic disease of the Isthmus, the

dreaded Chagres fever, could only be cured by change of climate.

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps said, speaking of the hospital: "We get our money from the people, and therefore we made it our first care to arrange for their comfort in sickness and distress." The people who applauded that statement little knew the real conditions, or how absolutely wasted their money was, sunk in those hospital buildings.

What the facts were I very soon found out. The labour contractors, as usual a hard set, brought the men over from Jamaica. The unfortunate negroes were induced to come by the tempting bait of three dollars per day pay. But when they arrived they found that they were paid in Mexican silver dollars, worth about half a United States dollar. Further, that they were shamefully cheated by the pay-masters, who made up their accounts. And finally, what was left at the end was extorted from them by the Chinese, who had in their hands the entire commissariat for the workmen, and demanded exorbitant prices. At nights they were drawn into the Chinese gambling-saloons and there rapidly relieved of any spare cash they might have, and were still allowed to have credit, for it was at ruinous interest.

The climate of Panama then was terrible. Owing to the enormous upturn of virgin soil,

mostly coming from marshy land, the emanations and disagreeable vapours arising from the working of the sun upon so much decaying matter brought wholesale illness, and the poor negro workers died off like flies in the late autumn. And, be it noted, that epidemic fever was not confined to the coloured imported labourers, but every one after a while begat the dreaded Chagres form of ague. Some of the French could only stand it for a few weeks, and then were invalided home, emaciated, yellow skinned, and so weak that they could scarce move their limbs. The moisture contained in the atmosphere was so great that when one became over-warm, which was very soon, as the heat was intense, it was quite impossible to dry off again, and until a change of clothes was obtainable, one remained in a sort of perpetual wet poultice.

When the negroes were sick, how could it be imagined that the labour contractors were going to pay them any attention? Falling ill in Panama meant that you were "knocked out," a cripple for months to come even if death spared one. The continuous epidemic amongst the negro workers became a source of expense and consequent loss to the greedy contractors. So, when the labourers fell sick, they just kicked them aside. When they died it was good riddance, and, if possible, the most

conveniently cheap method was to dump the corpse into the nearest swamp. At best the poor coloured man would be buried in a shallow grave just as he died, without inscription to tell who he may have been or whence he came. He was only one more added to the thousands upon thousands of miserable creatures, buried with as much ceremony as though they were cur dogs.

In one cemetery alone, to which I made a visit at La Boca, there were over three thousand five hundred of those poor negroes buried within a year or so. The mounds which showed where they lay were touching one another, so closely were they packed. It had more the appearance of a recent battlefield than a burial-ground.

So many carcases, so much space! The newly opened cemetery was full, and huge lizards ran over the roughly shovelled earth in lazy contentment, undisturbed. No name nor date gave any clue to the poor hard-working creatures whose remains lay beneath those monotonous mounds. No visitor besides myself was to be seen in that woeful yard to take any interest in the wretched, imported aliens, whose bones, mostly without even the protection of a coffin, lay beneath the hastily-thrown-up dusty soil.

Having been so constantly assured of the intensely good sanitary condition of the work-

men in the Isthmus, what I thus saw filled me with astonishment, and fully verified certain information that I had received in private to the effect that, to know conditions in Panama, one must not believe reports published showing that all was *couleur de rose.*

Doubtless many a Jamaican home was anxiously awaiting some news from those who lay here, without any visible means of identification, under the few feet of earth, similar to that which they had sacrificed their miserable existences in excavating. Beneath a wall to the east side was a perfect honeycomb of catacombs, in which the dead of those who were able to afford it could be sealed up. Of these, 329 were filled, a very few still remaining available.

"Come away," said a friend I had brought with me; "in this sun" (it was piping hot) "the emanations are enough to kill us!" He looked and felt badly.

However, I had not come so far just to be driven away by a noisome odour. Lighting a powerful cigar, an excellent disinfectant, and followed by my unwilling companion, who kept assuring me that there was nothing more to be seen, I made my way to a small door let into the wall alongside the catacombs, and which had excited my curiosity. Standing on the threshold, I found myself looking over

another and newer cemetery, parcelled out in the same manner as the first and almost full. Several coloured workmen were busily digging graves, grunting and cursing at the heat as they proceeded. They worked as though their lives depended on it, and groaned in spirit at the small progress their picks made in the hard ground. Five hundred and eleven graves had already been filled up; fifteen were ready waiting for fresh victims of the fatal Chagres fever.

In an outhouse near by lay a quantity of much-used-looking coffins. I lifted one or two of the lids and found them empty. I asked my now exhausted and pallid friend for an explanation. He said: "The poor Jamaican coloured people, in the majority of cases, cannot afford the expense of a coffin. Being anxious to give what honours they can to the mortal remains of their dead relations, they hire coffins. The body is conveyed to the cemetery in a gaudy exterior, as far as the grave-side. Then the body is buried in a rough shell, or more often just in a shroud."

In the graveyard on the opposite side of the road lay the remains of M. Dingler, the late chief engineer and director of the Canal Company, and beside him, also victims of the deadly climate, his wife and child.

It would take an entire book to give a

detailed account of what we saw on that most interesting trip. But in the space at disposal, I can give but the briefest of summaries.

The difficulties in the way of the French Company were stupendous. There was the vast Culebra, a gigantic mountain of tough volcanic rock, standing right at the centre of the Canal. This had to be cut through. It was only 2 kilometres long, but in that short space contained a bulk of 20 million cubic metres, one-sixth of the entire Canal. But the moment the cutting acquired the needed depth, the Culebra, by some freak of nature, started a moving motion, sidling in towards where it was intended the bed of the Canal should be, and thus neutralising the vast labours expended upon the removing of enormous quantities of earth and rock.

Again, there were the climatic conditions. During the wet season the amount of rain which fell was torrential. The waters poured in from the mountains around, flooded the valley of the Chagres, where the Canal was situated, not only paralysing work for months, but when it ceased left the cuttings chock-full of débris, thousands upon thousands of tons of it, which had again to be removed.

During the De Lesseps period the great question was: "Ought the Canal to be made with locks or without?" Upon this there was the widest divergence of opinion. Finally, it was

decided that the lock system would be so expensive, and, above all, the passage of ships would thereby be made so slow, that it must be constructed without and on the level.

The Chagres River, one of the most volatile streams known, pursued a winding course through the valley where the Canal lay. This stream was wont to rise at times as much as 17 metres per day. The first idea was to divert the Chagres into two streams, running parallel with the Canal, which would pass through the centre. But even that would not suffice. At last M. Buneau de Varilla hit upon the idea of a vast barrage or dam at Gamboa, which in the time of floods would be large and strong enough to contain some 3000 million cubic metres of water, which masses, being controlled, could be gradually let off by means of sluice gates. Against that there was the vast cost and the disadvantages of a country where evaporation scarcely exists, owing to the moisture in the already overcharged air.

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps' pet idea of his passing through the Canal in 1889 was, I very quickly discovered, purely fantastic and chimerical. Not four years, but more like forty years, was the calculation I made of the time the completion would take, according to the progress the French were then making. Strangely enough, that highly intelligent Frenchman, M. de

Lesseps, had possessed himself of the belief that the Panama Canal was well-nigh as easy of completion as the Suez. And, with his magnetism, he made other people believe in the same phantasmagoria. Compared to Panama, Suez was as child's-play ! The one was flat all the way and with little beyond the water-levels to contend with ; Panama, on the contrary, bristled with difficulties, a very few of which I have pointed out to you.

Suez cost the French 450 million francs, and was 120 kilometres long. Panama is 74 kilometres, and had at the time of the events narrated above already cost 600 millions, and that for little more than setting up the sanitary arrangements.

Thus, to my intense regret, I had to make my report one unfavourable to the prospects of the French completion of the Canal. Count Ferdinand de Lesseps later on met me in New York and expressed much bitterness at the attitude I had taken, which would surely prevent Americans subscribing, as had been hoped, to the projected loan. He went so far as to reproach me for taking a hostile stand, after he had treated me so well, housed and fed me, and so forth..

But, had I reported, as I would so much have liked to, in favour of the French Canal project, I would have been compelled to betray the very first and most essential quality in the

Special Correspondent, which is: that he should tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

In the course of the same year, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was compelled to abandon his last financial hope, the above-mentioned lottery scheme, for the Commission sent out by the Government could not report favourably. From that day, the Panama Canal was for ever lost to France.

CHAPTER V

Panama "skeeters"—"Whooping it up with the boys"—Turned out of bed—Back in New York—Off with Admiral Jouett to catch a buccaneer—The old *Tennessee*—A naval Noah's ark—A miniature menagerie on board—*Hara-Kiri* among the monkeys—A morning's fishing—The Chief Engineer hooks a kingfish—The grunting sea-perch—The teetotal state of Maine—Whisky plentiful—The danger of prohibiting drink in the U.S. Navy—"If water will rot your boots, what will it do to your inside?"—A temperance story about the Kaiser Wilhelm—Pierpont Morgan and the water-swallowers—Acting weather prophet to the *Herald*—Lord Lonsdale visits New York with a theatrical company—Miss Violet Cameron, his leading lady—The intruding husband.

THAT Panama trip was the most responsible and at the same time the most exhaustive work which had yet fallen to my lot. A syndicate of American bankers was prepared to invest large capital in the Canal if all proved right. And it was only with the greatest difficulty that one could get at the truth, which the Canal Company's officials did everything to conceal.

Thus it was necessary for me to cover the ground twice over — the first time with the Lesseps party and then on my own account—so as to get at the naked truth. Thus, often when the party had come home tired out, it became my duty to start out again to make private investigations upon points which had appeared suspicious.

The damp-saturated atmosphere was exceedingly trying, and the first day of our expeditions I got an attack of prickly heat, which gives one the sensation of having been beaten with stinging nettles. The irritation was enough to drive one mad. Nevertheless, I had to pass the entire day exposed to the sun, with the result that I came back with a face which looked more like a boiled sponge than a human physiognomy.

Owing to the great heat the Lesseps expeditions started very early in the morning and lasted as much as twelve hours. When the rest had retired my work began, for then I had to collect the voluminous notes made during the day and beat them into shape for publication. It is stated that the Americans to-day have exterminated the mosquito on the Isthmus. When I hear that, I sigh for the lost blood and the torments those bloodsuckers caused me. The French had certainly done nothing towards exterminating the "skeeter." I have known the famed New Jersey mosquito, reckoned to be one of the fiercest of his kind, but that Panama species was far and away worse.

Often my vigils lasted into the small wee hours. So long as we were at the Colon end of the Canal it was all right. I lived at the Lesseps Palace. But when we got towards the Panama side I lost my comfortable quarters and had to go and live in a dirty evil-smelling building

flattered by the name of the Grand Hotel. Therein one morning, tired to death, I had thrown myself, exhausted, on to a bed, which bore traces of having once been clean. All the windows led out on to a running iron balcony around the centre court. I had just got to sleep when all at once there was a great noise and a mighty rolling. I woke with a start, and there, standing in the window frame, was a huge man, wearing a very large and extremely weather-beaten sombrero, his broad belt a veritable arsenal of murderous-looking weapons, horse pistols, bowie knives, etc. etc. He was breathing heavily, and apparently exceedingly unsteady on his feet. He smelt like a distillery in full working order, and his first words gave me the quite superfluous explanation that he had been "whooping it up with the boys."

The amount of "whooping up" must have been considerable. His eyes were ablaze with liquor. I was very angry, but he smoothed aside all objections to his presence there with a cheery "How a-r-ye o-n-y-h-o-w?" as he steadied his wobbling bulbous figure against one side of the Venetian window.

Upon receiving the reply that I was very tired and wished to sleep, his only answer was, "Got ony whisky?" And he fixed me as firmly as he could with his bloodshot eyes to note if I was lying.

"Not a drop!" I replied, hoping that this would get rid of him. He seemed suspicious and annoyed at my lack of providence in the matter of whisky supply.

After a few seconds of lurching, during which he was evidently reflecting upon the drought of hard drink, he was seized with an idea.

"Got na whisky, cuss it! Guess there's nothing else but to bunk. Plenty a room in your bed for two!" and without waiting for an answer or heeding my protests, he reeled over towards me, and I was lucky enough to be able to nimbly spring out of bed just as he fell across it and immediately fell into a torpid sleep, out of which there was no waking him. As for moving that vast body, it would have taken three men. Accepting it as a case of *force majeure*, I quietly packed my things and went downstairs. I told the hotel clerk of what had happened. He smiled and merely remarked that I had shown discretion in leaving, as the man was one of the wildest types of the Isthmus, and "shot on sight."

As I was passing through the town of Panama I met my excellent friend old John Bigelow. He had felt unwell, and fearing an attack of Chagres fever had decided to take the first boat back to New York. On seeing me he gave an exclamation of semi-horror and said, "Good gracious, how ill you look! You've got the

fever, sure! Come back with us, or you will die here."

I laughed and told him I still had work to accomplish. He gave me a sort of look expressive of "then let your blood be upon your own head," and that kind of handshake and parting glance which one is apt to confer upon a dying friend.

Soon after I was astonished, upon my arrival in New York, to be met with incredulous glances by my friends and with the comforting remark, "You here? why, I heard you had died in Panama!" This was the report which my much-respected friend the Honourable John Bigelow had spread about on his return. So for some time I had to live down the reputation of being dead. It makes one feel very foolish to be thought dead.

I had just completed my Panama work and was staying with some very hospitable people, the American officials of the Panama railroad, when one fine morning I heard a great bustling and rush, and saw that it all came from a large contingent of the officers and crew of the *Tennessee* hurrying off in much haste to the harbour. At the same time a cheery and welcome voice, that of Admiral Jouett, reached my ears. "Come along, Stanhope," he said, "we're going away to catch a fillibuster. But you must hurry up. We're off in half an hour!"

And with that he gave me an invitation to take part in the seizure of a priate, an adventure which much excited my journalistic instincts.

Here was a chance ! I, the one correspondent present, and invited by the " fighting Admiral " to be present at the capture of a real live buccaneer.

I jammed the few things I had with me into a bag, and within a few minutes was on board the old wooden frigate. There I found the Admiral and his staff, which consisted, amongst others, of Lieutenant Wainwright, who, later on, during the Hispano-American War, played such a prominent rôle in the capture and sinking of Admiral de Cervera's fleet. He is nowadays one of America's most distinguished admirals.

All were in the highest state of excitement at the prospects of a capture and probable prize-money. They were, one and all, dead tired of the stay at Colon.

Half an hour later the *Tennessee*, the oldest wooden warship afloat, a sort of naval Noah's ark, was steaming out of the harbour of Colon. She was a ponderous specimen of the shipbuilders' craft from every point of view. With a fair wind, all sail set,—she was full rigged,—and all steam, she could just manage to attain a speed of eight knots an hour. Her economical coal speed was about half that.

But, just as we had cleared harbour, and were

heading for the West Indies, signals from the shore called upon the *Tennessee* to stop. The Admiral used strong language, and the officers were not behindhand in blasphemy, as they awaited the arrival of a Government tug which was seen approaching. A quarter of an hour elapsed and a non-commissioned officer stepped aboard and handed a sealed letter for the Admiral. It contained the disappointing news that the Governor of Jamaica had refused the American application to surrender the fillibuster, who had taken refuge under, and claimed the protection of, the British flag. Consternation and grief reigned aboard the good ship *Tennessee* that afternoon, and sadly Navigating-Lieutenant Very received the instructions to head for Key West.

When I reached the upper deck I found we were under way, and thus I was off on a cruise without instructions from home.

As I stated, it was the *Tennessee's* last cruise, and, previous to coming to Colon, she had made a trip to the principal ports along the eastern South American coast. Admiral Jouett, himself very fond of animals, had picked up a strange-looking dog, two fighting cocks, a number of monkeys, a lot of mountain rats, and, in the plant line, a large collection of cacti. Every sailor appeared to have invested money in a parrot or two or a monkey, and stray

gazelles ran the deck. Such a menagerie it was!

The sailors were mostly engaged in teaching their birds either witty or what may be termed non-Sunday-school sayings. The monkeys—there were forty-two of them at first—rapidly diminished in number, one after the other committing suicide, till on arrival at Key West there were none left. This tendency towards *hara-kiri* on the part of the Simians occurred as follows. On certain days, when the weather was fine, the sailors were allowed to hang their trousers, shirts, and so on on the shrouds to dry after being washed. These would flap in the wind, to the great alarm of the monkeys, who, by way of seeking a place of seclusion, would jump on to the funnel and thence down into the furnace. The Admiral's mountain rats looked like a sort of diminutive kangaroo. They only came out at night, and were then a perfect nuisance, darting out suddenly and biting one's heels if, as was often the case, we came along barefooted.

It took six days to make a distance which a quick ship would have done in a quarter the time. But of all the good fellows I have ever met, those aboard the *Tennessee* were the best.

At that time Admiral Jouett was about to be retired, and there was a very handsomely

paid sinecure open to him—as Inspector of Reserves, I believe it was. However, there was a busy clique in Washington conspiring to prevent him obtaining it, and trying to give proof that he had failed in his work in protecting Americans and others on the Isthmus during his stay there. Whilst this plot was brewing I got hold of an eloquently worded letter from the Archbishop of Panama, in which he hailed the gallant fighter as "the saviour of the Isthmus." Just at a moment when it looked ill for Admiral Jouett's chances for the appointment and his enemies appeared to have got the upper hand, the *New York Herald* came out with a long article, from me, with the heading, in large type, spread over two columns:

"ADMIRAL JOUETT, THE SAVIOUR OF THE ISTHMUS!"

After that there was no doubt as to who should have the coveted appointment; and Admiral Jouett, who, to my knowledge, had played a splendid rôle in the Isthmus and acted with a courage and decision beyond criticism in the most difficult of situations, earned a well-merited prize on his retirement from active service, and kept the same for many years. Never had I been so glad of being a Special Correspondent as on that occasion.

Before my leaving Key West, Admiral Jouett

decided to take me out for a morning's fishing in the bay of Florida. He also invited the chief engineer, MacElwell, a jovial, chubby little man, the smallest, most popular member of the mess. Everybody made fun of MacElwell, and he took it all in good part. At times the officers would hoist him, chair and all, on to the mess table and not let him down till he had either made a speech or sung a song.

"The chief" was passionately fond of fishing, and his great ambition was to catch a kingfish, known as the gamest of the finny tribe in those waters. He had talked of his fishing prowess for hours the previous evening at mess. So, whilst the Admiral and myself waited until we should reach the fishing grounds, away out on the white coral reef, the little man let out a spinning bait astern. The launch was slowed purposely, and the chief kept the line well in hand. All at once the air was rent with a cry of pain, and away back some fifty yards or so we saw a majestic-looking fish jump seven feet into the air, and with a turn, and a noise like the crack of a whip, break the powerful tackle to pieces. The chief had indeed hooked the much-coveted kingfish. He had been holding the line loosely at the time, and the fish, one of a tribe of extraordinary strength and gameness, had pulled the line so furiously that it had cut deep and long into

the little man's hand, and had then broken the tackle to pieces as though it had been made of cotton instead of the toughest material possible. And that ended the chief's big talk about catching kingfish, and the story, daily growing, furnished fun for the mess for months afterwards.

When we came to where there was a pure white coral bottom, the launch was stopped and we began to fish. On each line were five hooks, and never did we fail to bring up less than five fish. They were a sort of sea-perch of beautiful rainbow hues called "grunts." Why so christened we speedily came to know, for, on being thrown into the packing-case which we had brought for the purpose, they grunted just like a drove of pigs. In a couple of hours, which passed in merely letting down our lines with five hooks and hauling them up with five fish attached, we calculated that we had enough fish to give a good feed to all the officers and men of the *Tennessee* and two smaller warships anchored near her. So, as the heat was tropical and we had no protection from the intense rays of the sun, we steamed back with our full load of fish. One would imagine that the fish in those parts had never been angled for, or that there is a great scarcity of food, for such ravenous animals I have never known before or since. Each of us caught many hundreds of "grunts."

It was with the utmost regret that I left my excellent friends of the good old ship *Tennessee*. But an urgent telegram called me back to New York. I was on arrival forthwith commissioned to go to Bar Harbour, in the prohibition state of Maine. With me came the talented Russian artist Grebayedoff. I was to do the writing, he the drawings.

What struck me most in this place, where all alcoholic drink was forbidden by law, was the unusual amount of drunkenness visible. Whisky there was just as plentiful as anywhere else, only it was far dearer and infinitely worse. At almost any of the drug stores (chemists), by the very thin subterfuge of feigning illness, customers were invited into a back room and there served with a villainous and fiery concoction, the very worst kind of whisky. But such is the contrariety of human nature, that just because it was against the law to sell stimulants in the state, people who in ordinary times had no particular craving for drink and were moderate men, when they reached Bar Harbour seemed to go crazy with the desire to obtain the forbidden fruit. The effects of the vitriolic stuff furnished had the most deplorable effects upon the drinkers, the results of which were to be seen constantly in the public streets.

Some years later on I was at Kiel, and there

being a desire, for important political reasons, that there should be a *rapprochement* between the United States and Germany, an American squadron was sent for that purpose; for it has long been acknowledged that sailors are the best fraternisers in the world. The *entente cordiale* between France and Russia was, if you remember, largely manipulated by bringing the sailors together.

Aboard the German warships, drink, beer, and rum is served out daily. On the United States ships all alcoholic beverages are strictly prohibited, even amongst the officers. Now this is what happened when the crews of the two nations were sent ashore to fraternise. The German sailors, being accustomed to stimulating beverages, had no particular yearning for them. On the other hand the Americans, having been entirely deprived of alcohol for a long while, displayed a craving and drank in such quantities that scandals of the worst kind took place, and finally patrols had to be landed from the American ships to forcibly carry the frenzied A.B.'s aboard ship. Not a German during the same period had been guilty of any misconduct or excesses.

Another case of the same kind, showing the harm done by arbitrarily preventing men from drinking, was at Key West. The craving of the men aboard the *Tennessee* had been aroused

to such a pitch that no attempt was made to control them once they were granted "liberty." Almost without exception one and all of the sailors started upon a reckless and wild orgie, which lasted many days, during which time they remained in a continuous state of degraded drunkenness. There you could see them lying about in heaps, exposed to the broiling sun, in a hopeless, helpless condition. Such extremes could never take place in a navy where stimulants were daily served out. I submit this with all due respect to the United States naval department.

As Admiral Jouett was wont to say, "Water is d——d good for washing and navigating purposes." Or, according to another Americanism, "If water will rot your boots, what will it do to your inside?"

Still apropos of the temperance question, there is a good story in which Kaiser Wilhelm and my good and witty friend Mr. St. John Gaffney, Consul-General, then Consul-General at Dresden, now in the same position at Munich, figured. Early in his reign the present Kaiser of Germany had been a free drinker, and some of his most telling speeches in those times were made after having been regaled to the best vintages of his country by the city fathers of Hamburg, Bremen, or other like places. But latterly H.I.M. has become exceedingly temperate.

It was after a dinner given by the American

Ambassador and Mrs. Tower in Berlin, and there was the usual defile when the meal was over. The Kaiser, knowing of St. John Gaffney's wit and versatility, asked him to remain by his side and have a talk. The Kaiser appeared to have the drink question on his mind, for one of his first queries was to know the Consul-General's opinion upon beer, and the following is something like the sort of conversation which took place :—

"My people drink too much beer, don't they ?" queried the Emperor.

"Yes, your Imperial Majesty," replied St. John; "it gives them a beery brain !"

"But what do you say about whisky ? That's much worse !"

"An excellent drink, your Imperial Majesty !"

"But surely, Mr. Gaffney, don't you think that all men would be much better and stronger, more fitted to govern and control others, if they drank only water and not whisky ?"

"No, Sire !"

"Explain me your reasoning, Mr. Gaffney. Could you give an example ?"

"Certainly, your Imperial Majesty !"

The Kaiser looked incredulous, and then expressed himself as desirous of knowing how that could possibly be, and the Consul-General, who talks with a fine Irish brogue, which adds much to the piquancy of his witticisms, explained the matter. "As you know, Sire, there are

about 42 millions of British, and they govern and completely control some 350 millions of Indians. Those English dominators are whisky drinkers and the Indians are water drinkers. If the water drinkers were the best, why, of course it would be the Indians who would control the English. Instead of that the alcohol drinkers are with ease controlling eight times their number of people drinking water ! "

The Kaiser laughed heartily at the ingenuity of the reasoning of Dresden's American representative, who, it may be mentioned, had at one time been secretary to the famous Irish leader Parnell, and received his appointment to Dresden through the influence of Monsignor Ireland.

Characteristic is the story of Pierpont Morgan and the temperance people. As every one knows, the senior of the firm of J. S. Morgan & Company, who shared the reputationof being the richest man in the United States with John D. Rockefeller, was a free liver, and had a particular partiality for good red wines, of which he was an excellent judge. The temperance crusaders had been after the multi-millionaire for a considerable time. He was one of the most difficult men to corner, but at last they got hold of him after luncheon one afternoon, when he had come over to the Reina Christina to lunch at the time of the Algeciras conference.

" Can it be true, Mr. Morgan," commenced

he spokeswoman of the water swallowers, " that ou drink a bottle of burgundy every evening nd sometimes more ? "

" Yes," he snapped out tartly, much annoyed t the impertinence of the intrusion ; " it's uite true, and what's more is that I can afford o pay for it ! "

For some time after the Panama trip I ccupied the position of foreign editor in the *New York Herald* office, and to my great nxiety became for a period, of all things n the world, the weather prophet. It so appened that I had struck up a sympathetic riendship with a nice old man named Maury, who had for many years been the accredited nd highly successful weather prophet. His weather prognostications were of extreme ccuracy. All captains of the enormous umber of ships daily leaving the port of New York eagerly scanned the *Herald* for those veather reports, and if a storm was predicted hey took care to make everything snug, so hat the least harm might be done, whereas if Maury foretold " fine," why, the captains started orth on their journeys unconcerned.

After all, the information placed at the dis- osition of the weather editor was exceedingly omplete, and as nearly all storms of import- nce ran up with the line of the eastern South American coast and then made headway direct

across the Atlantic, and there were weather stations right along the coast from whence the progress of storms was telegraphed to us at once, it was not after all so hard to predict a storm.

Never, however, did I feel quite so diffident as the first night, during my experience as weather prophet, when it appeared evident to me that a storm was coming, and I sent that fact up for composition. But the storm came all right, and a hard one at that, at which the feeling of relief which possessed me was worth all the anxiety I had experienced for the twenty-four hours previously.

The then Lord Lonsdale came over just about this time with a theatrical company with, as leading lady, Miss Violet Cameron. The noble earl's finances at the time were not in the prosperous state they might have been, and he, being determined to help himself, thought it could be done by bringing a theatrical troupe along. But there loomed up a very small and very wild person of the name of David de Basan, who claimed to be husband to Miss Cameron, and behaved in such an erratic manner that he upset the best laid plans of the noble lord, who after a while gave up the theatrical venture in disgust and started for the Arctics, there to amuse himself as best he could upon shooting expeditions to pass the time until his estates had righted themselves.

The scenes between the irate little husband who, armed with a huge pistol, proposed to shoot the sporting lord were of the most amusing kind, and for some time kept all New York smiling. The utter contempt with which the chief of the house of Lowther treated his diminutive but quite furious enemy was inimitable. Of the two, he who seemed to be by far the most afraid of the pistol was the man who carried it. Lord Lonsdale was wont to have little David ushered into his room, and then, after having made him lay down the firearm, lecture him upon the danger of people unaccustomed to the use of such weapons carrying loaded pistols about. "You'll kill yourself surely one of these days," said the florid-looking, truly British specimen of muscle and brawn to the dark and diminutive man who had publicly announced his intention of shooting him on sight, "if you keep on carrying that thing about with you."

And David would cautiously place the weapon on the table. I attended one of such meetings, and the comedy of the whole thing was irresistible.

CHAPTER VI

A mysterious table-companion at the Hotel Martin—The blood-stained bag—An extraordinary story—I follow it up—Neck or nothing—Rough treatment for a colleague—We score a "beat"—Back to London—A coaching trip to Scotland with Andrew Carnegie and J. B. Blaine—My first visit to Greece—King Constantine's marriage—Athens a glorified village—A host of royalties—The Empress Frederick—King Edward and Queen Alexandra—The Czar—The Kaiser—The Kaiser's banter annoys King Edward—A democratic Court—The Greek Princes take the Czar bathing—And play him a trick—Prince Christophoros (aged 5) boxes an acquaintance's ears—"Take that and talk Greek!"—The wedding ceremony—Athens strewn with myrtle—Count Herbert Bismarck—The worries of being married in Greece—Long-drawn-out ceremonies—Some leading Greek statesmen—An audience with King George—King Christian of Denmark and the beggar—King George as a wine merchant—He offers me the decoration of St. Saviour.

EVER an early riser, one Sunday morning I thereby met my reward in a very curious manner. I was just then stopping at the old Hotel Martin, in those days a small down-town hostelry little known except to the French colony. It was just before six, and I was exchanging the morning's greetings with the hotel clerk, when an agitated and exceedingly draggled-looking person, evidently a Frenchman, came in and asked to have breakfast served him as quickly as possible. His eyes had a wild look, his clothes appeared as though he had slept in them, his boots were a discredit to any one's feet. He shivered and shook as though suffering from a nervous shock. His

entire baggage consisted of a small handbag, upon which, to my great surprise, I detected marks which, for all the world, looked like dried blood. He wanted a room, but later, as he didn't apparently wish to register when the clerk asked him to do so.

As you can well imagine, my entire journalistic instinct was roused in the highest degree to know what it all meant. The hotel clerk had tried his best to get him to speak, but without replying he hastily fled into the restaurant. A little later, when I had made up my mind what course to pursue, for it was evident that there was a good story behind that furtive and nerve-stricken Frenchman, I went into the restaurant, saluted him, and with the excuse that owing to the early hour there were no other tables set, I sat down in front of him.

It was a case of bluff or nothing. The man was quite surely hiding something, and had good reason for so doing. He had evidently not seen the inside of a bed that night, and from the voracious manner in which he ate, it was certain that he had also been deprived of food. My presence at his table appeared to make him uncomfortable.

"Une triste affaire!" I said all at once, by way of a trial. He had concealed himself behind a newspaper which, from the looking-glass, I was aware he didn't or couldn't read.

The effect was instantaneous. He gave a nervous jump, dropped the newspaper, gazed at me, astonishment written all over his face.

"Ah, monsieur, mais comment, vous savez!"

"Oui, monsieur, je sais tout!"

"Well, then," he answered, evidently relieved, "it is no longer a secret."

"Not to me, but to most people, so keep quiet." I was floundering away in the dark, wondering what on earth had really happened, and well-nigh bursting with curiosity to know the secret this man held.

"Where were you at the time, and how did the blood come on your bag?" Again he was startled, and I heard him say, only half audibly, "I thought I had washed it off."

And, from such a vague commencement, within a quarter of an hour I had extracted from him a very extraordinary story of a collision between two of the White Star liners, the *Celtic* and *Britannic*, away outside of Sandy Hook. Both were disabled, the bow of the one being stove in, and the side of the other having a big rent. They were lying where the collision had taken place. The captain of the *Britannic*, upon which ship the Frenchman had been, he described as being in a maddened condition. Fearing the ship was going to sink, my Frenchman and others begged to be put on land. At last the captain, whose wrath was unbounded,

after solemnly binding them not to say a word about the collision, had ordered a boat out and landed them on the nearest shore, at a desolate spot. He had lost the rest, had wandered about all night, and finally found a railroad station, and so reached New York. He explained that he, being a steerage passenger, had a bunk right forward, and that when the collision took place, some of the sailors above, he thought, had been killed, and the blood had dropped through on to his satchel.

I had enough to go on with. The great thing now was to get away to the scene of the accident. I flew down-town to the editorial office. Not a soul there but a nigger boy called Charlie. The editor-in-chief had been lost to sight for a week, and was not to be found. At last the sub-city editor was communicated with, and realising the importance of the news, rushed to the office. I had telephoned to him that I had gone down to the wharf to try and hire a tug, and that he was to send me a reporter, as I calculated that by leaving him aboard the first liner, and going on to the other myself, we could get the stories from both ships and just get back in time for going to press. It being Sunday morning, there was considerable difficulty about the tug, but at last I found one, and calculated that it would take us seven hours out, the same back, and an hour for interviews, and we would be in New York at midnight.

At nine sharp we were off, and I felt confident that no other newspaper was likely to get to know the news until it was too late to get to the scene to obtain an account for the morning's paper. Nothing, naturally, could prevent their getting to know something about what had happened, during the course of the day, but I hoped no further than vague reports. Calculating on this, and having taken aboard the reporter sent to me, away we sped, with the exhilarating feeling that we had a "beat" and that other fellows were "left."

The New York tug-boat is a wondrous thing, very dirty, exceedingly powerful, and, some of them, with quite a turn of speed if necessary. We reckoned upon doing ten miles an hour, and that the collision had taken place some seventy land miles away. If much farther, the mission was useless, as we would never get back in time for press.

There was a heavy, lumpy sea, and, although we shipped no water, we did an immense amount of bobbing. What with the overwhelming heat of the sun, the vibration of the powerful engines, and the smell of bilge water and stale oil combined, the motion of the ocean got the better of me, and I was heartily seasick.

A very hard run out it was, but fortunately the weather was fine. There was no sign of our being followed by any of our rivals. Towards three

o'clock we began to keep a sharp look out, and, towards four, when we were beginning to despair, sighted the two liners. On approaching the first, the *Britannic*, we rigged a ladder along her side, and up shinned my companion.

As we were getting off I heard angry words and loud cries from an irate voice, "Come back, there, you! Take this man off!"

"Go ahead quickly," I yelled at the tug's captain; "don't stop!"

"Well, mister," he replied, whilst going full speed towards the second liner, "as far as I can make out they want to throw your friend overboard. Th' captain of yon ship where we just left your friend, I know him, he's a terrible tempered man, and I doubt not he don't care to have any strangers aboard just now, especially a newspaper man, for he's probably going to lose his job. Guess your'n friend be having a hard time."

Anyhow, this was no moment to turn back. It was neck or nothing. Another hour and all our energy would be of no use. On we flew to the *Celtic*, up went the ladder, I nipped over the bulwarks, and was down in the main saloon in a second. There the first person I found was a member of my club in London. The passengers gathered round me, and I scribbled down as rapidly as I could their various experiences and opinions, until I thought I had

enough. The *Celtic* had run bow on into the side of the other ship, watertight compartments had been rapidly closed, every one had done his and her duty, and, if I remember right, two sailors asleep in the forecastle were killed. Every one had been exceedingly frightened, and at the same time delighted that it had not been worse. The one liner was going out, the other coming in, and how they came to collide, when there was so much room for both to navigate, is one of those things which none will ever understand. Several thousands of pounds' worth of damage was done, both ships were put out of commission for some time, and there you have pretty well the entire story.

After saluting the captain, a very amiable man, and assuring him that nothing harmful would appear in my account, I once more got aboard the tug and off we went to pick up my colleague on the first liner. When we got near we were met with imprecations and hard words. "Here's your man; take him away! How dare you land a stranger aboard my ship without permission! You blankety blankety blankety newspaper men, you've the nerve of the devil, blankety blankety. . . ." And with that our poor man was more thrown than assisted down the side of the big ship, and sprawling hastily down the ladder, let himself fall like a sack of wheat into the tug. His face

was such a picture of confusion and indignation that it was really amusing.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Happened?" he replied indignantly; "the captain of that ship is a raving lunatic. The moment I got aboard he rushed at me, threatened to throw me overboard, had me arrested, and threatened to put me in irons. Then he ordered the gig to be lowered, and was going to land me on the nearest lonesome shore to pass the night there and get home as best I could. Then he changed his mind again, and had me locked up in a small room and guarded, so that I couldn't say a word to any one. He's not in love with the press, I can tell you that. I have never been so insulted, so shamelessly treated as by that man. He even threatened to shoot me with a pistol he carried. He abused his men terribly for letting me come aboard, and me worse still for getting on his ship. He treated me like a dog, and I have not got a word of news, that's the worst of it."

I was truly sorry for him, but there was nothing to be done. We had no time to waste, and were speeding home as quick as the broad-beamed little tug could go.

And there I was, with the whole story to tackle, dead tired, not having had any food all day, trying to write an interesting account of it all in a diminutive overheated cabin, with a

small oil lamp as sole illuminant, the vibration of the engines, going at fullest speed, shaking one to pieces, and the waves—the remains of a stale storm — sending us careening over the massive ups and downs of an angry Atlantic sea. Writing was well-nigh impossible.

At eleven the lights of New York were well in sight, and soon after midnight the staunch tug-boat landed us at the dock, whither the editor had sent men to meet us. At a quarter-past twelve the office was reached, and there shorthand writers were on hand to take down with lightning rapidity what I was able to tell of what had happened out at sea. We then knew for the first time that, only late in the afternoon, the news had leaked out, far too late for any of the other newspapers to attempt anything in the way of reaching the two White Star liners as they lay outside Sandy Hook. So, after all, it was a "beat."

The result of all this was a call to the London office, where I again found dear old Oakey Hall, still beaming through his American spectacles, and rejoicing in his strange love for sitting up all night.

"J. B. Blaine of Maine," as the political cry had it, was over in Europe just then, and Mr. Carnegie, of steel trust fame, had decided to take the great American statesman on a coaching trip, which was to commence at Northumber-

land Avenue, London, and end up at Skibo Castle, in Sutherlandshire, Scotland. I was selected to accompany them.

That coaching trip was quite unique in many ways. One of the most remarkable things about it was that the same horses were to be used for the entire trip, and, as the roads after passing the Tweed were apt to be very hilly, it becomes all the more noteworthy. Ordinary well-fed coaching horses would ill stand such a trip, but common cab hacks, accustomed to be in the shafts for long periods, were considered as likely to be able to perform the heavy task. Accordingly four were chosen, from the best of the ordinary public carriages of the city of Edinburgh. They were provided with special zinc collars, warranted by the inventor to prevent sore shoulders, and, be it said, completed their task, arriving at Skibo in fine state and without a scratch or sore or any trace of leg weariness.

The party was ideal for such a trip. There was Blaine of the silver tongue, the man whose prose was poetry, whose conversation on any subject was always crammed full of information and interest. There was Gail Hamilton, the talented authoress, representing letters. Musical talent was impersonated by young Damrosch, who even then had earned a high reputation. Mr. Carnegie, whose knowledge of Scotch history and Scotland generally was endless, gave daily

lectures upon the Highlands. Young love was there, in the attachment between Mr. Damrosch and Miss Blaine, who were then engaged to be married, and there were also those emblems of marital devotion — Mrs. Carnegie and Mrs. Blaine. Mrs. Dodge and a second Miss Blaine were also of the party.

The pending presidential election in America made Mr. Blaine's presence amongst the party sufficient cause for the papers of the United States to take an interest in the coaching trip. Accordingly several Special Correspondents were detailed to follow the party on their trip. Arrived at Skibo, the other correspondents had left, but Mr. Carnegie invited me to be his guest, which gave me the advantage of having several very instructive conversations with Mr. Blaine. At Linlithgow the coaching party had heard of the election of Mr. Harrison, and Blaine had expressed himself as much pleased.

A little later in October I paid my first visit to Greece. The occasion was the marriage of the Duke of Sparta (now King Constantine), locally denominated the Diadock, to Princess Sophie of Hohenzollern, the sister of the Kaiser, who had then only just ascended the throne upon the death of his father.

Athens at that time was little more than a village, and the arrival of a host of royalties caused the ever-volatile Athenians the greatest

excitement. First of all came the winsome little bride, with her mother the Empress Frederick. Then the late King Edward, and Queen Alexandra, followed by the present Emperor of Russia, then Czarevitch, whose timidity was excessive, and lastly, the day before the wedding, with much pomp, the German Kaiser.

King Edward was then but Prince of Wales. The Kaiser, full of bumptiousness, made all the talking, and found the greatest pleasure in continually bantering at the expense of his uncle. This annoyed the British heir to the throne immensely. For, as all who knew him, as I did, are aware that whereas he was very fond of making fun at the expense of others—a trait which appears common amongst nearly all the crowned heads and royalties I have met—he was particularly sensitive to any kind of liberty taken with himself. But that did not appear to have any weight with Wilhelm the Second, who, brimming over with spirits and vitality, kept his uncle on tenterhooks by chaffing him nearly all the time.

Of all the courts of Europe, that of Greece is by far the most democratic and simple of any. The late King, so wantonly assassinated at Salonika, used to walk the streets of Athens quite alone, or accompanied by an aide-de-camp, but never with any kind of escort for his

protection. On such occasions he would appear in ordinary costume, a tweed or serge morning-suit, and wearing what is commonly known as a "billy-cock" hat. When he was popular his independent little people saluted him, but if by rare chance he had thwarted them in any way, politically or otherwise, they treated him very coolly, and forgot to take off their hats when they met H.M.

Now it happened that King George, in his easygoing way, took the Czarevitch for a morning's walk with him through the streets of Athens. Had he been alone, none would have taken any special notice, but, as the heir to the Russian throne was with His Majesty, the curiosity of the people was excited. The poor Czarevitch was badly scared. In Russia he was accustomed to be guarded in a quite extraordinary manner, and, undoubtedly, the thought of being assassinated, and the danger of being alone, had been well rubbed into him at home. So, when a small crowd followed close behind, his look of fear was nothing if not real. And his astonishment at the King's temerity was equally noticeable.

The Greek princes were the wildest boys imaginable, full of health, strength, and fun, and without respect for any one. Prince George was the worst. One fine morning they invited the Czarevitch to accompany them

down to the Bay of Phaleron to take a bathe. They got him into the water, and indulged in so much horseplay, splashing and ducking their visitor, and so forth, that when he emerged the Czarevitch had swallowed so much sea water that he felt quite uncomfortable.

"Come along!" cried his tormentors; "come with us, and we will give you an excellent glass of wine to wash the salt water out of your throat!"

The Czarevitch consented, and they set off to a mean little drinking-booth, kept by an aged and retired sailor, whom the princes knew. There they ordered tumblers of the coarse resinata wine of the country. If any of you have ever tried resinata you will know that it is a white wine cured with resin, and tastes just as though turpentine had been poured into it. No wonder, therefore, that having, without previous tasting, swallowed half a tumbler of the mixture, the Czarevitch, to the intense amusement of his cousins, tried to get rid of it in every way possible, by means you can guess, insisting, with fear in his countenance, that he had been poisoned.

I am quite sure that the present Emperor of all the Russias will never in all his life forget that morning's bathing experiences. Prince George afterwards made some amends by saving his august cousin's life when a fana-

tical Japanese tried to kill him. The blow was partially parried by the Prince, nevertheless, the scar it caused will for ever remain on the Imperial head. But I feel convinced that the rough-and-ready treatment the Czarevitch then received at the hands of his "dear cousins," such a contrast to the mollycoddled life he was accustomed to at home, must have done him an infinite lot of good.

Certain of the children of the Athenian aristocracy had permission to use the Royal Garden, one of the very few in that arid dust-driven capital. Many of the better Greek children were in the habit of talking little else than French, sometimes almost forgetting their own language. One morning the diminutive Prince Christophoros of Greece was walking in the Royal Garden, when he met a boy of his acquaintance, who replied to his "Calimera" greeting with a French "Bon jour, votre Altesse!"

With flashing eyes the then five-year-old Prince rushed up to the other boy and said, "Can't you talk Greek?"

"Yes, I can!" said the other.

With that little Christophoros gave him a sound box in the ear, saying, "Take that and talk Greek!"

Of all the tedious ceremonies in the world give me a Greek wedding. The Czarevitch,

Prince "Eddie" of England, brother of the present King, the elder brother of the Czarevitch, Prince George of Greece, and a Russian Grand Duke or two, served as best men, whose duty it was a large portion of the time to hold crowns over the bride and bridegroom as long as they could. And it amused us to note which of them had the longest staying power, and it proved to be Prince George. The ceremony lasted one and a half hours, during which the heat was suffocating and many of the women fainted.

Athens had been transformed into a city of myrtle. The streets were strewn with it, and the fragrance was delicious. The peasants came from all parts in their most picturesque national costumes. The weather was perfect, and the enthusiasm of the people intense, and all the windows along the route filled with spectators.

The royal party left the palace at eight o'clock, the bride looking exceedingly happy, and all were pleased with her girlish sweetness.

The ladies of the Court wore the national Greek costume, and their entry into the Church was followed by that of ninety-six ladies belonging to the suite of the German Empress, the Queen of Italy, the Princess of Wales and the Empress Frederick.

Count Herbert Bismarck, I remember well,

excited a great deal of interest. He had accompanied the Emperor as special Minister of State, for the Bismarck-Hohenzollern differences had not then taken place.

As in all Orthodox Church ceremonies, the raiment of the Metropolitan and other high dignitaries of the Church was of gorgeous, almost barbaric, magnificence and richness. The Metropolitan stood in the centre in front, supported by a priest on each side, the one holding two candles, symbolic of the Father and Son; the second, three, symbolic of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

On the arrival of the royal party at the Cathedral the company entered the church in the following order: the French Ambassador, doyen of the diplomatic corps, with the German Empress; the German Emperor with the Empress Frederick; the King of Denmark accompanied by the Queen of Greece; the Prince of Wales, having on his arm the Queen of Italy; Prince Henry of Prussia with the Princess of Wales; and the Czarevitch and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.

Then followed the Duke of Sparta and the Princess Sophie, bride and bridegroom. The arrangements in the body of the Cathedral were so that the centre beneath the dome was carpeted with the Greek colours and filled with the royalties, the King and Queen of Greece

in the centre; on the left the diplomatic corps and the heads of the army and navy.

Usually crowns of orange blossom are held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. At the special wish of the Queen of Greece, gold crowns surmounted by a cross were used. These were held over the head of the bride three times by Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Albert, and Prince Eddie of Wales; and over the head of the bridegroom by the Czarevitch and Princes George and Nicholas of Greece. This ceremony was again repeated when the bride and bridegroom walked round the altar table three times. The crowns were those used on the occasion of the marriage of the King and Queen of Greece.

The ceremony completed, the Princess Sophie thrice kissed the Queen of Greece, the Empress Frederick, and the Queen of Italy. She then kissed once each the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and the young princesses. The Kaiser kissed his mother heartily three times.

In the evening the whole city was illuminated, and the Acropolis, richly lit up with Bengal light, which gave the marvellously beautiful effect of the entire structure as being of rose-coloured alabaster, was a sight to see, and never to be forgotten.

But oh! the worries of being married in

Greece. According to the custom of the country the newly-wedded couple had, after taking part in a prolonged banquet at the Palace, to make a tour of the town of several hours' duration in an open carriage to show themselves to the populace, and that in a piping hot sun such as people who have not been to Athens can scarce realise the heat of.

At night there was a serenade in front of the newly-married couple's dwelling, and for three days court ceremonies kept on, almost continuously, in connection with the wedding, and at each the exhausted and much tried couple had to attend. It is in truth "marriage under difficulties."

Whilst in Greece I took the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the leading statesmen of that country. As far as I could judge, M. Tricoupis was head and shoulders above the rest, and Delyannis was a radical statesman of very high order. Others I knew were M. Skouloudes, who was strong in financial matters; M. Skouses, who made a very able Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Dragoumis, a fine specimen of the true Greek patriot; M. Theodokis, a man of wealth, who I believe taught the King how to get yearly crops out of his olive trees instead of once every two years, and who stepped into Tricoupis's political shoes when that statesman died. Also M. Rhallis, a most active lawyer,

who succeeded M. Delyannis when that statesman went the way of all flesh.

King George then gave me my first audience. I had others in later years. He at once struck me by his intense simplicity and practical qualities. He loved dearly to talk about his model farm at Tatoï, some twelve miles or so away from the capital, out of which, by force of introducing modern methods of cultivation, he had produced an oasis of verdure and productiveness scarce known in that arid portion of Greece of which Athens forms a centre.

Before finishing I must tell a little anecdote about the good King George. It has never struck me that one should not feel equally at home with a king just the same as any other being. Those I have known have always appeared to me to be much the same as any one else one may happen to meet. And I think they appreciate that sort of attitude and feeling towards them.

I had told His Majesty some stories which amused him about King Edward, and also one about his father, which he had not heard, as follows. The old King Christian of Denmark was intensely democratic, and wished it known that all his subjects had the right to approach him. This was inconvenient, because in his walks he would sometimes be pestered by beggars. Accordingly, without the monarch's

knowledge, measures were taken, so that ordinarily he was left unmolested. One day, however, a very humble and poor fellow, who appeared to have escaped the vigilance of the private police, managed to find himself in the king's path. The man bowed very low, and gave unmistakable signs that he wished to speak to the monarch.

The king, as usual full of kindness, stopped and said, " My good friend, and what can I do for you ? "

" Ah, your Majesty," answered the beggar, " what I humbly want to ask is a likeness of yourself ! "

King Christian looked rather astonished, not quite convinced that he had not got to do with a madman.

" I would gladly give you one," said the monarch kindly, " but I do not carry any about with me."

" Excuse me, your Majesty, but I think if you will look in your purse you will find one."

The originality of the idea amused old King Christian, and the man went away the richer by a gold piece.

" And what do you do in Athens to pass your time ? " asked King George.

" Your Majesty," I answered, as I knew all about his private life, " I do much the same as yourself. We have about like habits."

"In what way?"

"Well, your Majesty, I, like yourself, take long walks, and of an evening drink good red wine. But your Majesty drinks excellent port which is sent you from Copenhagen, and I drink Greek claret."

"You seem to know a good deal about my habits, Mr. Stanhope. As I am a wine-grower myself, it interests me to know what Greek red wine you drink."

I used to invite a number of friends to a neighbouring café each evening, and there a considerable number of bottles disappeared at each sitting.

"I have earned the reputation of being the greatest consumer of red wine in Athens, and I drink only Tatoï wine of your Majesty's make," I replied.

The next morning I was invited to call at the Foreign Office. There the Minister informed me, smilingly, that the King had been very pleased with the audience I had had with him the day before, and that His Majesty had expressed the gracious desire to confer upon me the decoration of St. Saviour.

It was my turn to smile. King George had the well-earned reputation of being a keen business man.

CHAPTER VII

Post haste to Lisbon—The Emperor and Empress of Brazil—Sent back to Lisbon on a cattle-boat—They arrive and are met by the King in state—Their pitiable condition—My interview with the Emperor—How he sent Brazil a farewell message—Death of the Empress—Visit of the American "White Squadron" to Lisbon—Friendly rivalry among the captains—I attend the King's reception of the officers—His nervousness—He thanks me for my attitude in the Delagoa Bay dispute—I leave for Algiers with Admiral Walker to eject a contumacious consul—"Boston pork and beans"—The Admiral plays me a trick—A visit to Madrid—I lose my temper with the Premier—Some leading Spanish statesmen—A peculiar habit in Spanish society—The watch that went—A robbery without intent to steal—Henry M. Stanley—An embarrassing meeting in the Alps—The explorer holds a family council—"All's well that ends well"—King Leopold of Belgium is amused at the incident.

THERE was no monotony in my life about this time. Scarce was the Greek Royal wedding over than I was rushing post haste to the other end of Europe, my mission being to go to Lisbon and there meet the venerable Emperor of Brazil, who from no fault of his own, after a spotless reign of forty-nine years, had been ruthlessly "thrown" out of the country over which he had ruled so benignly and so well.

One cannot use any word less strong than "thrown." General de Fonseca, in acting as he did towards Dom Pedro, a most liberal-minded and good old man, was guilty of an indecent and disgraceful action. The republic had been

hastily proclaimed by a self-appointed military dictatorship. But those so-called republicans were well aware of the overwhelming popularity of the Emperor amongst the people. His Majesty's presence therefore became a standing menace to the new and arbitrarily inaugurated order of things. Thus it was considered urgently necessary that the monarch should disappear from the popular sight. At the presence of their beloved Emperor the people would most surely have rallied to his side, and General de Fonseca and his followers been swept away.

Incredible as it may seen, inhuman as it was, the representatives of the republican committee seized the kindly and venerable monarch, who, it is safe to say, had never done harm to any one in his life, and at three o'clock in the morning, without giving him even the needed time to pack and gather a few comforts around him, took him and the aged Empress and a few helpless old courtiers, who stood loyal even to the point of sharing exile with their master, and, in spite of awful weather prevailing, placed them aboard a small steamer or launch, in which they were conveyed to the Island of Grande, a quite barren spot, there in great discomfort to await the first steamer in which they could be transported to Lisbon. That ship happened to be a cattle-boat returning empty from a journey and very dirty. Into this unfitting

craft these poor old people of high degree, accustomed to the delicacies and refinements of court life, were unceremoniously embarked to face a long sea journey to Lisbon.

What a piteous sight it was when they arrived! Such had been the hurry of the republicans to get them away that they had not had time to bring with them the most ordinary necessaries of life. A more pathetic sight than the disembarkation of that cultured old monarch and his aged consort I have never witnessed. They were positively dirty, and also extremely exhausted and sick from exposure and bad food, that aboard being of the kind just about good enough for common sailors of the class which would enlist in a cattle boat, but execrable and quite unfit for people accustomed to ordinary good living.

A lot of old friends had come from various parts to meet their Imperial Majesties, including the aged Vicomte de Nioac, and most of them burst into tears, or turned away to hide their emotion, when they realised the terrible conditions under which their gentle and good old Sovereign and his feeble consort had had to voyage over so long a journey.

A steamer-load full of friends steamed down the broad and magnificent Tagus to meet and to greet the exiled Emperor. A thousand Brazilians, full of sympathy, had reached Lisbon

during the past few days. The venerable Vicomte de Nioac had braved the long journey from Paris and the cold passage through the Spanish mountains to be there, to be at the side of his old and adored master, in this hour of great trial. He had come to place his services, for the few remaining years he had yet to live, at the disposition of the Emperor and Empress. "No!" he said, "Dom Pedro will never return, even if they begged him—never!"

Thousands of volunteers had come forward and expressed their readiness to fight to restore Dom Pedro to the throne. He had only to hold up his hand and a large force was at his disposal. Little was said, but the silent and pathetic meeting of the veterans was more eloquent than volumes of speech.

As the storm-beaten cattle-boat, with its distinguished passengers, steamed up to Belem,—it was seven in the morning,—the tublike and effete Portuguese warships gave a joint Imperial twenty-one guns' salute, and half an hour later the King of Portugal, with the President of the Council and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was seen arriving in a magnificent gala barge. All the ceremonial observed was the same as that on previous occasions when the Emperor had visited Lisbon. Over the waters floated the cheers of the sailors from the warships. The party was landed at the King's jetty, where the

visitors were met by Dom Alfonso, brother of the King, and all the most distinguished members of the army and navy in full uniform, and four Royal carriages, each drawn by four horses, were waiting for the Emperor at the Navy Yard. A regiment of infantry was drawn up inside and another outside. Dom Pedro refused to be driven either to the Palace or to the Hotel Braganza, but requested that he might be taken to the Pantheon of St. Vincent, there to lay some wreaths of immortelles on the sarcophagus of the late King of Portugal. His welcome was a quiet one, the people not understanding whether it was to be considered as a sad or a joyful event.

The next day I had a long talk with the Emperor, at the Braganza Hotel, where he resided.

"They had no need to turn me out," were His Imperial Majesty's first words, after the usual greeting had been passed. "My people ought to have known me by this time. Had I for a moment suspected that they wanted me to go, there would have been no objection on my part. There was no greater republican and liberal-minded man than myself in Brazil. My one idea was the people and how best I could serve them. But why all this roughness!" And he looked at me and then at his old courtiers, who indeed were a very quaint and quiet-looking lot

of individuals, and gently stroked his flowing white beard. "I did not mix in politics; all my interests were in the cultural development of the people.

"I have no desire to busy myself longer with Brazilian affairs. I was at the summer palace at Petropolis, when I received a telegram that the revolution had triumphed. Upon its receipt I went to Rio de Janeiro, and placed myself at the disposal of the revolutionary government. The palace was instantly encircled by troops, and ingress and egress stopped. The siege lasted for thirty-two hours, during which time my family suffered much from want of food.

"We were then taken secretly, after midnight, between a double file of soldiers from the palace to the arsenal, placed aboard a warship, the *Parnahy*, which immediately started for Grande. There, in spite of the very rough sea, we were transferred in small boats to the *Alagoa*. The Empress was agitated, and wept continually. Her hands and wrists were hurt as she was being handed aboard the *Alagoa*. I myself was deeply affected, and spent the whole time watching the horizon till it disappeared from view. When the shore line dropped below the horizon, I let fly a carrier pigeon, bearing my farewell message to Brazil."

His Imperial Majesty eagerly questioned me concerning what had taken place in Brazil since

his departure, and expressed pleasure that the Brazilian flag had not been altered.

The Empress, who was present, looked frightened and dazed. The shock had been too much for her. Twenty days later she died of exhaustion at Oporto. Dom Pedro, whom I afterwards saw in Paris, where he frequented highly literary and cultured society, died two years after, the faithful de Nioac at his bedside.

His parting words—conveyed by the carrier pigeon above refered to—to his country were: "I shall ever retain for Brazil the most heartfelt affection and ardent wishes for her prosperity."

No sooner was the Dom Pedro incident over than there arrived in Lisbon what may be fittingly called the nucleus of America's magnificent navy of to-day. The people of the United States, very late, had suddenly realised that the commercial and national interests of the Republic, so fast growing and developing, urgently demanded better defences, and, above all, a superior navy. Her marine forces up to then had been ridiculous, the more so considering her enormous wealth and extent of territory. The instance given, a few pages back, of an admiral like Jouett, and a staff of skilled officers, headed by such men as Richard Wainwright, Very, and others, wasting their lives and undoubtedly great talents in cruising about in an

antiquated wooden frigate, is quite enough to denote the need America had for waking up and creating a navy worthy of the name, fitting to represent the greatest republic in the world, the coming nation of the entire universe.

There were four cruisers, fondly called by the people of the United States, "The White Squadron," on account of the virgin colour they were painted, officially known as the United States Mediterranean squadron of Evolution. It had been placed under the command of one of the greatest disciplinarians of the United States Navy, Admiral Walker. The trim little fleet consisted of the flagship *Chicago*, Captain Robeson; the *Boston*, Captain James O'Kane; the *Atlanta*, Captain John A. Howell; and the small but swift *Yorktown*, commanded by Captain Chadwick.

I was the first person to greet the Admiral. He said that he had had as good a passage as one could expect at this time of the year in crossing the Atlantic. They had met with pretty heavy weather, and during a gale, which included blinding hail and sleet, had lost the *Yorktown* in mid-ocean. The other ships had proceeded on under economical coal speed. The weather experienced had been a thorough test of the seaworthiness of the ships, and they had come out of the test with the utmost credit.

As I was talking to the Admiral, Captain James O'Kane arrived from the *Boston* to report. His

first words were, "Admiral, I am ready to sail away again at a moment's notice. Of our four boilers not one leaks. We blew out our packing, but it was quickly remedied. I thought you were going to leave me."

"No," said Admiral Walker. "Not a bit of it. We understood your signals, and slowed down until you had reported all right. How did your ship behave?"

"Splendidly, Admiral. We shipped no water to speak of, and had no trouble at all. But we want a day or two to overhaul the condenser."

At this point Captain John A. Howell, of the *Atlanta*, came in and reported everything all right.

"Nothing broken, Admiral. My ship behaved splendidly!"

Captain Robeson now joined the party. He was the man who commanded the *Vandalia* when she carried General Grant round the world. He said that, as far as the *Chicago* went, he was perfectly satisfied with her seaworthiness and speed.

Then all joined in in the general conversation.

The Admiral said, "My ship is as dry as a bone. We could have been here two days earlier if we had wished."

Captain O'Kane said, "The *Boston* is very fast, and would have been ahead of everything, but it is against etiquette to go ahead of the

flagship. The *Atlanta* had terrible trouble to keep up with me!"

"Not a bit of it," retorted Captain Howell. "I think the *Atlanta* showed herself very smart. At all events, you had not to stop for her. She can report not a single breakage."

Captain O'Kane slyly remarked, "I watched the *Chicago* very closely. It seemed to me she rolled a good bit."

The Admiral was up in arms at once. "Not a bit of it," he said sharply; "the *Chicago* is as steady as a rock. To-day, of course, we rolled a bit, after having got most of our coal out. By the way, how much coal have you in your bunkers?"

"A hundred and ten tons," said Captain Howell.

"A hundred and fifty tons," echoed Captain O'Kane gleefully.

"How much reserve did you have before you took your supply?" said Captain Howell, picking his rival up and pretending to be nettled. And so, like good sailors are wont to do, they chaffed each other good-humouredly.

The squadron had steamed from Boston to Lisbon at the rate of two hundred miles a day, without the slightest damage to machinery, using less than half boiler-power, and without accident of any kind—a good record for new ships.

Dom Carlos, the Portuguese King, having recovered from an attack of grippe, expressed a wish to welcome the American naval officers at Belem Palace. Accordingly, under the escort of Minister Loring, Admiral Walker, Captain Robeson, Captain Howell, Captain O'Kane, Commander Chadwick, Lieutenant-Commander Knox, Lieut. Bradbury, and Captain Reid and myself, for the Minister of Foreign Affairs had notified me that the King desired to see me, started off there. Belem Palace is not imposing from the outside, but the interior made ample compensation for any external plainness. The marble stairs were wondrously fine, and were lined on each side by Court flunkies in gorgeous red liveries, trimmed with deep gold braid, many of them carrying the old-fashioned halberds of silver, on which were embossed the arms of Portugal. The King, although then young, was very corpulent, and seemed ill at ease all the time. He kept coughing, whether from a recent attack of grippe or nervousness, I don't know. The interview with the representatives of the navy was short, and we were all preparing to leave when a chamberlain stepped up to me and said that the King wished to speak with me.

After a pause, during which the rest of the party had time to leave the room, His Majesty said, "I would like to thank you personally for

the broad-minded and unprejudiced way in which you have written to the *Herald* concerning the dispute between Portugal and England."

It was in reference to a series of articles I had contributed concerning the Delagoa Bay question.

I replied that I had but done my duty in giving a perfectly independent view of the situation; that whilst the entire British press, without being very well informed upon the subject, was discussing the matter, I had simply gone to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor de Barros Gomez, and obtained from him an open declaration of the policy Portugal wished to pursue. His frank replies had cleared up many misunderstandings between Portugal and England. I had suggested to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that the United States might possibly feel willing to arbitrate.

"Yes," said the King with animation, "arbitration would be the best means of settling the question. General Grant arbitrated for us once before, and the position of the United States enables her to act excellently as an arbiter in such questions."

The extreme nervousness of the King as he spoke struck me. He kept buttoning and unbuttoning his frock coat, and finally got it buttoned askew.

Admiral Walker had been instructed from

home to go to Algiers and there forcibly eject a certain contumacious consul of the name of Lewis. He offered to take me with him, and I jumped at the proposition. The story of Lewis was this. In Tangier the Consuls of the Foreign Powers were paid very high salaries, as their responsibilities were quite uncommon. They had, for instance, right of protection over natives, and could grant certain territorial rights, for which at times large sums were paid. The United States, however, only granted its representative a miserable salary.

Lewis, having been merely a stationmaster on the Pennsylvania railroad, had not a big experience in the ways of the world. He just started in to do what every one else in his position was doing, to try and augment his meagre salary. But he did it in the wrong way, and the result was he fell out with the local authorities very badly, and, when cornered, used his revolver, so that there was no end of trouble.

The Admiral, who was nothing if not a martinet, began the severest kinds of tactical evolutions the moment the White Squadron left the Tagus. It was New Year's Day, and the sailors had expected it would be festively observed. Not a bit of it. He had every man in the fleet up to his eyes in work from early morn till sunset. What a contrast he

was to my dear friend Admiral Jouett of the *Tennessee*!

On the morning following we steamed into Tangier, and all preparations were made to land. The blood-red flag of Morocco was run up to the fore, and the necessary salute was fired. But there were a few cases of grippe aboard, and the landing was forbidden. I imagine it was a diplomatic move to prevent us landing. In spite of the combined request of the consuls, pratique was refused. Admiral Walker was furious, likewise every one aboard. Coming down, I had messed with the Admiral and Captain Robeson, and the former had worked out a lovely plan for a flying visit to Fez to see the Sultan. We were to have an escort of sailors and marines, and it promised to be very interesting.

How disgusted we all were! The medical officer who brought the governmental refusal to let us land said he was *désolé*, as he cautiously handed up the disappointing document with a pair of tongs. To make it worse, the weather grew so heavy that it would be impossible to leave the bay unless the wind changed to the north. Drills were out of the question, and the Admiral's stock of Boston pork and beans was running short, which made him more ill-tempered than usual. He ate pork and beans, so did Robeson, at every meal, and endeavoured to persuade me to do so. But if there is a dish

I thoroughly dislike in the world, it is Boston baked pork and beans. Finding that out, the Admiral told me that one of the principal joys of the world had been lost to me.

I hated Admiral Walker and his pork and beans. But when I got to Gibraltar, I simply abhorred him, for he played me the meanest kind of trick possible. Information had been received that the authorities at Gibraltar would give us pratique, on condition that the influenza patients were not allowed ashore. Lewis had fled to Gibraltar, and I now began to suspect that Admiral Walker had determined to get the man away before I could see him, and thus show the Department how clever he was. Accordingly, when we had finally left the billow-belaboured Bay of Algiers and had arrived at Gibraltar, I went to the Admiral's cabin. He was there with Captain Robeson, and there was a roguish look in his keen grey eyes that made me wonder what was up.

On my entry he said, "Robeson, don't you think Stanhope looks very ill?"

Robeson had a bad habit of acquiescing in everything the Admiral said. He did so now.

"I think you must have the grippe," remarked the Admiral, "don't you think so, Robeson?"

Again the captain agreed.

I tried a hearty laugh. "Nothing the

matter with me, Admiral," I replied, becoming anxious. "You're joking!"

"Not a bit. Orderly, call the doctor here."

In a jiffy the doctor was there, and the Admiral, with a look there was no mistaking, said, "Doctor, don't you think Mr. Stanhope has the grippe? I and Robeson do! We can't let him go ashore, can we?"

I imagine the whole thing had been arranged beforehand, for the doctor immediately said, "No, certainly not—perhaps to-morrow!"

Then the whole truth dawned upon me. It had been communicated to me that, the same evening, the contumacious consul, Lewis, was to leave Gibraltar. It was Admiral Walker's wicked purpose to go ashore, see Lewis, get the whole story out of him, ship him off the same evening, and keep me forcibly aboard till the next day. I was furious. But there was nothing to be done. The sentry had the strictest orders to keep me carefully watched, and the word was passed on to each successor. And thus I was kept a prisoner till the next day. When I was allowed to land, Lewis had been gone some twelve hours or so. And that is how I never got what might have been a very good newspaper story.

Passing through Madrid, I had the opportunity of meeting and conversing with all the leading statesmen of Spain. Most of them were

talkative, but the Premier of the moment, Señor Sagasta, was evasive, and his continuous "manana" much annoyed me, as I was desirous of leaving Madrid, and it was essential to see him before going. One day I was in the Cortes, and I knew him to be in his private room. His secretary came out, saying that His Excellency would receive me "manana." He had so often made the same promise of receiving me the next day, that I lost my temper, and, without further ado, just made my way straight into the office where the Premier was. I closed and bolted the door behind me, and said, "Now, Monsieur le President, we are alone and uninterrupted!" He smiled, gave way, and afforded me an excellent interview.

I also saw the leader of the opposition, who was later on assassinated, Señor Canovas del Castillo, a charming personality, the greatest forensic and parliamentary orator of his time; also Señor Romero y Robledo, a statesman of much talent, who had an excellently made false nose; and Señor Moret, who was afterwards several times Prime Minister, and remained to me, all his life, a true and excellent friend.

On returning to my hotel after my first round of visits in Madrid, I was met by a friend, Mr. Dwight T. Reed, an ex-diplomat, then in charge of the New York Life Insurance Company's business. He asked me what had impressed

me most amongst the Spaniards. I replied, their extraordinary generosity and hospitality.

I noticed him raise his eyebrows in amazement. I then explained to him that in almost every house I had visited, and where I had admired a picture, a piece of furniture, and so on, the owner had at once expressed a desire to make me a present of the article. That, indeed, one whose house I had admired had offered to give me the mansion as it stood, an excess of generosity which quite took my breath away. And, I concluded, every single one of them asked me to dine.

"And, of course, you refused?"

"Not a bit of it. I accepted all; why not?"

"It only shows that you do not know anything about the habits of the country. All those proposed gifts, all those invitations to dinner, are purely forms of speech which you are not intended to take seriously. According to Spanish ideas you have been strangely lacking in manners. Just as you declined to take the house and the valuable pictures offered you, so also you must now sit down and excuse yourself from dinners which it was never meant you should accept." And knowing my friend as one who had lived in Spain the greater part of his life, and married to a Spanish lady, I did as he said.

At Homburg one day Commander Raymond Rogers,—now Admiral,—who had been naval attaché in Madrid, capped the above with one better: "Se non e vero, bon trovato."

"What happened to me," he said, "was this. I had a good friend, and we used to go out walks together around Madrid. He was a Spaniard. One day he pulled out a very ancient-looking watch, which I admired.

"'You like it?' he said.

"'I think it's a beauty. I would like to have one like it!'

"'Then it's yours!' he replied effusively, and insisted upon my accepting it.

"I pondered over the incident, and feeling very guilty, I took the opportunity, at the next walk, to bring out a fine watch I had, and show it. 'A lovely thing!' he exclaimed.

"'It's yours!' I said, handing it him, and he took it with thanks. I was sorry to lose it, because it was a family heirloom. But how could I do otherwise? But when I got home I found that his watch, which I was quite sure I had had in my pocket, had also disappeared."

At that time the streets of Madrid were infested with pickpockets. Their mode of operation was to shove up against a passer-by and apologise profusely. Later on the owner of the watch would find it missing.

One evening I was walking down the Calle

de Alcala alone. We had been talking about the number of cases of watch-stealing in the open streets, when a man hustled up against me. I put my hand at once to my pocket. No watch was there. In a moment I had the man by the scruff of the neck, and, shaking him violently—I am particularly able-bodied—nearly choking him, I demanded my watch. He put his hand into his pocket, handed me the watch, which I hastily put into my waistcoat, and, with a parting kick from me, he started running like a hare down the street and disappeared.

When I got home the first thing I saw was my watch on the table. I felt in my pocket and pulled out a watch which I had never seen before. The unfortunate fellow had evidently imagined that I was a highway robber, and in order to save himself from worse handling than he had already received at my hands, he just gave up his watch and ran.

For some time after this I was attached to the *Paris Herald,* and for a period was in charge. But that sort of all-night work did not suit me a bit, and I was glad when it ceased.

The Special Correspondent is, from time to time, called upon to execute the most delicate and difficult missions. One of quite the most disagreeable I ever had occurred now. It was

to go and see Henry M. Stanley, the famous explorer, then living at Murren, one of the highest points of the Alps. Stanley I knew personally, and was aware that he was a particularly irascible man, whose health, undermined by hundreds of attacks of ague, rendered him exceedingly irritable. To such a man I was requested to pay a visit and ask him whether the reports circulated in American papers as to his unhappy marital relations were true or not.

In those times there was no railroad up the mountain, and the journey had to be accomplished on donkey-back, and was very rough. On arrival at the top I found Stanley and his party at luncheon, so waited a little. When the great explorer heard of the nature of my mission, he, as I had expected, got exceeding angry, and asked how I dared come and ask him such a question. I let him rage a while, and then said to him quite quietly, "Suppose you go and ask the women what they say about it. They instinctively know what is best to do in such matters."

"Yes," he said; "perhaps you are right." And with that he went into the next room, where his wife and sister, Mrs. Myers, were. They consulted, and then Stanley came back and said, "We deny the whole statement as utterly false."

"You must give it me in handwriting," I said, "otherwise it may not be believed."

Another family consultation, and in a little while Stanley returned with a signed paper, written by himself in a firm, small, upright handwriting, and which read as follows :—

"The report published in America, concerning myself and wife, about a separation and domestic infidelity in my married life, is absolutely false and without any foundation whatever. I have no hesitation in saying that each day of our married life has been one of pure content and unalloyed happiness.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

"There you are," said the explorer; "I suppose that will cover everything."

"Not entirely," I replied.

"What do you mean?" said Stanley in exasperated tones.

"This. That such a declaration on your part may be all right. But the women will at once say, 'Oh yes, that is what he says; but does his wife agree?'"

For a few seconds Stanley was evidently of two minds. He at first looked exceeding indignant, then he began to think. Seeing him in this half-way mood, I did not waste time, but said, "If you have any doubts, go and ask the women what they say."

"I will!" And with that he was off into the next room, and once more a family consultation took place, and a few minutes later Stanley issued with another document, this time written in a bold, clear, large slanting hand, which read as follows :—

"I am very much astonished and disgusted with the reports in a New York newspaper that my married life is unhappy and that I am separated from my dear husband. It is indeed high time that a stop should be put to such a shameful fabrication. Is there no protection from these newspaper insults ?

"Dorothy Stanley."

It must be mentioned that Mr. Stanley had studiously refused to assist his wife in any way to construct her statement, and had not even read it before it was given to me. This was done in order that it could not be said that he had in any way biased her, and that what she wrote expressed nothing but her own feelings.

Never in the course of my newspaper career was I more relieved and pleased as on my own feet I skidded down the rocky sides of Murren with those two signed documents safely in my pocket, and the thanks and handshakes of that thoroughly happy married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, as recent memories. "All's well that ends well," thought I.

I afterwards told King Leopold of the Belgians of this incident, and my feelings thereat, at which he laughed heartily, for it was well known that Stanley had often shown marked irritability even before His Majesty.

CHAPTER VIII

Another great cholera epidemic—The untried Haffkine inoculation—Pasteur's views upon it—I am inoculated as an experiment—Unwelcome notoriety—I decide to visit the cholera area and submit myself to the severest tests—Pasteur's distress at my intention—He ultimately agrees to help me—Haffkine is delighted with the proposed tests—I leave Paris for Hamburg—A gruesome and dangerous mission—"Au revoir or adieu, which will it be?"—World-wide interest and encouragement.

ONCE more the spectre of cholera had raised its head. Again for the second time within a few years the civilised world was suffering from a cholera panic. The dread scourge had started in Russia, had travelled down the Volga, and so spread itself through the country till there were recorded 6953 new cases in one day and 3262 deaths. The germ got into the Vistula and thence through into the Elbe. This was towards the end of 1892.

Hamburg was a place, owing to its old-fashioned narrow streets and filthy canals of stagnant water, and its overflow of working population cooped up into the narrowest and most unsanitary quarters, where, if once cholera came, it would fatally make terrible ravages. And it had come!

As many as 700 victims were being interred

per day. By September the cases had been 14,894. The money-giving and wage-providing section of the community had fled. Any one having means enough to do so had left the town. The factories were closed, hotels also. The usually flourishing and busy city of Hamburg had been turned into a town full of desolation. The fishermen had stopped fishing, for none would buy their wares. The Elbe was polluted with the cholera germ. And the town water-supply, the pipe of which travelled across the bed of the river, had sprung a leak, and not only those who drank the Elbe water, but also those who drank of the usual water-supply were stricken with the pest.

Cases of cholera had occurred in Paris; Switzerland had been invaded; quarantine was established everywhere with draconic rigour; the ships returning to the United States were crowded to overflowing with Americans fleeing half dead with fear. Cholera was reported in England and Wales. The great shipping traffic of Hamburg had been entirely stopped, and the trade of Europe was at a standstill. Such are a few of the terrible effects of a serious visitation of cholera.

Some little time prior to this Dr. Haffkine, a Russian bacteriologist, had arrived in Paris with his newly found cholera prophylactic. His discovery had been minutely tested by the

combined savants of the Pasteur Institute, approved of thoroughly, and the Russian doctor installed in the Institute was supported and godfathered by the great Pasteur himself.

As you have read my experiences with Dr. Feran it will be easily understood that the Haffkine experiments interested me keenly. I lost no time, but went off to Garches, near Paris, the residence of M. Pasteur, and there I found him in a house surrounded by buildings, in which were thousands of guinea-pigs, hundreds of rabbits, several monkeys, also many dogs, the last either rabid or about to become so.

I know nothing so terrible, being exceedingly fond of dogs, than to see the unfortunate canine, which, for the interests of science, has been turned into the cage of a dog having rabies, there to be bitten and afterwards watched during the days of agony wherein the poor beast itself will develop madness. It is heartrending !

The sturdy little savant was right pleased to see me again, and, without wasting time, I asked him point-blank what he thought of the Haffkine inoculation.

His emphatic reply was : " I consider, from what I know of it, that Dr. Haffkine has made a discovery which will be of lasting benefit to humanity. It is as great a prophylactic against cholera as mine is against rabies."

" Is there proof of that ? "

"The proof," replied M. Pasteur, "has not yet been possible. There are two ways by which it can be demonstrated. The one is for Dr. Haffkine to go into a district where cholera is rife and to inoculate the entire population. There is a second; it is, that some one should first be inoculated by Dr. Haffkine and then go where cholera is and there pass through certain exposures and tests which would be sure to give any ordinary person cholera. But where are you going to find a man to do that?"

I left Garches with an order in my pocket from M. Pasteur entitling me to be inoculated against cholera.

Early the next morning I was at the Pasteur Institute. Upstairs, first door to the left, second to the right, there is a laboratory where Dr. Haffkine and M. Pasteur had worked patiently for two years, combining in perfecting the discovery which, both asserted confidently, would rid humanity of the danger of cholera.

Dr. Haffkine came forward, a tall, fair young Russian, with closely trimmed beard, long, thin face, large greyish eyes, high, thoughtful forehead. He read M. Pasteur's brief note asking him to inoculate me, and at once replied briefly, "Very good!"

At the same time he handed me a thermometer to hold under my arm for twelve minutes, so as to get the temperature before

the operation was performed. He handed the Pasteur message to Dr. Roux, who adminstered the injections, and then resumed his examination of a drop of bouillon filled with cholera virus, which he had been studying through a microscope.

"Those are all right," he said, after a minute's examination. "If any other but cholera microbes are in veins, it is dangerous. It is the work of bacteriologists to discover any strangers."

"Let me introduce you to Dr. Roux."

I turned and found myself face to face with a middle-aged man of exceedingly sharp features and brown beard—a man of few words, and one who evidently had no time to waste. He was at once the operator and full director of the entire Pasteur Institute.

"Bare your left side here," he said, touching a point half-way between the lowest rib and the hip joint over the intestines.

I did so. It is wonderful how ideas fly through one's head at such moments. You dream awake. Visions of the microbes Haffkine had just been showing me through the microscope, talk about the terrors of Asiatic cholera, dead bodies, the stricken Spaniards I had seen dead and dying during the last epidemic.

I was awoke from that sort of visionary state by feeling Dr. Roux, who was rubbing phenic acid over the exposed flesh.

With a quick action he grasped a coil of skin between his forefinger and thumb, bent over, adjusted the long needle-pointed syringe, gave one firm push, and thrust the point home to its full length of two inches. Then he pressed the handle and the virus slowly emptied itself into my body. One felt nothing beyond the first prick and the sentiment of relief as the needle-like syringe was withdrawn.

"That is living virus, is it not?" I asked Dr. Haffkine.

"Yes; the microbes, of which you now have hundreds of thousands in your body, are taken from the bodies of those who have died of the most virulent form of cholera. They come from Saigon, and are authentic. The first inoculation you have undergone is of an attenuated virus. The second, on the contrary, will be highly cultivated. If you took the second first it would probably kill you. The first prepares the body for the second."

His parting words were, "Take your temperature every hour, if possible, and note carefully your symptoms."

It is needless for me here to go into details which would only be of interest to doctors. Suffice it to say, that during the next twenty-four hours I went through an extremely mild attack of cholera. There were pains in the region of the inoculation. Much tenderness in

the part affected, hands feverish, difficulty in rising from sitting position, which caused keen pain. Later on stiffness all over, moving or any change of position causing pain. A seeming drawing together of the intestines, constant rushes of heat. Evening, temperature rising, head hot and aching, nausea, dry tongue, muscular vibration in back towards right shoulder. Told I looked very ill. Went out, walked with difficulty to restaurant short distance away, went bed, whole body stiff, aching. Slept well and, apart from pain in the left groin and headache, which soon disappeared, gradually got all right again.

The details of my inoculation and the symptoms following, published in the morning in the *Paris Herald* and simultaneously in New York, and reproduced universally, immediately created for me one of the most disagreeable conditions I can possibly imagine.

I was then living in a modest but very pretty little apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré, a diminutive self-contained dwelling with its own front door, leading out on to the court, with just sitting and bedroom, a Lilliputian room just large enough to have a tub in, and a cavity in the wall below, which served as kitchen.

From eight o'clock on my bell was continuously ringing. Visitors kept coming—goodness knows how they had found out my address—reporters,

photographers, and soon there was a small crowd of curiosity-seekers assembled. The reporters wanted to interview me, the photographers to have my picture for the illustrated papers, the people outside to see me. I had suddenly become "l'homme du jour"—the man of the moment. I was, as such, reckoned to have become public property, and no longer to belong to myself. May such an experience never occur to any of the readers of this is the best thing I can wish them. And I hope my worst enemy will have the experience I then had.

Four days later the second inoculation which was to render me cholera-proof was to take place. The afternoon before, I again went to see M. Pasteur at Garches. He was highly interested, but evidently unprepared for the proposition with which I had come, and for which his aid was essential.

After some preliminary conversation I told him the real object of my visit. "Mon maître, last time I was here you stated that whereas the Haffkine inoculation and its value had so far only been experimental, what was needed in the interests of science and humanity was that some one should be inoculated and then go and pass through ordeals which would undoubtedly and surely give any ordinary man cholera.

"As you know, I have been inoculated once by Dr. Roux, and the second inoculation takes

place to-morrow morning. I have considerable experience of cholera, have no one dependent on me, and believe thoroughly in the Haffkine treatment. I have determined, the moment the second inoculation has been completed, to take train for Hamburg, where the cholera is raging, and there test the efficacy of the Haffkine treatment, in which you yourself have expressed the utmost faith."

The good-hearted old man appeared taken by surprise at the proposal.

After a pause, Pasteur, who appeared unwilling, said, " It is quite true that I believe in the Haffkine method, but even my own prophylactic against rabies is not infallible, and cases have been where patients have gone mad in spite of it. Don't do it! Don't do it; it would be exceedingly rash ! "

I saw how it was. He, with his innate kindliness, now held himself responsible for having incited me to do a foolhardy and dangerous thing at the risk of life. His eyes—those so good eyes—were dimmed with emotion. " Human life," he said, " is sacred ! "

" Maître," I exclaimed, for I was determined to carry out the idea, " you are bound, as a man of science and in the cause of humanity, to help me. After what you said some days ago, you have a duty, which is to help me in every way. I will go, anyhow, but you must

be behind me, in order that I can obtain support in the right quarters ! "

My determination appeared to affect the savant, and little by little I won him round to give me what I wanted, and that which was absolutely necessary for the success of my experiment.

When I left Garches, which I did full of exultation, I had in my pocket two papers. The one was a letter, in the diminutive, firm handwriting of Pasteur, in which he called upon all men of science to help the bearer in his task of carrying out a number of cholera experiments and tests, which the writer firmly believed would be of the greatest service to science and humanity. This was signed by Pasteur.

The second was a list of a series of tests which M. Pasteur considered it would be necessary to make in order to demonstrate the immunity given by the Haffkine treatment against cholera.

For instance, to go and live amongst cholera patients without taking any precautions. All doctors and attendants in cholera wards have rigid rules for protecting themselves against infection, in spite of all which they often fall victims to the malady.

To drink of the waters of the Elbe, taken from the place where it was known the dock labourers had drunk and immediately been stricken with cholera.

To eat, especially butter, which is the quickest absorbent of cholera and other germs known, in a place where cholera was raging.

To sleep in a cholera ward amongst those sick and dying of cholera, and, if it could be done, in a bed where a cholera patient had died.

This last sounded a particularly gruesome and tragic kind of trial, but, after all, I thought, look what terrible tests young doctors, who in many cases have died and little been heard of them, have subjected themselves to in order to benefit humanity and science. You have only to take the case of a young medical hero, who recently, after losing finger after finger through his experiments with the röntgen rays, had to have his arm amputated, and part of one leg had to follow.

The tests were to last four days, for if I did not catch cholera in that period it would denote that I was immune.

The discoverer of the cholera inoculation, Dr. Haffkine, was delighted with the proposed tests, and said, "If you will do all this, and come out alive, it will act as an example to the thousands of Indians who are periodically decimated by cholera, and in whose midst I am going to work."

There were other minor tests than the above, the whole idea being to live for a given period in an atmosphere of cholera, and to associate

closely with those contaminated. Dr. Haffkine assured me that such a test would, although non-mathematical, be a great victory as denoting the resisting power of the virus. In this he coincided with Pasteur. For mathematical proofs, thousands of inoculations were necessary, and such Haffkine afterwards executed in India, quoting my case to encourage the natives to submit themselves to inoculation.

"Suppose I die?"

"Even that will prove a great deal," replied Haffkine cheerily. "It will show that we have not yet discovered the right quantity of virus for an infection, and that will be of great utility to science."

That was satisfactory to know.

"And if I survive?"

"That victory would be a moral one, if courage and opportunity have enabled you to carry out the tests proposed."

My second inoculation took place the next morning, Dr. C. M. Page, the New York physician, being an interested spectator. The Pasteur Institute was crowded by people who had been drawn there by reading of my inoculation, for all the papers of the world were now making a feature of it. The corridors were beset by newspaper correspondents; such is the alertness of modern journalism. My symptoms had been flashed around and across the world.

M. Haffkine considered my symptoms after first inoculation as having been severe, and attributed them to an exceptionally lusty and active nature.

Having given details of the first inoculation, it is sufficient to say that those of the second were, as regards the muscular, far less strong, and of the fever, nausea, and dryness of tongue, etc., considerably accentuated. For twenty-four hours such was my condition that I was unable to eat, and consumed but liquid nutrition.

And now I was fully inoculated, millions of cholera germs inhabiting my body, and, as soon as the virus had firmly established its sway, ready to start for Hamburg, where cholera was rife.

I was the only man alive who had ever taken both the Feran and Haffkine inoculations. Dr. Feran inoculated in the arm, and the immediate effects were violent. The mistake he made was inoculating in the first instance with a too strong virus. This gave a terrible shock to the system, blood-poisoning and many deaths resulted.

Two days after the second inoculation at the Pasteur Institute I was on the train bound for Hamburg. I had previously signed and handed over to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, my chief, a letter to the effect that what I was doing was done entirely of my own initiative and free will,

and that he had neither incited me nor offered me any pecuniary or other reward. This was to silence those who would surely, had the experiment taken a tragic development, have said that the rich Bennett had sent poor Stanhope to certain death.

The words of Pasteur and Haffkine, regarding the utility to science and humanity of the tests, were the inspirations which dominated me entirely and sent me, filled with joyous feelings, on a mission which most people would have regarded as weird, gruesome, reckless, and dangerous.

Asked for a statement before leaving, I gave the following :—

"I feel perfectly well again from the two inoculations I have undergone, with the exception of a tenderness and a certain pricking over the portions of my body where the virus has spread.

"I go to Hamburg with the sole idea of testing Haffkine's cholera preventative.

"I go with the full knowledge and assent of Messrs. Pasteur and Haffkine. Both have encouraged me and told me they will watch with the utmost interest the result of my experiences.

"Under certain circumstances they consider that the tests will be of high utility. M.

Pasteur says they will be useful, physically and practically. Dr. Haffkine that they will be useful morally, if not mathematically.

"I have little doubt that if I conduct my tests in the manner already outlined, I shall have gone morally so far as to prove the benefit or futility of the inoculation, so that either people will accept it as efficient, and hundreds of thousands will be inoculated, or else it will be utterly rejected.

"I thank the Parisian press for its extreme courtesy towards me. It has been far too kind, attributing to me extraordinarily high qualities of courage, self-denial, devotion, and so forth. It was just accidental that I happened to have had experiences which naturally awoke in me an instinctive interest in cholera, and its possible extermination in course of time through scientific discoveries. The idea of being inoculated and then submitting myself to tests for the purpose of proving whether or no such inoculation is effective or not, is maybe original, but there is not one amongst the members of my profession that I am acquainted with who would not at a moment's notice undertake to do that which I have now decided to accomplish.

"I never made any claim that there was any risk in the inoculation. M. Pasteur stated that there was neither danger nor pain in it. If there be danger, it lies in the termination of

the journey upon which I am about to start to-night. I propose to carry out the tests with the most scrupulous rigour.

"Once in Hamburg, I shall be, as it were, in a prison of disease, for it would be impossible for me to carry out the tests and remain in contact with the outer world.

"It has been suggested to me that such life will not be gay. I am not going there to play. *Au revoir*, if not adieu!"

I started laden with telegrams and correspondence which had kept flowing in from people I knew, and from those I was scarcely acquainted with, and from perfect strangers.

From a friend: "Go ahead, everybody is with you. You won't catch cholera!"

From a family at Poissy: "Courage nous sommes tous fiers de vous!"

An unknown family, from Brussels: "Cannot you send photograph of yourself to family here? We have read of you. Will gladly pay cost."

"Congratulate you on being the first who has had the courage to be inoculated with cholera virus and then go and test it. Bravo!"

From Jacques St. Cère, the brilliant French writer: "Bon voyage, et quand vous reviendrez nous ferons ensemble une bonne fête en buvant à la santé du cholera."

From a talented and lovely woman: "I cannot help feeling sad to see you starting under such circumstances, but my heart is full of admiration and sympathy for you. God bless you and keep you safe!"

I had enough of such-like greetings to last me pretty well the whole journey from Paris to Hamburg.

I was right glad to get away from Paris. It had come to a point that if I went into a restaurant the waiters pointed me out, and soon the entire guests were staring. When I fled a restaurant, there was a small crowd to see me get into the cab, and cries arose of "Voila le cholerique volontaire!" And when it came to the point that a voluminous woman stepped forth out of the crowd, enveloped me with her fat arms, and kissed me heartily, at which the assembled crowd cheered vigorously, I thought to myself that it was high time to pack up and get away.

The *Figaro* wished me good luck in the dangerous experiment I had undertaken, and the *Éclair* had been full of good wishes.

Gil Blas gave half a column to an interview it had with me, and wished "Good wishes to this heroic servant of science." The *France* bid me *bon voyage*, and the *Patrie* and *Soir* drew attention to Pasteur's letter referring to the self-sacrifice and devotion made proof of, adding,

"When Pasteur speaks of devotion there is really danger."

The *New York Herald* said, "Our correspondent's last words were: 'Au revoir or adieu.' Which will it be? He is acting in the interests of humanity, and will make the fullest test of the efficacy of inoculation in the stricken city."

In the United States also the interest aroused was great. Columns had been cabled concerning the opinions of the leading physicians, from San Francisco to New York. Dr. Lagorier, head of the Pasteur Institute of Chicago, believed in the success of the inoculation, and added, "If proved it will be a great boon to humanity."

Dr. Lyman: "That it was an experiment the world was watching with great expectation."

The *Harrisburg Star* entitled me a hero, who took with him to Germany the blessings and prayers of millions of people in the United States. The *Boston Record*, that my colleagues admired what had been done by a confrère, but "to the medical profession the experiment looms up as something more than merely admirable. It is an exploration. Should the fearless fellow return he will have opened up to humanity a pathway of freedom from one of the really great scourges which now remain."

The *Washington Post*: "The daring act of the Correspondent, in going to Hamburg to court the cholera, has attracted the attention

of the whole medical profession in Washington. They regard it as a valuable experiment, no matter what the outcome may be."

The *Standard of Syracuse* wrote : " He has noted all his symptoms for the benefit of science, and he has the right to regard himself as one of the pioneers in a great benevolent experiment."

Such were a few out of the thousands of cuttings sent me at the time, just showing the extent and range of the interest excited.

It must be remembered, as accounting for this, to my mind, quite extraordinary attention attracted to my case, that at the time, as I have explained at the outset of this chapter, the two worlds had gone quite crazy and even hysterical upon the subject of cholera. That the public mind had acquired such a chronic condition of fear concerning the epidemic and its possible ravages and desolating effects upon commerce that any one coming as a sort of saviour, to try and prove that there was a remedy, was hailed in hyper-effusive terms.

In truth, I had forcibly brought Haffkine into notice. He had existed some three years conducting experiments in the Pasteur Institute, but had been up to now unknown. And as the subject of cholera was on all lips, and the fears of it filled every heart, why, the surprise and astonishment of the public at finding some one

not afraid of the disease so struck the popular fancy that the extraordinary ovations accorded me can perhaps thus be accounted for.

It may easily be understood that such appreciative notices and remarks from all parts of the world—my little apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré was filled with piles of them, and they kept coming in by each post—were in the highest degree encouraging, and later on, when I began to realise practically the full extent of the task which I had imposed upon myself, kept my courage up in an unfailing manner, which would scarcely have been the case had I not been so admirably backed by an ever kindly and only too appreciative public and press. The generosity of both was far away beyond my deserts, but it helped me in most timely manner in accomplishing a mission which I afterwards found needed all the moral courage a man can bring to bear to carry through thoroughly.

CHAPTER IX

En route to the stricken city—Arrival at Hamburg—A city of the dead—Carbolic everywhere—Dining under police regulations—I seek assistance from Carl Hagenbeck—and am refused—"Would rather face wild beasts than a cholera-barrack"—I find a volunteer—I enter the Eppendorf Hospital as a cholera nurse—Assigned to the ward with the most desperate cases—Splendid work by the doctors—Saving life a matter of seconds—"The dead ward"—I drink cholera-infected water from the Elbe and eat forbidden food—Hard work—The main test—I sleep in a bed just vacated by a corpse—A ghastly situation—I awake at dead of night and see Death busy round me—On duty again next morning—"You will be down with it to-day"—The results of my experiments—An amusing incident in Ward A—I leave for Berlin—"The man full of cholera microbes"—A carriage to myself—Unusual police precautions on my arrival at Berlin—Hungry and cold I am sent to be disinfected—I dine at the Bellevue surrounded by screens—Back to Paris.

At the Gare du Nord, in Paris, when I asked for a through first-class ticket to Hamburg, the clerk looked at me as at one who had taken leave of his senses. When at last he became convinced that I really intended the pest-stricken city as my destination, he blew a month's accumulation of dust off the ticket and handed it to me with a look full of curiosity and surprise, and with quite special emphasis on the name of "Hamburg." The porter who registered my luggage, on hearing my destination, left hurriedly, without even waiting for his legal fee.

Needless to say, I had the carriage to myself.

And all the way to the Hanseatic town, at the various stations at which we stopped, people collected and asked to know who the first-class passenger could be who wanted to go to the cholera-stricken city.

My arrival at Hamburg was lugubrious to a degree. Hamburg was as a city of the dead. In ordinary times that town is renowned for its humming activity. Now scarce a private carriage was to be seen in the streets. All departures and arrivals of ships had ceased, and shipping is the life of Hamburg. No markets, for vegetables were banned as a fatally dangerous diet, and the people had no money wherewith to buy meat.

Proud Hamburg, famous for her richness and luxury, had come to be a town where desolation reigned and the poverty-stricken inhabitants were in terrible straits. The wage-giving section of the community had fled and had closed up the factories and warehouses. And the wage-earning portion remained, but could find no work.

The smell of carbolic was overwhelming. In the station, in the streets—everywhere. At the station half a dozen cabs were waiting. A policeman gave me a brass plate which entitled me to cab No. 118. I imagine he must have been drawn by lot, for when he drove away, his colleagues set up a yell which might have

been heard the other side of the Elbe. He had got the one passenger who had arrived there in the course of several weeks.

At every street corner were to be seen knots of working men, gaunt and hungry-looking, the eyes staring out of their heads. They were piteous examples of a class of which the town was full.

"Stop! stop!" came the cry, and my coachman brought his vehicle up with a jerk. A poor creature had fallen down right in front of us. I jumped out to gaze upon the first of the many hundreds of cholera patients it was my destiny to see in Hamburg—an aged man, with his face already turned black from the coagulation of the blood which accompanies cholera, and his poor body writhing in the agonising pains which are characteristic of the dread illness. The people backed away after the first look, for although they had become quite accustomed to such examples as I saw before me, which were of constant occurrence, they never got over the dread of the epidemic and the possibilities of infection.

I may mention here that there is no danger to individuals in a cholera epidemic so great as fear. The sentiment of continuous fear liquefies the blood and enfeebles the body, thus leaving the system open to disease. "Banish fear"—that should be the first and foremost sentiment

for any one who is compelled to remain in a cholera-stricken district.

An alarm had been rung at a bell on a neighbouring lamp-post, and, with laudable rapidity, an ambulance vehicle came dashing along, and away the old man was taken to the great Eppendorf Hospital, which had been specially given over to cholera cases.

At the well-known Hamburger Hof, which at this time of the year would have, in ordinary times, been crowded to overflowing with the summer American trade, I was the first guest that had arrived in the past three weeks. I was at once the centre of attraction; every one wanted to know what I could possibly want in Hamburg at such a time. Half a dozen guests ate in the restaurant of a menu which had been revised by the local medical officers. All foods had to be specially prepared; salads, cheese, and butter were tabooed, nothing cold was allowed. All this by police regulations.

My first care was to try and find a witness who would come with me to the hospital and bear testimony to the working out of the tests. It needed a person of nerve, and, thinking it over, I was struck with the idea that Hagenbeck would be the man for me. For those who do not know who that renowned person was, it must be explained that Hagenbeck had been, for a quarter of a century or more, engaged in

capturing and training wild beasts for his famous menagerie at Hamburg. He was consequently a man of courage, and I had heard that he had sons and employees who had undertaken wondrous journeys in search of wild beasts in all the jungles of the world. So off I went to make my proposition to the king of wild-beast tamers. Hagenbeck had been a good deal in America, had the sharp features of an American, and talked English with a New England accent. But to my great disappointment, instead of entering into my proposed plan—that one of his tried men should accompany me during the tests—the good Hagenbeck would have nothing whatsoever to do with the business, saying that on no account would he let any one connected with his establishment embark upon so dangerous an employ. And nothing I could say had any effect in making him alter his decision. He went further, and said that he would rather face all the wild beasts in the world than enter a cholera barrack. And so I left him, much perplexed.

Returning to my hotel, I sat down to think the matter over, as it was essential to have some one to come with me, when I was handed a letter from a friend of mine, in which he recommended to me a man of the name of Hannis, who was, he said, noted for his fidelity

and trustworthiness, and prepared for any service I might call upon him to perform. Accordingly I sent for Hannis. He was a very small man, but, as I soon found out, chock-full of courage, and when I explained to him my mission, he entered into it most fully and with enthusiasm. He proved a most useful ally, and I shall never forget him. In fact, he did everything I wanted, and would have accompanied me everywhere, even amongst the cholera patients, but that was not allowed him. Hannis knew all about the outbreak of cholera in Hamburg and its exact causes. He was familiar with the identical spot on the banks of the Elbe where a lot of longshoremen, on a very hot day, engaged in unloading a ship, and being thirsty, made hollows in their soft hats and had used them to drink out of. All had died of cholera. It was the Elbe water had given them the disease. It was necessary, therefore, that I should obtain some of that water and drink it. The doctors, including Koch, many of whom had called on me, all stated that it was clearly proved that it was the Elbe water which had conveyed the cholera. The workmen who drank it had fallen sick, and, owing to the breaking of a water-pipe, the town supply had become contaminated, and those who drank of that water also got cholera.

Meantime I had applied to Dr. Rumpf, the

director of the large Eppendorf Hospital, to be allowed to, for a stated period, act as a cholera nurse, thereby to give me an opportunity to carry out a number of tests which M. Pasteur had suggested for the purpose of demonstrating the value of the Haffkine anti-cholera inoculation. I had found a warm ally in Dr. Susviela Guarch, the Uruguayan minister, who was just then making scientific research regarding cholera in the Eppendorf Hospital, and in spite of considerable hesitation on the part of some of the doctors, that evening I received a telephone message to the effect that Dr. Rumpf would see me in the morning at ten.

In the past three weeks there had been over 16,000 cases of cholera and 7000 deaths.

Professor Dr. Rumpf, director of the Allgemeine Krankenhaus at Eppendorf, a little way out of Hamburg, received me cordially, and said that on humanitarian grounds he would not himself have allowed me to run the risks proposed, but that he could not refuse a request in the name of science, coming from such a man as Pasteur. He would, therefore, allow me to act as an ordinary cholera nurse, and in that capacity I was assigned to Ward F, the one to which all the most desperate cases were sent. It was generally known as the "dead ward," as, for a long time, none of the cases taken there came out alive.

But, before leaving his office, Professor Rumpf requested me to sign a document which he had previously drawn out, to the effect that I accepted the full responsibility for anything which might happen to myself. That I being aware of the risks and perils of what I proposed, and that he having warned me of the danger which I ran, and notwithstanding that I still insisted upon carrying out the experiment, he considered himself absolved of all blame.

That I signed. I had previously been to the American Consul-General and placed all my affairs in order.

Professor Rumpf then took me over the various cholera wards. The hospital, large as it was, had been far too small to house the enormous number of patients that had been brought at the time the epidemic was at its height, so detached wooden barracks had been hastily run up.

When we got to Ward F, Dr. Rumpf, a tall, energetic-looking man with an auburn beard, said, "Here is your ward. It is my duty to read you the rules, which are very strict. You must be very careful about disinfection measures, which all the doctors and nurses undergo, before coming into and after leaving the ward. Eating in the ward is most strictly forbidden. The hands must never approach the mouth after contact with a

cholera patient. If you break the rules—why, I cannot always be there to watch. As for disinfection, you must, for the sake of the rest of your colleagues, be disinfected, when you sit down to meals. You can sleep in the ward if there is room."

I was introduced to Dr. Manchot—in charge of the ward—and to several of his assistants, was given a long white coat with German metal buttons, such as all the doctors and assistants wore, and, within a few minutes, I was as busy as could be, taking temperatures, holding dying patients in my arms, whilst Dr. Manchot and his *aides* opened their arteries, inside the arm joint, to inject therein litres upon litres of lukewarm salt water, wherewith to try and keep the blood in a liquefied condition, so as to give mother nature a small chance to assert herself. But, unfortunately, most of our cases were doomed. When the first man, named Rabe, died in my arms, it gave me a shock.

But there is no time in a cholera ward for much thought. I was kept so busy making beds and doing other kinds of menial work, that every moment was taken up. In a very little while I began to know what was happening to the poor stricken sick. The alcoholics, for instance, we never tried to save. It was time wasted.

A bottle of kümmel was to be had in Hamburg for twenty-five pfennigs (2½d.). The number of alcoholics was very large. They suffered when attacked by cholera far less than the rest. They became puffed out, delirious, and died unconscious. The others grew terribly emaciated, and suffered terrible pains.

Patients were brought in, about as fast as we could get the beds ready for them, on small yellow stretchers, the little canvas hoods of which were almost worn out from constant usage. Many, very many of them were beyond help. The blood had coagulated, and the vital spark had departed. It was my duty, the moment they were brought in, to undress them and take their temperatures. Then a swift report to the nearest doctor. It was a matter of seconds that saving of lives in those times. A slight wait, a little bungling, a delay in the coming of the doctor to the bedside, and the life had ebbed out. Coagulation had set in, and then all was over. The doctors were worked to death. They were but human, and each could accomplish but one man's work. Their efforts, without exception, were truly noble.

I refrain from giving many of the gruesome details of what transpired in that "dead ward." They would be unpalatable reading. As I walked down between the two rows of small iron bedsteads, placed as close as possible

to one another, it was my duty to keep the keenest watch. Most of the poor fellows would beg piteously for water, a single mouthful of which meant immediate death to them. Every now and again a feeble, emaciated wreck of a body would give a series of spasmodic movements that denoted the end. It was my duty to draw the sheet over the poor wan face and report another life gone. A few minutes later, two toil-worn haggard men would arrive with the little yellow stretcher. If the case had demonstrated any uncommon signs, the corpse would be taken to the mortuary for dissection. If not wanted for experimental purposes, it was placed alongside rows of others in long trenches. There was no time to dig graves. The common trench, that was all!

In the multitude of my occupations I had almost forgotten about the faithful Hannis and his mission. True to his word, he had not flinched. And there he was, with the authentic Elbe water, taken from where it was known to be full of germs. There were three bottles, one of which I had to drink, and mighty uninviting it looked. Hannis witnessed with a shudder its contents disappearing down my throat. The second was for analysis, which took place the same day, and clearly demonstrated the presence of the cholera bacilli; and the third I wanted to take back to Paris, and give to the Pasteur Institute.

Hannis also brought with him a liberal luncheon of the most forbidden food, namely, butter and cheese, both of which last are regarded as fatally alluring to the cholera microbe. Both M. Pasteur and M. Haffkine had impressed upon me, that the sooner the tests were made after arrival in the Hospital the better. "Your system is more open to cholera when you first arrive than at any other time." Such were Pasteur's parting words.

So, during the first day, I drank four glasses of the Elbe water, and took no precautions against infection.

It may be mentioned that several nurses had died of cholera, although they naturally conformed to the rules concerning disinfection. I ate the meal which Hannis had brought me little by little, so that it took about a couple of hours to consume, and between whiles I was constantly busy in making beds, carrying the patients from one bed to the other, changing their linen, and holding them up in my arms and supporting them in bed, whilst the doctors opened their arteries in order to conduct the operation of infusing the blood with lukewarm salt water, according to the Koch process. I helped in bandaging their arms after the operation—in fact, I did everything which an ordinary cholera ward nurse would and could be called upon to do, in the course of ordinary

duty. I worked, without intermission, from 11 a.m. till 2 a.m. Throughout those fifteen hours, the atmosphere, for a novice, was very difficult to bear, owing to the constant necessity of administering various kinds of narcotics and drugs, and to the continuous disinfecting processes necessary of the beds after the death of cholera patients.

I was ready to drop from exhaustion. The sights I had witnessed had left me almost dazed, and my physique was tired out from the strain of work so unusual.

In one case, a hulking creature of the docker class insisted that the doctors were going to kill him, and had to be held down by force, whilst an effort was made to save his life. He even bit the doctor, who was trying to take his temperature, and so that difficult task then fell on myself.

Then I came to the main test. The doctors, especially Dr. Manchot and several of the young assistants, had been very kind to me. And they were to help me that night. So, when a man of the name of Schmitz had just died and been taken out of the ward, feet first, by the silent tall gravediggers who were kept on duty day and night, and who with felt-covered feet came noiselessly along at intervals to carry away the corpses, one of my medical friends whispered, "Now is the time, we will not stop you!"

And with that I jumped into the cot. In the daytime it would not have been allowed. The night staff were mostly young and enterprising doctors, who one and all took a vivid interest in my experiments.

The little iron bedsteads were so close to one another that there was only just room to pass. Space was valuable, and all the work had to be done in the closest possible quarters.

On either side of me, I could almost touch them, were two very bad cases. In the few hours I had been there—they had seemed like years—I had come to know very well indeed how serious each case was by the look of the patient. On my left was a poor devil named Moritz, who had turned almost black. I had attended to his wants several times the same evening. The doctors had done all they could for him, but it was no use. With his deep, sunken eyes, piteously upturned, he was fighting death with desperate courage. That and his quite unusual vitality had kept him alive longer than was expected. But this night would quite surely see him flicker out. With the night, invariably, the deaths were double those in the day.

On my right was the violent dock labourer, who had caused me so much trouble and had bitten the doctor. His name was Woyton, a rebellious nature who was fighting death, with

the same viciousness he had done the doctors, with fanatical vigour. He was only twenty-four years old, a very handsome youth. His resistance had aggravated his case to such an extent that he had destroyed the chances he might have had by delaying the well-intended aid of the physicians.

As I lay there, my head on a pillow upon which Schmitz, Rabe, and so many more had gasped their last, in the dim light, which, after midnight, was deemed sufficient in the ward, I felt—well, what shall we call it ?—an " eeriness."

In the course of my existence I had laid my head down to sleep in many tough places; but this was by far the worst of any situation I had yet found myself in. From all parts of the room came piteous cries for help and the bitter moanings of those in great pain. Fresh cases would be brought in by the top door, and the dead, wrapped over by a more or less white sheet, stealthily conveyed away by the ghoulish-looking stretcher-bearers, through the lower portal, to the trenches which workmen kept continuously enlarging day and night.

My thoughts ran upon the idea of what a chapter a realistic writer such as Zola would have made of the surroundings in which I found myself. How he would have dwelt upon the earthy chloroform mingling of odours which

invariably characterise a cholera ward. How he would have dilated upon the agonised spasms of Moritz, the bitter chidings of Woyton, and the delirious premonitions of death coming from the cot of Hacklais, a publican of herculean form, an alcoholic, and therefore doomed, and the piteous cries of a sixteen-year-old lad who wailed constantly for his mother, whom he would never see again. He had struggled for several days, but his thread of life was almost gone.

I had fallen into an intensely heavy slumber, and was awakened by Dr. Manchot and his night staff. They came to take my temperature and find out how I was getting along. I had a headache, and felt very weary. They told me that Moritz and Woyton had both died. At one period of the night I woke, and had seen an attendant silently step forward to Hacklais and draw the sheet up over his face. Half an hour later the monotonous tread of the stretcher-bearers was heard as they stalked in, bringing with them a cold gust of night air. A minute, and the big body of Hacklais was on its way to the trenches.

At eight it was my turn to come on duty again. That weird night's rest in the ward had been allowed me by special privilege, but it could not occur again. Moreover, one such night was, by all the doctors, considered as

amply sufficient to give me the cholera if it were possible for me to take it.

So Dr. Manchot on the second evening gave me a bed in one of the pavilions. It was simply a mattress laid down upon the floor, but it seemed to me the height of luxury after that of the previous night. I had had enough of sleeping in a cholera ward for a lifetime and more.

On the morning following, one of the young physicians, whose temperature I was taking, suddenly exclaimed, "Good God! how you reek of cholera!"

I have already referred to the earthy smell which is special to those who have cholera.

"You will be down with it to-day," he went on cheerily. "It's that Elbe water you drank yesterday."

However, to myself, what he said was the best of news. If I had cholera it proved that the Haffkine remedy was not right. But if I could have absorbed by breathing a large quantity of cholera microbes, and still be able to resist, it was all right.

In a book of this kind it would not be fitting to go into the absolute details of what I went through in order to fully carry out the tests which Pasteur had defined and which I had come here specially to fulfil. It would not be pleasant reading. Suffice it to say that all

were carried out conscientiously. The principal ones I have given you an outline of. The others, of which I have full notes before me, would not be suitable for publication.

For thirty hours I had stayed, without taking any precautions, in an atmosphere heavily laden with cholera. Not only had I not taken any of the ordinary measures of precautions which doctors and nurses employ without fail, but I intentionally went out of my way to ignore utterly such precautions. I did everything I could possibly think of to make sure of getting the disease, had I been in normal condition. I had the fullest faith in the inoculation I had undergone.

The entire matter was taken by me in a most serious mood, and I was fully forewarned and prepared for whatever the results might be. It was no light errand, but a serious undertaking, carried out in the midst of the most ghastly surroundings, with dead and dying all around me, many patients dying in my arms. I defy any one to make play of cholera; it is far too terrible. You could not but be struck with dread respect at the sights which met my eyes during the days I stopped in the Eppendorf Hospital. The ward contained twenty beds, and only three faces I had seen on arrival were there when I left after four days. Not one had gone out alive, whilst each day brought in a number of new

cases who, in their turn, had been taken out and laid in the trenches.

One woman nurse died whilst I was there, and two others were in a bad way. The washer-women suffered badly, sixteen of them having taken the epidemic. This is strange enough, as the linen had been soaked in disinfectants for six hours before being given to them, and they scarcely touched it, so much of the work being done by machinery. What would have happened to them had they done as I did, and constantly carried clothes of cholera-stricken patients from their beds to a round zinc box which stood outside Ward F, and that without taking any precautions ?

The water test was a serious one, for no less a person than Koch described the Elbe water as the direct cause of the epidemic. I drank not only the water out of the Elbe, but, in the presence of Louis Bachmann, a nurse of Ward F, drank the same from a mug which Allgwer, a lighterman, who was one of our most virulent cases, had just drunk out of. Allgwer died !

Dr. Mesnil of Cherbourg, a recognised authority on cholera, asked by me to give his ideas how to avoid cholera so that I might act in an exactly opposite manner, sent me the following letter :—

" I arrived this morning from Paris, and hasten

to give you the most scientific and rational way of avoiding cholera. It will be lawful for you to do exactly the contrary, and in this way you will prove that you are proof against it, through the cholera vaccine of Dr. Haffkine.

"How to avoid cholera? Oh, my faith! That is very simple. You must not swallow the microbe. But it is not so easy as you imagine not to swallow cholera. It is everywhere, upon everything you touch, upon the friendly hand you are shaking. It is in the water, where it is quite at home, where it multiplies.

"In cholera time avoid with horror water that is not boiled. Wash your hands only with water in which sublimate is contained."

One of England's best-known authorities on cholera, Mr. Ernest Hart, at this time gave an interview apropos my tests :—

"I consider," he said, "that the *Herald's* Correspondent has proved the Haffkine method of inoculation to be an invaluable preventive, and I have watched the Correspondent's tests with much interest.

"I am certain that he substantiated M. Pasteur's contention that the Haffkine process fortifies the system against the plague.

"First of all, I have for years maintained that the cholera bacillus, in its most virulent form, breeds in water. It is not absolutely im-

possible for a person to escape the disease after having drunk the water containing the germ, but the chances are a thousand to one against him.

"That is especially so if the subject takes water between meals, when there is less acidity in the stomach. Mr. Stanhope has taken the foul Elbe water on three different occasions, and has made other tests (unnecessary to mention here, as they would not be agreeable reading).

"He has therefore sent enough cholera bacilli into his intestines to kill a regiment. Still he lives!

"What science wanted was an actual test, which ensured the entry of bacilli into the stomach. This has been done thoroughly, and, while the Correspondent has gone into the matter in far greater detail than required to satisfy science, I am glad to say that so far he has escaped almost certain death, because the virus injected into his body has made the germ innocuous."

But even in a cholera hospital there are from time to time scenes at which one may smile. I generally managed of a morning to get the doctors to allow me to accompany them on their rounds through the other wards than that to which I was attached. Entering Ward A one morning, where the lightest cases were taken to, we saw sitting up in bed, as healthy-looking a young man as you could possibly see, and, as the

Americans say, "husky enough to draw a dray," with very blonde curly hair, his eyes standing out in wonderment at all around him.

I nudged the doctor nearest me, saying, "There is no cholera in that man!"

"No," he replied quickly, "there must be some mistake."

Investigation showed that the youth had been "celebrating" somewhat too freely on the previous evening. He had been sitting in a very warm room, full of fumes, and had drunk a great deal of schnapps and other strong potions. When he came out into the cold air, he staggered and fell down in the street in alcoholic torpor. With the cholera scare for ever before them, the people rang up an ambulance waggon, and in the middle of the night our young friend, still unconscious, was landed in a cholera ward. He was thoroughly disinfected and sent home.

Professor Rumpf, on the morning of my departure early, said, "You have taken an awful lot of trouble to get yourself full of cholera bacilli. I have ordered you to be specially rigorously disinfected, so as to get the infection out of you!" And I was disinfected most scrupulously before being allowed to go to Hamburg, whence in the afternoon I was to take train for Berlin.

When I got to the train, I entered my carriage. A man was reading an illustrated

paper. He looked up at me, dropped the paper, and fled. I took up the sheet and found my picture on the front page, with the inscription: "The Man full of Cholera Microbes."

It was a chilly evening when we arrived at the Lehrter Bahnhof in Berlin, and getting on towards nine o'clock. I was very hungry and cold, and had but one idea, which was to get a good warm meal as soon as possible. As we entered the station I saw that there was something unusual, for the people were kept back, and there was a considerable show of police. Those in the train were requested to keep their seats. Then a stout policeman went the length of the train calling out my name. Upon my replying, he ordered that all the rest of the passengers should be let out, and I to remain in my carriage.

When all the others were well away, the portly Schutzmann ordered that I be let out. As I reached the platform, there was a rush towards me of a crowd of men, who, it turned out, were doctors and newspaper representatives. They wanted to ask me all kinds of questions about my experiences in Eppendorf. But when a man wants warmth and food, as I did, he does not feel in the mood to be cross-questioned on a railroad platform upon a subject of which he is thoroughly weary.

"Call me a droshky; I want to go to my hotel," was my only reply.

"Oh, no! No droshky; no hotel!" exclaimed the fat Schutzmann. "On foot with me to the Moabit Krankenhaus. I have instructions to have you and your luggage thoroughly disinfected."

"What, disinfected again!" I exclaimed in anger, "why, I was disinfected in concentrated form this morning, and have an affirmation from Professor Rumpf to that effect in my pocket!" It must be known that the jealousy existing between Berlin and Hamburg is endless. Berlin hates Hamburg, and Hamburg despises the Berliners. So Berlin would not recognise any document sent along by Professor Rumpf, or any one else from Hamburg for the matter of that.

And so I, ever hungrier, colder, and growingly disgusted with everybody and everything, was marched off between two policemen, with my baggage rolled behind on a truck, to the Moabit Hospital, which appeared to me to be miles away. Arrived there, I was officially handed over to a joyous lot of medicos, who again wanted to engage me in long accounts as to my cholera experiences. They then escorted me to a very dirty-looking small wooden building, where my second disinfection of the day was to take place. I was stuffed into a very warm bath, a sort of essence of disinfectants, in an air so hot and full of fumes that I felt nigh suffocated.

When I got out after the prescribed period of immersion, I felt as though I had been bitten by a thousand mosquitoes. Then, in a state of nature, I had to wait until my clothes had been disinfected. They were finally returned to me looking like old rags.

It was then getting towards eleven o'clock; I was ready to leave, when the director of the hospital informed me that it would afford him great pleasure if I would stop the night with him.

My exceedingly prompt "No" was met by him with an affable smile, and his saying: "Maybe it would be better for you if you did. I don't think any hotel in Berlin will take you in."

I ridiculed his idea, thinking it was probably interested, and that he merely wanted to get what information he could out of me, and off I went in right irate mood. I went to the Bellevue Hotel, and, without saying anything, just sat down—my baggage was almost nil—and ordered food, of which I was badly in need. At Hamburg I had not had time to lunch and had only had a sandwich. I was therefore famished.

Scarce had I taken the first spoonful of a savoury soup, when the proprietor rushed up and said, "Excuse me, sir, but I must ask you to go away."

"Go away!" I replied; "never! If you

want to get me away from here, in the midst of my eating, you will have to do it by force. I am famished." And I began to roll forth to him how ignobly I had been treated.

He was a kind man, and a merry one too, and the story of my woes rather tickled his fancy. "Well," he explained, "what has happened is this. There was an English lady with her two daughters, an old and good customer of ours. She had been studying an English illustrated paper (the *Graphic*, if I remember right). Your picture was in it. She sent for me and said that it was shameful, and that if you remained here any longer she would immediately pack up her things and leave and never come back again."

Finally, he being a sensible man, and quite convinced that I was perfectly innocuous, we compromised on the terms that he would allow me to finish my meal, putting screens all around me, so that no one could see me; that he would give me a room for the night, but I must get away first thing in the morning. Several hotels the next day having refused me accommodation, I found shelter with friends, who kept my name carefully concealed.

The next day the Berlin papers were full of the danger of my being in the capital. The Germans at that time were particularly vindictive against the French, and, petty as it may sound,

the fact of my having been godfathered by Pasteur instead of, for instance, by Koch, was quite sufficient to inspire a number of vindictive articles in the Teutonic press, which I could right well afford to ignore.

Very different it was when a few days later I reached the French frontier at Jeumont. There Dr. Riche, the medical inspector, looked over my identification paper, then said: "Allow me to shake your hand and congratulate you most warmly upon your courage and devotion to humanity."

My baggage was passed without examination, I was escorted out through a private door so as to avoid the crowd, and when I left, Dr. Riche and all the officials gathered to wish me *bon voyage*.

Those best of fellows, the members of the Paris press, gave me a special reception, at which Yvette Guilbert, the most fascinating and charming *diseuse* and *divette* of modern times, volunteered her inimitable services.

CHAPTER X

A stay in Homburg—A lunch with King Edward—His interest in my vocation—Some walks and talks with King Edward—He advises me to write my recollections—Homburg full of fun—King Edward the great centre of attraction—His simple life there—The "Homburg lunch"—King Edward and the flower-women—His fluent German—"Vot is 'porridge'?"—The gay Herr Sholto Douglas and his reverend namesake—A case of mistaken identity—Leads to grave complications—Miss "Toupie" Lowther—Her prowess at tennis delights King Edward—"Billy" Russell—"Billy, the Prince wants to see you. . . . He's awful angry"—"The Prince was dhrunk as usual last night"—A muddle at Metz—King Edward arrives without money or baggage and has to wait for his dinner—Chauncey Depew—Tells a story against himself—King Edward and the fortune-teller—A gloomy prediction which did not come true—King Leopold of the Belgians—His admiration for pretty women—The Grand Duke Michel of Russia—Mr. Lawrence Townsend and his lovely wife—Goes to Brussels as United States Minister—A delicate warning—Townsend bicycles in Homburg standing on his head—His friendship with King Carlos of Portugal—King Edward's set at Homburg—The lady who smoked cigars and wore a "hard-boiled egg" hat—The "Bunching" custom—Professor Corrodi yields to King Edward's *force majeur*—Some notable Homburg habitués—King Edward in a temper—Throws discretion to the winds—"A put-up job"—He invites me aboard the *Britannia* at Cannes—Chauncey Depew's farewell dinner-party.

Some little time after my Hamburg experiences, I went to that most fascinating of German watering-places Homburg-vor-der-Höhe, and there chance brought me the honour of becoming acquainted with the late King Edward, at that time Prince of Wales. How it came about was as follows. An ill-conditioned resident of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, whom the Prince had

refused to know, for excellent reasons, rushed up to me during the early morning promenade, near the Elisabeth Well, in much excitement, and started the following tale:—

"I have come over from Frankfurt specially to see you and tell you a nice bit of news, which will make a great scandal if you publish it." With that he proceeded to tell me a story of how on the previous evening, Sunday, the Prince, together with a large party, after having dined at the Hôtel d'Angleterre in Frankfurt, and being in the merriest of moods, had adjourned to witness the performance at a variety show.

He appeared much surprised when I curtly informed him that I was astounded at his imagining that such was the kind of news which interested me, and turned my back upon him. A few minutes later I met a relation of mine who happened to have been at the dinner in question with the Prince in Frankfurt the previous evening, and I told her of the nefarious proposition which had just been made to me. Through her very shortly the Prince became aware of what had taken place, and as an immediate result I received a verbal invitation to luncheon with His Royal Highness the same day on the terrace of Ritter's Park Hotel.

It was a quite small party, consisting of Lady Anna Chandos Pole, Miss "Margie" Chandos Pole, Sir Stanley Clarke, and myself.

It was so because His Royal Highness, as I immediately found out, wished to talk privately and find out all the details about the stab in the back, intended to do him harm. He lost no time in thanking me for my attitude in the matter, and expressed his utmost disgust for the individual who had sought to make a public scandal out of a harmless incident.

His Royal Highness displayed much curiosity to know how it was that a man of my name and family should have chosen for a vocation such an unusual calling as that of Special Correspondent on an American newspaper. I replied that it was purely a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, that I had adopted journalism by accident, and had chanced to make a success. He had read all about my cholera experiences, and wondered how I could possibly have undertaken anything so terrible. I replied that it was merely a matter of faith and duty, and the remainder of the luncheon was passed in my relation of details concerning my stay in the Eppendorf Hospital.

Next morning, at seven o'clock, I had an appointment to meet the Prince at the Elisabeth Spring, and he was there to the minute. His Royal Highness had a thoroughly well-earned reputation of being a model "Kurgast," that is to say, he was an early riser, a diligent walker, and followed out the régime ordered by his

doctor with the utmost minuteness, punctuality, and regularity. The same invitations, which meant a half-hour's walk and talk, were extended to me on several occasions, and in the course of them the Prince of Wales most kindly introduced me to those of the visitors to Homburg most worth knowing. His Royal Highness loved to hear all the gossip of the place and often asked me to tell him of my various travels and the incidents connected with them. These seemed to interest the Prince, who one day, just when the half-hour's walk which formed one of three of the same extent, which he took between the trio of glasses of water he drank each morning from the Elisabeth Spring, had terminated, asked me whether I had never thought of writing a book, and advised me to do so. I replied that if ever opportunity came I would, but that the usual day's work of a newspaper correspondent left little time over for book-writing or, indeed, anything else.

Homburg-vor-der-Höhe was in those days in truth very full of fun. And the Prince of Wales was naturally the great centre of attraction round which the whole spirit and life of the place revolved. He came *incognito*, and his determination to remain so was as great as his strength of purpose in the matter of taking the cure.

His manner of life, like his ideas of enjoyments, were of the most simple, and he strongly condemned certain of those who gave large

dinner-parties, sat up late, went to dances, and made of Homburg a more gay place than His Royal Highness thought was consistent with the well-being of those who came for the cure.

The Prince was the first to introduce the system known originally as the "Dutch treat," but which afterwards changed into the "Homburg lunch." For those who do not understand what that means, it is simply that a party would be organised for a meal, generally a luncheon, and each one paid his share. A few "Homburg dinners" were also given, but they were less common. Some people liked it, others thought it did away with the general sentiment of hospitality.

Anyhow, the "Homburg lunch" had its disadvantages. One day, for instance, the Prince had organised one such at his favourite corner of Ritter's terrace, and to it were invited some thirty or so of guests. Most of them, as you might expect, were people of ample means, who did not care what they spent, and could afford expensive luxuries.

But amongst those who sat down was a well-known subsidiary Foreign Service messenger, who was then getting the generous salary of some sixty or so of English pounds sterling per annum. To him it was a mighty important matter, finding it was to be a "Homburg lunch,"

to make his account at the end of the luncheon as small as possible. Accordingly he ordered sparely and of the cheapest. At the termination of the meal, when the waiters were about to make out the bills, judge the dismay of the subsidiary messenger at hearing the Prince say, "No use making out so many bills, just give us a general total and we will each pay our share."

And there was the necessarily thrifty messenger suddenly and unexpectedly having to average up the cost of his meagre lunch with a whole lot of people to whom money was of no consequence, and pay accordingly and as though he had fed luxuriously.

With a great number of the local people the Prince of Wales was on very friendly terms, and they swore by him, not only because of his being a perfect godsend to Homburg in the way of bringing people there, but also on account of his charm of manner towards them. Each time he arrived for his first visit to the Elisabeth Spring, he would go up to where the flower-stands were, and there shake hands cordially with Frau Zeininger, his favourite flower saleswoman. And as Frau Zeininger had much to do with roses, her hands were rough and torn from the thorns. He would also chat with the two Fräuleins Zeininger, pretty girls with cheeks the complexions on which rivalled the

colour of the roses they knew so well how to persuade the visitors to buy.

The late King's knowledge of German was quite out of the ordinary. There was at Homburg at that time a very jovial rubicund German who, by the way, was one of those whom the Prince did not approve of, because he was wont to pass his time in giving big luncheons, costly dinner-parties, and was constantly either himself giving or helping other people to give balls, even going so far as to organise cotillions.

We had a way of nicknaming people in those jolly Homburg days, and there was scarcely any one of popularity but had one. This particular German, by name Sholto Douglas, had been thus christened " Porridge," whether very appropriate or not matters little. Now the excellent Sholto, knowing exceedingly little English and being very inquisitive to know what porridge could possibly mean, for a period went around, and whenever he met any one he thought likely to know, he would take him aside and say, " Vot is ' porridge ' ? "

And none could tell. He came to me and told me in German, which language I spoke fairly fluently, that he must know what " porridge " meant as applied to him by myself and so many others. And, to tell the truth, I couldn't give him the German name for " por-

ridge." He seemed much discomfited at this, but still went on asking every one he met, "Vot is porridge?" till finally hundreds of people were going round asking,—it sounded like a riddle which requires an answer,—"What is porridge in German?" At last it travelled, as everything concerning Homburg did, to the Prince of Wales, "Why, Haferbrei is porridge and Hafergrütze oatmeal, of course!" said Britain's future king without the smallest hesitation. And thus the mind of Sholto was set at rest.

The Prince never became acquainted with Sholto Douglas, nicknamed "Porridge," but he did know an extremely proper and well-behaved person, of rigid habits and ascetic appearance, at Homburg at the same time and of the same name, a clergyman. Now, as I have mentioned, Sholto, the German, was an out-and-out lover of the pomps and vanities of this life, and it got into the papers that not only did he attend the races on a Sunday, but that he danced, gave dinner-parties, costing sinful sums, and was generally known as a leader of the gayest set in Homburg.

All this, of course, in due time came to the ears of the elders and congregation of the kirk of which the Rev. Sholto Douglas had hitherto been the highly esteemed and respected minister. Those good people, knowing their pastor to be in Homburg and never im-

agining that there might possibly be two of the same name, apparently, for a time, were under the impression that, to say the least, he had suddenly become bewitched. Explanations were demanded, and the naturally scandalised feelings of the Scots ultimately appeased, but, in the meanwhile, the situation was very strained between His Reverence and his parishioners, and the Prince was much amused at the story.

One of the Prince of Wales' pleasures was to get hold of some young attaché, or something of the same breed of man, eaten up with conceit about his tennis prowess, and take him down to the tennis courts and match Miss Lowther against him. Miss "Toupie" Lowther was one of the many interesting characters seen in Homburg. Endowed with a magnificent physique, she had gone in for several of the sports generally monopolised by men, such as boxing and fencing, and she had a powerful overhand service at tennis which was equal in force to that of most of the best men players. And the way in which this most popular young lady made mincemeat of the youths so matched against her was a perpetual source of joy to the Prince, who was wont to sit very often looking on at the tennis.

It was quite surprising to see how simply the Prince of Wales lived in Homburg. A small sitting-room, a little writing bureau, and

a very modest bedroom, with a couple of small rooms at the back for Sir Stanley Clarke, one to serve as office for the equerry, and that was all. His rooms were on the ground floor of Ritter's Park Hotel, and a small iron staircase built out into the garden below enabled him in a few steps to reach his favourite corner of the hotel terrace, where he almost invariably took his meals. He was up at six of a morning, by half-past eight had drunk his three glasses of Elisabeth Spring water, and, at nine o'clock, a simple breakfast of coffee, or tea, and rusks was taken to his room. At ten he would walk for an hour, and then take a pine bath for twenty minutes, during which he read the newspapers. After that a brief walk, and at twelve-thirty back home to look through his correspondence. At one sharp, luncheon on the Ritter terrace, at which he usually had guests, but seldom more than eight. He was always in good spirits and laughed constantly, making a peculiar sort of chuckling sound as he did so, and giving himself up heart and soul to the pleasure of the moment. With his coffee after luncheon he invariably smoked a large and fine cigar, which he enjoyed with all the gusto of the connoisseur he was.

After luncheon a rest until half-past three, then a drive either through the lovely Taunus Mountains, or to see his sister, the Empress

Frederick, at Cronberg. At five o'clock he would almost surely be down at the tennis or golf. At seven o'clock a rapid bath before dinner, and after that meal he would take his party to the Kurhaus to listen to the band. At ten he was back in his rooms, and there he read and worked until midnight. His drink in the evening was lemon juice and Rosbach during dinner, and at luncheon half a bottle of old Moselle and Rosbach.

The one particular person who amused him most was that dear old Irishman "Billy" Russell, whose fund of spontaneous and original wit made of him one of the most agreeable companions it would be possible for any one to know.

"Billy" Russell's strong Irish accent added very much to heighten the comical effect of the stories he told, and he always had one ready for every occasion.

One day we were lunching together, and I bewailed the constant mistakes made in newspaper offices with copy sent in, which very often made the Correspondent appear highly ridiculous.

"Ah me bhoy," he said; "what I suffered in India when I went there wid de Prince of Wales was awful, a-w-f-u-l!"

"Billy" had been specially commissioned by the London *Times* to accompany the Prince on his trip to India.

"Whenever mail day came round, I used to go up counthry to get out of the way. There was sure to be some terrible mistake. On one such day I had returned of an evening and was just slinking in by the back door to escape obshervation, when an equerry caught sight of me and said, 'Billy, the Prince wants to see you the moment ye come in; he's awful angry.'

"So I had to go. And when I entered his presence he looked so angry that I thrembled. And he held the *Times* in his hand and shook it at me and said, 'Billy, you rascal, what is the meaning of this?' And there I read: 'The Prince was dhrunk as usual last night.' And of course I had never sent any such thing. I had cabled, 'The health of the Prince was dhrunk as usual last night.' And the Princess, she telegraphed: 'Billy, even if it were true, you shouldn't have said so.'

"And a little later another mishtake almost as bad took place. Oi had written a fine account of a rhinoceros hunt that had taken place. When a rhinoceros rises in the water the first things seen are, like three black balls, the ears and tip of the nose. Then it is time to shoot. Now that is just what occurred, and the Prince shot at the right moment and killed the bheest. Well, would you believe it, they printed: 'Three black bulls rose in the wather, and the Prince shot and killed them all'!"

Old "Billy" told me one day a curious story about the real origin of the attack of typhus which nearly carried away the late King Edward. He said that, after the war of 1870, a great number of people took it into their heads to visit the places where the principal battles had taken place. Amongst them the then Prince of Wales, afterwards King. "Billy" had been invited to join the Prince, being a military expert, having been *Times* War Correspondent during the war.

It so happened that on a certain afternoon the King and his party arrived at Metz, having failed to connect with the servants and baggage, as they had expected, and without money. They walked from the station to the hotel through rain and mud for a considerable distance, and, as a result, reached there looking dirty and draggled.

Arriving without baggage and in such a state as they were, the hotel clerk eyed them askance and seemed highly unwilling to provide them with accommodation. However, it was finally arranged, and once upstairs, the Prince feeling cold and wet, and having been taken with a trembling, it was decided to put him to bed and let him there await the arrival of the servants and a store of dry clothes. Having done the best they could to make His Royal Highness comfortable, "Billy" Russell went downstairs and ordered warm soup and dinner to follow.

"Got any money?" said the clerk, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Not just now," replied Russell, "but we will have plenty soon!"

"That may be," replied the diffident clerk, "but we have lost enough already by trusting the stray people who come along this way; no money, no dinner!"

And he was obdurate. It must be explained that just then the district was overrun with thieves and swindlers.

"Billy" went upstairs and reported the extraordinary situation. It was now a serious matter, for the Prince could not get warm. His Royal Highness half amused, half vexed, decided that, if that was all, the solution would be to let the clerk have a fine gold chronometer of his as security.

Once again "Billy" went to the office and said, "Here you are, this watch is worth thousands of francs. You keep it and send up some warm dinner quickly!"

"Pas du tout!" answered the *commis*; "how do I know where or who you stole that from? I am not going to risk being arrested for being a recipient of stolen property."

"But good gracious, do you know who your guest is upstairs?" said Russell, fully exasperated.

"No, I don't!"

"Well, I tell you, it is the Prince of Wales!"

Instead of this announcement having the expected effect, the clerk simply laughed derisively and replied—

"Oh yes! but you can't fool me with that. A couple of days ago a man came here and said he was Napoleon."

Luckily at that moment there was a hustling and a bustling, and the entire procession of servants and baggage were on hand. But "Billy" Russell stoutly maintained that the chill the Prince got on that occasion, and the unusual strain and exposure, had sowed the seeds of the illness which he was supposed to have contracted at Knole, Lord Sackville's home, and which developed a few weeks later, and so nearly terminated fatally. For from that day at Metz, the Prince never felt well, and he was feeling ill when he went to Knole.

Another contributor to the general mirth of Homburg was the American lawyer, humorist, and fine after-dinner speaker, Chauncey Depew. Like most good fellows, there was nothing he liked better than to tell a story against himself. One evening I met him and said to him—

"Hallo, Chauncey, what have you been doing all day?"

"I shall never know till I read the *Herald* to-morrow," he replied. I was then writing the doings of Homburg in the *Herald*.

"Why so gay this morning?" I asked him on another occasion.

"Well," he replied, "a great honour has been conferred upon me. See this!" And with that he showed me a cablegram addressed to the Right Honourable Chauncey Depew. It read:—

"We have the honour to inform you that a new city which has been founded in the State of Arkansas has been named after you, by unanimous vote.

"THE MAYOR AND FOUNDERS."

"Do you know particularly why?"

"That was the first idea that struck me. I cabled them my thanks for the honour, and asked what was the particular reason for it. And they answered, 'Because we found it full of natural gas'!" And with that he went off into one of his famous fits of laughter. "Good, isn't it?"

On one occasion we were at luncheon, invited by the Prince of Wales, and there occurred one of those awkward pauses in the conversation which inevitably take place from time to time when a big royal personage is present, and when people are inclined to be a little bit shy of general conversation.

It was at such moment that Prince Albert

of Schleswig-Holstein let go with the remark, "Now, Mr. Depew, couldn't you tell us one of your funny stories?"

For a second the big American was a little taken aback, but, recovering his presence of mind with the prompitude of a man who is much master of himself, he said, quickly, "What kind of a story would your Highness like?"

"Something about soldiers. I am the raconteur of my regiment, and would like something new to tell at mess."

"W-a-al," began Chauncey, putting on a drawl for effectiveness' sake and speaking very slowly, as is the manner of Americans when telling anecdotes, "t-w-a-a-s in the time of the w-o-a-h between the North and the South. And General Lee came along and found the remnants of a detachment of his men, who had been badly whipped and decimated by the Northerners. He was right angry, and, with considerable violence of language, called upon the huddled group of remaining soldiers for an explanation.

"'We couldn't help it, General,' said one of the soldiers more brave than the rest, daring to come forward as spokesman.

"Interrupting the man roughly, General Lee replied with ire, 'What do you mean by couldn't help it? You had a splendid position here, with lots of cover.'

" ' But they were too many for us, General ! ' said the man, respectfully saluting.

" ' Too many for you, be d——d ! If they were too many for you, why didn't you get behind cover. Look at the number of trees ! '

" ' Very sorry, General, but there were only just enough trees for the officers ! ' "

Maybe it is not generally known that for many years King Edward had the firmest conviction that he would not succeed to the throne, and that Queen Victoria would outlive him. This was entirely owing to superstition, with which he was very fairly imbued. He had been taken by Miss Margie Chandos Pole, a great favourite of his, on account of her remarkable beauty and brightness, up to see a strange old woman at Homburg, a Wahrsagerin, what the French call a clairvoyante, and in English a fortune-teller. This aged and uncouth-looking person had made a deep impression upon His Royal Highness by some very remarkable and accurate statements she made him concerning things which he had supposed were only known to himself. And she assured the Prince that on his horoscope, and the position of the stars at the time of his birth, it was clearly written that he never would live to inherit a great position which would have been his by right. To my knowledge that prediction for some years weighed seriously with His Royal Highness, so

far that it made him live a quite different life to that which he would have done had he felt assured of the succession.

One day at Homburg I was talking to King Leopold of the Belgians, and the subject was his pet ambition to make Ostend the rendezvous of the smart people of society. He had the greatest admiration, almost to the point of a mania, for pretty women. He was contemplating trying to get the United States to transfer Mr. Lawrence Townsend, the American Minister in Lisbon, to Brussels, because his exceedingly pretty wife, the monarch, as he confided to me, considered would be such an adornment to the Court at Brussels, and would look so attractive bathing at Ostend. He was consulting with me as to how it would be best to approach the United States Government for the purpose. It was just near the tennis courts, and I spied, coming along at rapid pace, with his usual long strides, the Grand Duke Michel Michaelovitch of Russia.

"Who's that?" said King Leopold.

I told him and asked him what I should do. I knew the Grand Duke perfectly well. The King had never met him, but I had not enough knowledge of Court etiquette to know exactly how I ought to act under such uncommon circumstances.

"Present him to me!" whispered the King,

seeing my doubt. And I did. I just stepped forward to the Grand Duke and told him that His Majesty would like to have him presented to him. And thereon I merely said, "May I present His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michel Michaelovitch to your Majesty!" and with that I left them alone. I imagine such an experience is rare, and certainly it was for the first time that I undertook, or personified, the functions of a Court Chamberlain. I expect, however, that the introduction was quite as good as though there had been all the falderals of Court etiquette attached to it.

Apropos of the above conversation, I noticed that some time later Mr. Lawrence Townsend did become United States Minister in Brussels. Mr. Townsend himself was at Homburg then. He had been a cowboy and was one of the finest trained types of physical development I ever remember seeing. He was a crack pistol-shot, and it was told of him that when he was attaché at Vienna and an Archduke or any other high personage paid too marked attentions to his most lovely wife, he would the next day go to a pistol-gallery and make a dozen or so bull's-eyes running, which fact was carefully published in the papers the next morning. A delicate warning!

At Homburg (it was in the days when people still bicycled) Mr. Townsend used to fly down the hill which passes Ritter's Hotel on his bicycle,

standing on his head upon the saddle. As for Mrs. Townsend, she completely fascinated the Prince and the restricted few allowed to see her by the graceful way in which she went through the fan dance, a creation of her own, and in which she was exquisitely fairylike.

Lawrence Townsend was a good man all round — a fine tennis-player, a crack pistol-shot, as already stated, and further, could mix as seductive a cocktail as the most accomplished bar-tender alive.

When the war broke out between the United States and Spain, the Lisbon post, owing to diplomatic relations being broken off with Madrid, became of considerable importance to America as a likely centre of information. Lawrence Townsend had just been given the appointment of United States Minister there.

The athletic and youthful American Minister at once became a great favourite with King Carlos, for three reasons. In the first place, the King was just then growing very fat, and much desired to effect a reduction of his rotundity. The American Minister taught His Majesty to play lawn tennis, with much-desired results, and played with him constantly. The King was expert with firearms and one of the best shots in the country. But Lawrence Townsend could show him any number of new points to improve his marksmanship. Those exercises, which were

carried on almost to extremes, made the King thirsty. There again the ex-cowboy Minister came in fortuitously to the rescue, and owing to the excellence of the cocktails he "shook" made himself indispensable, and the monarch took a strong liking for American appetisers.

It was but natural that the King should be grateful to a diplomat who did so much for his well-being, and as a result Lawrence Townsend often received exceedingly valuable items of information relative to matters in Spain from the royal lips, which he could not have obtained in any other way, and which were highly appreciated in Washington.

Miss Agnes de Keyser was one of the prime favourites of the Prince, easily comprehensible, as she was so full of wit and animation, and the Prince loved to be amused. The Grand Duke Michel Michaelovitch and his wife, Countess Torby, were very constant guests of the Prince, and, later on, when he ascended the throne as King Edward, he stood staunchly to the Grand Duke, who finally decided to make his home in England. Lady Anna Chandos Pole and her handsome and clever daughter, Miss "Margie," were constantly with the King. Amongst the King's set was Lady Sophia Macnamara, who amused the Prince vastly. She was the most independent woman I have ever met—robust and breezy, wont to wear a hat of the kind which

we christened the "hard-boiled egg"—an uncompromising-looking plain straw hat, such as men wear, without any decoration whatsoever. Of an evening she used to sit next to the heir to the British throne, listening to the music, wearing her "hard-boiled egg," and smoking a big cigar, and when that was finished she would light and smoke a second. One couldn't help admiring a woman who was so absolutely indifferent to conventionalism.

Freiherr von Reichach, who has just now received the high appointment of Master of Ceremonies to the Court of Prussia, used often to come over from Cronberg and play lawn tennis with us, whilst the Empress Frederick, who was devoted to her brother, would sit with the Prince of Wales or walk about the Park with him for hours.

Professor Corrodi, the famous Roman artist, was a great favourite of the King, as also of Queen Alexandra. Flowers were very cheap and exceedingly fine in Homburg, and out of that there grew up a habit of what was known as "bunching," *i.e.* presenting bouquets of a morning, whilst the promenade was on, to the ladies, and sometimes the women returned the compliment by presenting the men with "buttonholes." As a result the flower business boomed, and the sight was highly attractive to see the many beautiful women, each carrying

a wealth of bright, fresh bloom. Popular and beautiful ladies such as Countess Torby, Mrs. Townsend, Miss "Margie" Chandos Pole, Mrs. Percy Bennett—the wife of the commercial attaché in Vienna, and a perfect type of Trieste, beauty—would receive anywhere from a dozen to a score of bouquets each morning, and might be seen walking about, at the early promenade, wearing several sprays, and carrying as many flowers as they could well hold in their hands.

One morning dear old Corrodi was carrying around a bouquet of serious proportions of fine tea roses which he proposed presenting to an American lady, for whom he was eagerly seeking in the large mass of promenaders. All at once he unexpectedly came across the Prince accompanied by Lady Cork. "Good morning, Professor Corrodi!" exclaimed His Royal Highness. "How very kind of you to think of bringing Lady Cork such a beautiful bouquet!" Of course there was nothing left for the genial Italian to do than to part with his flowers, and go and buy some more for the American lady.

Other frequenters of Homburg then were the Marquis de Soveral, Marquis de Maffei, Miss Marie Corelli, Sir E. Malet, Sir George Lewis, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Duke Alexander of Oldenburg.

One afternoon I was sitting in my room at

Ritter's when a servant came and told me that the Prince of Wales wished to see me at once. I went down to the familiar office, and, on entering, found His Royal Highness in a state of excitement and anger such as never had I seen him in before. He held in his hand a telegram just received from "Willie" Jamieson, the well-known yachtsman who raced the *Britannia* in all her big matches. It told of the loss of the centre-board of the *Vigilant*, which boat, after winning the America Cup in the United States, had been brought over to England by Mr. George Gould to race the *Britannia* for the Cape May Cup.

"I want you," said His Royal Highness, "without delay, to cable over, to America, exactly what I think about the whole affair." And, with that, to my intense amazement, the Prince, whom I had never known before but as the most discreet of men, began a tirade against Americans generally and the Goulds in particular. He was quite carried away by his indignation at what had taken place. He inveighed against the whole American idea of building racing machines which were not in reality yachts at all but merely skimming-dishes—that the whole idea was unsportsmanlike and unworthy.

"This centre-board loss is a put-up job," His Royal Highness exclaimed angrily. He said he knew all about the Goulds and their history, and they were no better than they should be, and

kept punctuating his remarks with, "And you say that it comes from me; now mind you say that it comes from me. I mean it!" Had I on that occasion taken His Royal Highness at his word, the sensation would have been of a monumental order. It may be remembered the outcry of indignation that swept the United States when Lord Dunraven, at the time he went over to America, suggested unfairness on the part of the New York Yacht Club sailing committee. The fury of the trans-Atlantic papers knew no bounds. Judging from that outburst, what would it have been had I cabled the wholesale denunciations which I had just heard, and coming from "the first gentleman of Great Britain"?

The exasperation of the Prince of Wales was comprehensible enough. This was the second occasion upon which the *Vigilant* had lost her centre-board—the first time two weeks previously, when racing the *Britannia* for the Wolverton Cup. This time, by an extraordinary coincidence, at almost the same spot, whilst going from Dartmouth to Cowes to take part in a long-prepared race for the Cape May Cup—for which at great expense the *Britannia* had been kept in commission—away goes the centre-board again.

The same afternoon, at a quarter to six, the following telegrams passed :—

"To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—

"*Vigilant* reports loss of centre-board again yesterday. Is willing to race without it. Will you allow Gould withdraw his challenge altogether, provided he is willing, or will you hold him to it.

"Grant, *Secretary*,
"*Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes.*"

To this the Prince replied:—

"Grant, *Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes.*

"Though Gould has put me to considerable inconvenience by again losing centre-board, I am perfectly willing to forgo the race if he withdraws his challenge.

"Albert Edward,
"*Homburg-vor-der-Höhe.*"

In the course of the evening I penned a dispatch, which, whilst fully expressing the Prince's disgust at what had happened, and telling, between the lines, his feelings as regards the slipshod methods observed in the racing of the American yacht in English waters—due, doubtless, to Mr. George Gould's inexperience in yachting matters — avoided bringing the Prince of Wales himself personally into the matter, which would have had calamitous results.

The same winter I was down at Cannes, and there the Prince of Wales sent me a special invitation to come aboard the *Britannia*. His one great idea was to show me that, although she was a yacht having won hundreds of races against all comers, she could be used to live in, and that he did so. His confirmed idea was that a big yacht, racing or otherwise, is no yacht, from the sporting point of view, unless you can live aboard her. His Royal Highness, to the dismay of the hotel-keepers, lived aboard the *Britannia* at Cannes for weeks.

On the evening of the above yachting incident, Chauncey Depew gave a parting dinner-party at Ritter's, to which I was invited. There were present, amongst others, the brother-in-law of the Kaiser, Duke Ernst Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, Lady Anna and Miss Chandos Pole, Sir Gerald and Lady Fitzgerald, Mr. Guy Ewen, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Burden, Count Münster, Miss Turnure, Mrs. and Miss Hoadley.

Of course the giver of the feast had something witty to say after dinner. He made a little speech, in which he told of the extra number of centre-boards Ritter, the proprietor, of the hotel had been compelled to insert into the table to make it large enough for all his guests. Putting on a most solemn look he said, " I must explain the case of the *Vigilant* from the American point of view. It is this. That, owing to the rivalry

existing between the old country and the new, and the strained relations caused by the Tariff Bill and its fiasco, the British Government maliciously and wilfully ordered a hidden reef to be placed in the course of the *Vigilant*, so as to strike the centre-board and cripple her at the most critical moment."

CHAPTER XI

The Russian Court—The Grand Duchess Vladimir—The French Ambassador and the Marquise de Montebello—Countess Kleinmichel's international salon—Count Witte—His imperious nature—His treatment of the Czar—His dislike of diplomatists—"Il m'a traité de laquais"—M. de Plehwe—Makes me an extraordinary proposal—"Prepared to pay the voyage of every Jew in Russia to the United States"—Count Lamsdorff—The shyest of men—M. de Hartwig—Count Lamsdorff the arch-priest of the red-tape system—Mr. von Lengerke Meyer, United States Ambassador—"Holds up" Count Lamsdorff on his way to the Emperor and startles him by his strenuous diplomacy—The coronation of the Czar—A special train costing £80,000—The wonderful scene in Moscow—The Czar crowns his consort—A majestic moment—A peal of bells from four hundred churches—The procession through the streets—Moscow, given up to gaiety, is suddenly plunged in tragedy—The disastrous "folks' festival"—Bad police regulations—Factory hands start fighting and kill Cossacks—The fatal rush—The catastrophe—Mounds of dead and dying—The two processions—The Czar is kept in ignorance—The scene at the burial-ground—The French Embassy ball on the night of the catastrophe—The Emperor and Empress attend—and learn what has happened.

For some time after those merry days at Homburg, the trend of politics led to my being a good deal in Russia. Petersburg was made exceedingly pleasant to me. The Grand Duchess Vladimir, whom Bismarck named the cleverest of all the German Princesses of his time, was most gracious. I knew the Grand Dukes George and Serge Michaelovitch, Dukes Eugene and George of Leuchtenberg, and Prince Alexander of Oldenburg, the man who did so much for the poor of his country by setting up great buildings

(Narodny Dom), where for a minimum sum they could have any amount of good cheap amusements and excellent food for almost nothing.

The Marquis and Marquise de Montebello, then representing France at the Court of Russia, were true and excellent friends. They kept open house, and, being rich themselves, and liberally supported by the French Government,—for the Franco-Russian Alliance was then just cementing,—they entertained on a scale of hospitality which was lavish. The Marquis de Maffei, the Italian Ambassador, was my intimate and constant companion.

Another staunch and most kind friend I found in Countess Kleinmichel, a woman of exceeding talent and cleverness, having the only house in Petersburg where an international salon was held. Countess Kleinmichel has since become of international celebrity, taken up by King Edward when she visited England, by Emperor William II. when she comes to Germany, and is perfectly at home in Rome, where her daughter, Countess Korff, nowadays, since her widowhood, lives. I also was welcomed in the palace of Prince and Princess Wolkonski, father and mother of three remarkable sons, each of whom has made a name for himself; and also those of General Prince Belloselski Belloserski, and General Struckoff.

Amongst politicians by far the most remark-

able of all I met was the famous Minister of Finance, Witte, the man who for years dominated entirely his colleagues in the Cabinet and utterly defied all conventionalities. As one of the sisters of the present Emperor once said: "When M. Witte comes into the room, my brother sweats!"

Such was the imperious nature of Minister Witte that he did not even respect the Emperor, but treated him as one who knew nothing. This, as may easily be imagined, was highly distasteful to the hypersensitive Emperor Nicholas.

Witte had a quite special dislike for diplomats. One day, and this he told himself, the Marquis de Montebello, the most suave and amiable of men, not being able to get certain information he wanted out of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, made bold to go and see M. Witte, whom he knew quite well had knowledge of what he desired to know. The Russian Bismarck, as Witte may fittingly be called, received him with *froideur*, bade him be seated, and in chilling terms and disconcerting grimness of tone asked him sardonically what happy chance had he to thank for the honour of a visit from His Excellency the French Ambassador.

With all the suavity at his command, yet instinctively feeling the battle lost before it began, the Marquis began to tell the nature of his visit and the information he wanted.

"Stop!" said Witte curtly. "I cannot understand how any man who has any pretensions to be a diplomat, and above all an Ambassador, can so forget himself as not to know that, for all information such as you seek, you must address yourself to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorff."

"Il m'a traité de laquais, et pire!" said Marquis de Montebello to me afterwards.

To myself the redoubtable Witte was always very amiable. But I was a rare exception. I also knew his deadly enemy, M. de Plehwe, who, whilst Minister of the Interior, engaged in repressing the anarchist movement, was blown to fragments by a bomb thrown at him just before he reached the Baltic station. He was on his way to Peterhof to make a visit to the Emperor, and it was commonly reported that in the portfolio which he carried under his arm there was proof positive that M. de Witte was engaged in plotting with the enemies of the State. If such there were, it was, like the Minister himself, blown to atoms. When I reached the spot where the assassination took place there was nothing left but strips of flesh, pools of blood, and general débris. The force of the explosion had been terrific.

M. de Plehwe once gave me an extraordinary message to convey to the United States. It was in the course of an interview, during which I had

broached the subject of the indignation existing in America regarding the treatment of the Jews in Russia. After going at length into the causes which made the segregation of the Jews a necessity in Russia, he said, "Out of the ten millions of Jews inhabiting the world, some half the number live in Russia. The Americans are constantly making a fuss about our treatment of the Jews. Why we act towards them as we do, I have told you. It is necessary, owing to the conditions existing in our country. But I will make the following proposition to the United States, namely, if the Government of that country has all the sympathy it professes for the Jews of Russia, that I, in the name of my country, am prepared to pay the voyage of every Jew in Russia to the United States, in case America will take them. We certainly would gladly be rid of them."

I knew Count Lamsdorff, Minister of State, but of all the shy men I have ever met he was the shyest. My principal friend at the Foreign Office was that rough and ready, but highly able, diplomat, M. de Hartwig, who recently has played such an immense rôle as Russian Minister at Teheran and at Belgrade.

Amongst other characteristics, Count Lamsdorff had a rooted aversion to American diplomats, because they had such an informal way of doing business, whereas he was the incar-

nation of the Tchinovnik, *l'homme du protocole*, the arch-priest of the red-tape system.

Many years after this—my first of many visits to Russia—Count Lamsdorff was very nearly startled to death by the strenuosity of American diplomacy. It was at the moment when the Japanese and Russian troops had wintered in Manchuria, and hostilities were about to recommence, that President Roosevelt offered to call a conference at Portsmouth, United States, to settle up the whole matter without further bloodshed, if possible, and that he, as President of the United States, had expressed himself ready to use all possible effort to that end.

It was early in the morning that Mr. von Lengerke Meyer, most energetic of United States ambassadors I have ever met, received the cablegram announcing this highly important move on the part of the United States, which, it was evident, meant the termination of the war of extermination which had been going on so long. He and Mr. Spencer Eddy, his first secretary, a man of equal strenuosity to the Ambassador himself, deciphered the lengthy dispatch as quickly as possible. When they came to the end of it, Ambassador von Lengerke Meyer, who had been keenly and impatiently looking at his watch, said to Mr. Spencer Eddy, " We have just time to do it ! In ten minutes Count Lamsdorff

leaves the Foreign Office for Tzarskoe Selo to see the Emperor. He only has audience once a week. He must take this message from the President with him. You, Eddy, whilst I call at the main entrance of the Foreign Office, go straight to the side door, and if Count Lamsdorff should go out that way, stop him, even if you have to use force."

Away they flew, in the speedy, light, low-lying, small-bodied car, known as a Likatch. Spencer Eddy, when they got near the Foreign Office, jumped out and ran to the side door, and the Ambassador proceeded to the main one. It was a matter of seconds, for, sure enough, there His Excellency found the prim little Minister of Foreign Affairs, in full Court suit, heavy with gold and braids, cocked hat and all, descending the broad stairs, followed by secretaries, Foreign Office flunkies, messengers, and so on, and having all his thoughts absorbed in his coming visit to the Emperor. Right into that procession, and without any ceremony, the American Ambassador broke with the information that he had important matter to communicate.

Count Lamsdorff was aghast, and looked it. "But, Mr. Ambassador, I must beg you to come again. I am just on my way to see the Emperor!"

"That's just it!" cheerily replied the

Ambassador, undeterred. "I have something that the Emperor must have at once."

Poor little Lamsdorff, seeing no other possible issue, surrendered with the remark, "The ways of you American diplomats will be the death of me!"

As a result of the energy of the Ambassador, the Emperor got the President's message the same day, and the following, Mr. von Lengerke Meyer had a prolonged audience at Tzarskoe Selo, during which the autocrat, in the name of Russia, agreed to accept the good offices of the United States.

I had not been very long in Petersburg when I was instructed to attend the coronation at Moscow. That was the kind of treat which comes to a Special Correspondent but once in a lifetime.

As nearly every one of you know, the wealth of the Court of Russia is unlimited. The ceremonial costumes worn there are of a richness excelling by far those of any other empire in the world. Austria comes second. A railroad train for the Imperial guests, as one item, cost eighty thousand pounds sterling. The hammercloths of the state carriages alone cost a hundred pounds apiece. The coronation robes of purple and the finest royal ermine, the crowns of diamonds, represented untold wealth, as also the Russian costumes of the Grand Duchesses

crowned by Kakotschnics, which were masses of cabochon stones, from the time of the barbaric splendour of the Boyards.

The gorgeous and brilliant appearance of the various Oriental princes and khans, who came along on superb arab steeds richly caparisoned, and with saddles strewn with precious stones, was indescribably picturesque. How vulgar the princes representing the modern civilised countries looked next these proud, olive-coloured, lissome, and elegant representatives of Oriental life!

But, above all, it was the frame which was so grandiose. How well the city of Moscow lent itself to such a unique, a stupendous cortège! —the wondrous Kremlin enclosure filled with Moudjiks in their rugged picturesque national costume, who fell on their knees and pressed their foreheads on the stone pavement when they caught sight of the really startlingly imposing apparition made by the Czar and Czarina as, with the sunlight flashing upon those massive crowns of diamonds, they bowed to the populace from the top of the stairs of the Kremlin after the ceremony was over.

I had previously been one of the few privileged spectators in the small but gorgeously decorated church, and saw the tremendous strain upon the aristocratic crowd gathered there when the Emperor took the Imperial

mantle, the sceptre, the dazzling diamond collar of St. Andrew, and, being thus prepared, called for the crown, which was brought him by the gorgeously arrayed metropolitan, in raiment of the heaviest gold brocade surmounted by a mitre full of huge cabochon precious stones. The Emperor received the crown with his own hands and placed it on his head.

Then, in exquisitely sweet and tender tones, he called to himself the Empress, so young, so fair, with all the shyness of a girl brought up after the English fashion. She sank on her knees before her august lord on a gold cushion. It was a touching and majestic moment. Then the Emperor slowly and deliberately raised the Imperial diadem from his own head, placed it lightly upon the head of the Empress, replaced it on his own. Then a smaller diadem was ready, expressly fashioned for the young Empress. It was handed by the master of ceremonies to the Emperor, who took and placed it upon the head of his spouse. Now he received the Imperial purple mantle lined with royal ermine and placed it on the shoulders of the Empress, who had, at his bidding, meanwhile risen to her feet. Then His Imperial Majesty took the diamond collar of St. Andrew with its azure sash, placed it upon his fair consort, and the ceremony was complete.

It was at that moment that a glorious ray

of rainbow colour shone directly upon the heads of the newly anointed Emperor and Empress of all the Russias, piercing its rays through the rich old stained-glass windows of the dome of the Cathedral of the Assumption, where this most unique of ceremonies had taken place.

Of a sudden the ancient building trembled with the vibration caused by salutes of hundreds of cannon. Shouts rent the air. The historical bells of the Kremlin, themselves so large and so famous, gave the signal for those of the four hundred or so of churches of Moscow to ring forth wild-sounding, irregular peals, familiar to all who have visited Russia. The ceremony had lasted two and a half hours.

Then followed the popular apotheosis, already mentioned, when the Emperor and Empress, now fully crowned, beneath a canopy of gold, passed through the thousands upon thousands of the most picturesque lot of people—wild-looking Tartars, fierce-appearing Kalmucks—people gathered from all parts of Russia, who one and all, as though suddenly stricken, fell on their knees, awestruck by the solemnity of the moment, scarce daring to look at those two—really so simple, young people—who to them meant the embodiment of all the powers of the State and Church combined.

After that all was gaiety. I had one of the fattest of coachmen in Moscow. The fatter

the coachman in Russia the greater his worth. I had also one of the fastest of Orloff trotters, and was kept busy from early morn till long after midnight trying to keep track of all the gaieties.

And suddenly from gaiety all was tragedy. It was a Saturday morning, the last day of the coronation festivities, and it was to be celebrated by a grand festival for the people on the Khodenskoe Pole (Champ de Mars).

To give you an idea, so that you may fully understand what follows, it must be explained first and foremost that the Russian Moudjik, or peasant, is a creature of such childish naïveté and absolute stupidity, full of superstition, and with a reverence and adoration for the "Great White Czar," as the Emperor is known to him, which none who has not lived long in Russia can possibly comprehend. In intelligence and habits of life he is not far removed from the animal.

At each coronation a folks' festival was, as on this occasion, the great attraction to every member of the Moudjik class throughout the empire. Each village selected a small party of its representatives to attend. Those so chosen were intensely envied, for they brought back presents directly from the Emperor and Empress, and, if lucky, they might even catch a sight of the "Great White Czar." Thus those who had been to a coronation were for the rest of

their lives famous in their villages. They had been to holy Moscow; they had a cup from the Czar to hand down as a precious souvenir to their heirs. They could even perhaps tell of how the " Great White Czar " looked.

For weeks and weeks, from all parts of the empire, processions of Moudjiks, from Little Russia to Archangel, from Astrakhan to Pskov, had been coming along, bound for the Khodenskoe Pole at Moscow. Some, indeed many, lost their way, did not get there at all, and were probably lost for ever. For travelling in Russia is a mighty tough job, what with absence of roads and rarity of habitations. But what matter ! Moudjik life has no particular value.

Anyhow, thousands upon thousands of the roughest, wildest-looking creatures that any one can possibly imagine had in due course arrived at the haven, and they looked about for a sheltered place to camp. They had just the clothes they stood up in, in the main sheepskins, a few cooking utensils, and a rough rug or so to lie upon at night. They had found an ideal spot for camping, namely, a vast excavation, which marked the foundations of a former French exhibition, and which, when the buildings had been removed, were left just so.

On one side of this, say two hundred and fifty yards long and a hundred and fifty broad excavation, were the booths, forming a vast square, and

whence the Imperial *largesse*, on this fateful morning, was to be distributed; on the other side, a huge plain. The booths were strongly barricaded, so that, until those protections were removed, none could enter the Mecca to gain access to which so many had endured the most trying hardships. The whole life of a Russian Moudjik is just one great struggle for existence. The excavation was crowded to its utmost limits, and the people were huddled together as only Russian Moudjiks can. They just love close quarters. It generates warmth.

The distribution of the much-coveted gifts was to take place at eight o'clock. When the booths opened, each peasant and member of his family was entitled to the contents of a bandanna handkerchief, on which were roughly printed more or less imaginative likenesses of the Emperor and Empress, with the date of the coronation beneath. Those contents consisted of an enamel mug, on which where effigies of the Emperor and Empress, a sausage made of fat, a bag of raisins, another of peanuts, and some gingerbread. It would be putting a high valuation on the lot if placed at a shilling, or even a franc would easily cover it. In addition, they were entitled to have as much beer mixed with honey, a drink beloved of the Moudjik, served them as they could drink, until the supply, which was large, gave out.

There was grave dissension, throughout the coronation period, between the various governors of Moscow, civil and military police, concerning the vast task and responsibility of the maintenance of order. As a result, the police service was very badly organised, a fact which led to particularly sad results.

For, be it explained that the Russian Moudjik, individually the most humble, submissive, and obedient of beings, collectively, like the wolf, becomes most dangerous and bloodthirsty.

As an instance there had been brought before me that of an Englishman who had a factory outside of Moscow. His men went out on strike. They threatened him as he parleyed with them from the top of a high flight of wooden steps connecting the upper storey. They said they would pull him to pieces. He drew a revolver. One Moudjik, using a big copper fruit-boiler as a cover over his head, crept up the stairs, and from beneath his improvised shield caught hold of and pulled the Englishman down by the leg. In a moment the crowd had seized and torn him limb from limb.

On the Place Rouge, the day before the coronation—it was at the time of the distribution of the Imperial Coronation Ukase—the crowd rushed to obtain copies, which were, in very primitive manner, given out from carriages.

The Cossacks tried to keep the people back. Two of them were unhorsed and forthwith torn in twain by that barbarous mob. It was taken as just an ordinary occurrence, and no one said anything.

At six o'clock in the morning it had been decided that the factory hands should be brought on to the Khodenskoe Pole. Indeed a right rough-looking lot of men. They came in batches of hundreds and thousands. By degrees they filled the plain above. Fights began to occur, and stones from handy heaps, ready there for road repairing, were used. And all at once a wild howl went forth. For those workmen, most of them full of vodka, had realised that between them and the booths there were the thousands of Moudjiks, encamped in the great excavation, who would inevitably gain first admission, get everything there was, and that, consequently, nothing would be left for them. They became rabid at the thought that they had been "done." They began to push.

A few Cossacks were there. They tried to stop the fatal rush. The savage factory hands turned upon them and rent them. And then followed a terrible and overwhelming human wave towards the booths.

Those that were in the front cried back, and those that were back cried forward. It was an awful sight.

Those on the plain at the edge of the deep excavation began to fall in upon those below, first singly, next by the score, then by the hundreds, and in uncountable numbers, a perpetual avalanche of humanity.

Panic at once set in. But the Moudjiks below were caught as in a trap. In vain they tried to flee towards the booths, which, specially strongly barricaded, resisted all effort to force them.

The people falling over, pushed by the hundreds of thousands behind, who had no idea of what was taking place in front, uttered yells of despair as they were swept into the trough of struggling humanity below. Those in the excavation had become frenzied with terror.

A big fat peasant woman rushed and fell, two people in their flight fell over her, twenty over them in the same manner, and in a few minutes there lay a heap of struggling, cursing, biting, scratching humanity, tearing each other's scalps off, fighting in an awful death-struggle with the frenzy of despair.

And, all the time, more crazed beings kept mounting the heap, hoping to find safety atop the bodies of their suffocated companions, on those mounds of crushed, kicking, struggling, howling, moaning masses of dead and dying. In their struggles they tore every shred of clothes off one another. After a while a few,

by climbing on each other's shoulders, managed to reach the roofs of the booths, some naked, others with fragments of clothes, some with scalps missing, torn off in the death-struggle, all alike in a state bordering on madness.

Meanwhile, in the excavation, the scenes of terror continued. Everywhere were heaps of dead, out of which arms and legs protruded, giving the last spasmodic signs of life. To make matters worse, there were a number of disused wells which had been roughly boarded over. The boards covering them, quite rotten, gave way at once with the strain, and into those ready-made graves people fell headlong, until they were quite full, and there was no room for more.

Eheu, what a sight! My eyes have seen many terrible things in this strange life of Special Correspondent, but this was by far the most tragic spectacle that ever met them.

After a time the military came to the rescue. They collected the bodies and placed them in the centre of the square formed by the booths, where the joyous popular festival was to have been. And they threw them there in heaps. The heat of the sun was intense. Those who survived had long ago pillaged the booths. In their fight for the beer most of it had been wasted and had streamed out on to the sward, which was saturated with it.

Never shall I forget that awful odour of stale beer, leather, and corpses all mixed up together, and all under the heat of a burning sun.

And those unfortunate bodies, having been squashed well-nigh to a pulp, began to decompose with visible rapidity. Those poor faces swelled to twice their natural size. Tongues bulged forth from their mouths, forced out by the pressure which killed their owners. So the same with eyes, in most cases forced from their sockets, features in almost all cases terribly distorted, as of those who have died in intense agony and fierce struggle. Many with scalps completely gone, arising from cases in which the long-haired Moudjik had been clutched by the despairing hand of another in the grip of death. The victims were also bitten and scratched in the most terrible manner. Later I went over the ground with General Prince Belloselski Belloserski, and we counted scores of scalps lying about.

A hulking fellow I knew, belonging to one of the trotting stables near by, who escaped from one of those struggling masses of humanity merely owing to his almost superhuman strength, was so badly bitten that for a long time it was a matter of life and death with him.

In many cases the entire family had gone for ever. So good !

Sad indeed were the cases where, for example,

a wretched wife and child would sit beside the dead body of the breadwinner of the family, who had been picked out from a heap, and wail bitterly, " Matouchka ! Batouchka ! "

Or the man sitting staggered and speechless, with glazed eyes, beside the crushed and distorted remains of what had an hour before been his beloved companion in life, his mate in the rough log hut in the far distant home.

And to think that all those poor people came there for what they thought and had so long looked forward to as the happiest day of their lives.

As far as I could judge there must have been some 3000 corpses lying there. The exact numbers none knew, no one will ever know. It was like the section of a bloody battlefield.

How to deal with such a number of dead ? Where to put them ?

All the carts in the city were called out.

It was getting to be the hour when the gorgeous procession of gold gala carriages of the Court and the brilliant bevy of Princes, Khans, Rajahs, diplomats, and notabilities, including the famous Li Hung Chang, who had forgathered from the four points of the universe, headed by the Emperor and Empress and the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, Archdukes and Archduchesses, undoubtedy the most brilliant cortège the world has ever seen, should pass along on

its way to the Champs de Mars, gay with flags fluttering with such cheerful effect in the clear bright sunshine.

And this is what I saw! There were two roads with a broad space in the centre, grown with grass, upon which I stood. On the road to the right, going towards the Khodenskoe Pole, carefully hemmed in by infantry, with cavalry behind, forming a perfect screen on either side, that unique and grandiose cortège made its way, neither Emperor nor his smiling tender-hearted young Empress, nor any of the occupants of those gala and state carriages having the slightest idea of the terrible tragedy which had taken place just a few hundred yards away.

On the other road, at the same time, going in the contrary direction towards the town, were hundreds upon hundreds of rough country waggons built V shape with the sides formed of strong stakes. These were filled with dead bodies, just thrown in and piled carelessly one atop the other, the legs, arms, heads to be seen waggling loosely, as they protruded through the stakes, to the motion of the carts over the rough ill-kept road. And witnessing those two processions, so terribly in contrast, I watched and wondered.

The authorities, with so many other matters of immediate importance on their hands, were staggered. The first order was to house the

bodies in a number of outhouses denoted. It was soon seen that such a course would immediately poison the neighbourhood. As I said, owing to the particular manner of death, the sinews and muscular functions of the victims being reduced to pulp, decomposition set in with quite unwonted rapidity. The bodies rapidly became puffed out to nearly double their natural size, and consequently, where they had been packed close together in restricted space, threatened to burst the walls and spring the roofs, to avoid which they had to be taken out in a hurry. Then the order came to convey the bodies to the Voganoffsky Cemetery.

So, during the entire night, the streets were full of processions of carts off to the cemetery, each filled with its load of corpses.

The scene, when I reached the Voganoffsky Cemetery, was one so full of horror and pathos that it took all one's nerve to stay and witness what was taking place. In and outside were strong pickets of guards taken from the various regiments. Each soldier on duty was provided with a heavy muffler, which half covered his face and was saturated with disinfectants, for the stench was awful.

After some demur, on showing my identification papers, I was allowed to pass through the gate. An officer of whom I inquired where the corpses were, said, " Don't go, it's too awful ! "

I walked on through pickets to the end of the cemetery, a considerable distance, and there came suddenly upon a sight so terrible and heart-rending that I must refrain from going into details. Suffice to say that there were long, seemingly endless rows of dead. Appalling as their appearance had been yesterday, to-day it was far worse. And with that a torrid sunshine beat down pitilessly upon that poor distorted wreckage of humanity which lay all around waiting to be placed under earth. How I longed for a stiff glass of brandy and a bottle of eau-de-Cologne! For I felt very queer.

Away below, hundreds of Moudjiks, in their traditional red blouses, worked as though for life in digging long trenches. They worked at high pressure and were constantly relieved. The trenches were very large, broad enough to hold two bodies, feet to feet, say twelve feet across, and extended the entire length of the churchyard. Hundreds had already been placed under earth, and the entire hillside was covered with corpses ready for interment. Most of them lay in the thinnest of deal coffins, so frail that they fell to pieces in many instances.

Who cared! For one corpse which had a recognising friend or relation at hand, ninety-and-nine there were concerning whose remains none cared.

As I told you, those wild Moudjiks had come

from all parts of the Empire. How sort them out? How recognise them, crushed out of all semblance to their former selves. Moreover, the police had discouraged, even refused, to allow relations to follow their dead.

How well it was that relations had been prevented coming was clearly shown by the few who, somehow or other, were there. The Russians of the lower classes are essentially emotional, and specially demonstrative over their dead. The singing and chanting going on over the naked, terribly mutilated, and decomposed bodies was to be heard from one end of the vast churchyard to the other. In one group the wife had thrown herself down over the head of the brittle coffin, and holding the fragile lid up, chanted a requiem in dull monotonous tones. Now and again she looked up to the people and burst forth into a renewed and monotonous wail of "Batouschka! Batouschka!"

At one spot a big watering-cart was stationed, and around it the people came begging for water wherewith to wash their dead. A father and a mother were carrying a lad of fourteen by the head and feet, taking him to a coffin at some distance, which they had just secured.

Around a long trestle table a number of clerks were writing out orders for coffins. When the people received them they would sit patiently

in lines for hours waiting till the coffins arrived. All the carpenters in Moscow could not make the thin shells fast enough.

A few priests there were who hastily gabbled over services for the dead upon payment of small sums. Failing the priest, many relations were carrying on services for the dead. And throughout all there came the ever-continuous thud of hundreds of swiftly wielded spades, the tramp of troops coming and going, and from without the muffled clamour of the multitude, prevented, yet keenly desirous of witnessing the sad and terrible sights within.

On the night of the catastrophe the Marquis and Marquise de Montebello gave a ball, which was to be the grand event of the coronation festivities, outside of the Court functions. The French Government, for political purposes, had decided to give its Ambassador carte blanche as regards expenditure, and all preparations had accordingly been made on a lavish scale.

Consternation ! Up to the very last moment the acute anxiety, the eagerly asked question, was, " Will the Emperor and Empress come or not ? "

A more brilliant gathering than that assembled on that night at the French Ambassador's palace could not be conceived. Never a more anxious one. Punctually at nine, when every one having a watch had

his eye glued upon it, there was a great rumbling outside, and the Marquis and Marquise with the entire staff of the Embassy, headed by the Comte de Vauvineux, were in the entrance hall to re-receive Their Imperial Majesties. And such a sigh of relief as went up! "Yes, they had come!" And that in spite of the terrible catastrophe, which disaster was now, more or less, public property in spite of all efforts made to keep it secret.

"Did the Emperor know?" That is what was on the tip of the tongues of all. His Majesty, it was noted, on arriving looked just serious, but that was all.

The ball opened, and neither the Emperor nor Empress danced. The beauty of the evening was the sweetly lovely young Crown Princess of Roumania, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. How the Grand Dukes flirted with her!

Well, finally the supper hour came, the Imperial pair and the chosen few disappeared into a special banqueting-room, and I with the majority assembled around an exotically furnished buffet. Whilst there, I saw issuing from the room in which the Imperial party was, two young cousins of the Emperor, the Grand Duke George Michailovitch and his brother the Grand Duke Serge, whom I knew personally. They were evidently very keen upon something or another, and were looking

round and asking questions, and I surmised they were seeking some one. All at once they spied me and advanced rapidly.

"Ah! you're the man we want to see!" they chorused. Wondering what it could possibly be, I joined them. Then out came the answer to what all had asked, whether or no the Emperor had known what had happened that morning on the Khodenskoe Pole.

According to the Grand Dukes, the full truth had been concealed from the Emperor, who had, however, a knowledge that something had taken place.

It had been announced to His Imperial Majesty, after his visit to the Champ de Mars, that a slight accident had taken place. Other reports had come to the Emperor's ears, giving him an idea that, as was so constantly the case, the real truth was being concealed from him. This had been confirmed by something His Majesty had heard at supper. Upon that, he called the two young Grand Dukes to him, and gave them implicit instructions to go out and find some one who had seen what had happened and from him to get at the truth, and also particularly to get to know what the people had said. Both knew I was at the ball, and decided at once that if any one had any details I would be likely to be that particular person. And thus they were able to return to the

Emperor with a very full and detailed account of the disaster.

What the people had said, and which I asked the Grand Dukes to convey to the Emperor, was, and it had been ringing in my ears all day: "There were no police (*Gardavoi*); we were left to die unprotected. If the Little Father (the Emperor) only knew, he would have the authorities punished."

The next day a stringent order from the Emperor called for the determination of those who had been responsible in the matter, and that severe punishment should be administered to the guilty person or persons. As for the people, His Imperial Majesty promised 1000 roubles to each family having suffered loss of life.

But, knowing Russia so well as I do, I most exceedingly doubt either order ever having been properly executed. For the Czar of Czars is, after all, with all his supposed prerogatives, little more than a prisoner in his own country. Around him the Tchinovnicks have long ago erected a Chinese wall of officialdom, so as to make it almost impossible for the Emperor to act independently upon any subject unless it suits their pleasure.

CHAPTER XII

King Alexander of Servia—A pathetic figure—His marriage to his mother's lady-in-waiting—A beautiful woman with a past—Rumours of abdication and divorce—A conversation with King Alexander—His appearance—An emphatic denial—The question of an heir-presumptive—I tell His Majesty a story out of real life—"*There are three things a man should never abandon*"—Queen Draga grants me an audience—Her relations with her husband—The thorns about the crown—"Speak well of us"—A cry from the heart—Royalties and the press—The assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga—Murdered in their bedroom—Pitched through the window.

Of all the people I have met, none impressed me so deeply as a truly pathetic character, so sorely tried by hard destiny, as King Alexander of Servia. Hated and intrigued against by his father, abandoned by his mother, he was pitchforked on to a throne literally bristling with thorns, and, without experience, suddenly called upon to restore order where none had reigned for a score of years, and to try and unite a people divided against itself.

He had travelled round the courts of Europe in search of a bride and had found none. His personal appearance was anything but prepossessing, and the precarious tenure of his throne was so strikingly evident, that it was little wonder that the princesses, who might have

wished to become queens, declined the honour in this particular case.

At last he thought he had found an ideal wife in the lady-in-waiting to his mother, Madame Draga Machin. His insistence upon this union estranged his mother.

As the young and almost friendless King said, so pathetically, "I wanted some one who could understand me, who had had experience of life, who knew the country of which she would be Queen, who would be ready to share with me all the difficulties that are in store."

And so he married a woman very much his senior, a beautiful woman, but whose past did not bear too much looking into.

Scarce had the marriage taken place, when intrigue began to work to undo it. I was Special Correspondent of the *New York Herald* in Vienna early in 1902, when a curious paragraph appeared in the *Neue Freie Presse*, generally accredited as the Austrian official press organ. It was to the effect that the King of Servia was about to abdicate and was pushed in that direction by Queen Draga.

Another report, dated Vienna, simultaneously appeared in most of the English papers as follows :—

"In diplomatic circles here some credence is attached to the rumours that King Alexander of Servia is anxious to sell his throne for a

comfortable round sum, which he hopes Russia will guarantee if he gives his consent to a protégé of that country succeeding him.

"It is believed that Queen Draga has inspired the King with this idea. She is, it is said, tired of being a Queen without the necessary funds to keep up the royal state. She is therefore prepared to exchange all the empty grandeur of her exalted position for the solid comfort of a fortune invested in a manner which will guarantee a happy old age for herself, whatever happens.

"King Alexander is too devoted a husband not to think exactly as his Queen thinks."

The above were followed by a whole series of reports: divorce was to take place, and so on. The King was credited with a desire to get rid of the Queen, and *vice versa*. All this needed investigation, and the only way to get at the truth was to start for Belgrade and find out at headquarters what the truth really was. Taking the night train, and after having gone through a good number of Court formalities, on the day following, at half-past eleven in the morning, I found myself seated *à deux* at the corner of a large table in the Konak at Belgrade. The other occupant was King Alexander. He had refused over and over again to reply to the attacks made upon him, but had decided at last to express himself once and for all through myself, as Correspondent of a great

independent and neutral paper, the *New York Herald*. This he had consented to do, knowing that he would thus obtain a fair hearing in a publication free of all political bias.

I had deferentially urged the King to speak out as plainly as possible, and His Majesty accepted the suggestion *au pied de la lettre*, saying, "Yes! Yes! I will speak out, and you take down every word I say!"

And with that he handed me a ream of white foolscap paper and a big lead-pencil.

His Majesty paused awhile, and during a few moments I had time to examine him thoroughly. He was in an ordinary civilian sack suit of clothes that did not look very nice. He wore a light and cheap-looking made-up sailor knot tie, which had evidently seen much service. A long, full neck, a bullet head, very closely shorn, large ears very far back, dark brown eyes and heavy eyebrows, a low but prominent forehead, weak lower jaw, and boyish expression. He wore big horn-rimmed spectacles over a somewhat bulbous nose, and a moustache to which little attention was paid. He had a general appearance of untidiness.

After the above preliminary hesitation, very natural considering the delicacy of the subject before us, the King spoke out in emphatic and animated style. His small, quick-moving, intelligent eyes were full of expression and feeling

as he spoke of the Queen, and, as the audience wore on, His Majesty displayed much sentiment and considerable excitement.

Yes, His Majesty had read the reports concerning himself and the Queen, including the above-quoted. The following is his reply :—

"You may declare, on my behalf, that all the rumours concerning my abdication, or that there exists any agitation in my country in reference to the successor to the throne, are absolutely false. They can only come from systematic enemies of my dynasty, or from people whose brains are deranged. Such rumours are totally fantastic, and just as probable as would be the report that I ate human flesh, or that the people in the streets of Belgrade had wings."

"And the succession, your Majesty ?"

"For that matter," replied the King, "you have my reply before the Assembly at Nisch, in reply to an address presented me there."

His Majesty had there declared that he did not consider the question one of urgency, and the people agreed with him.

"Is there common sense, I ask you," he resumed, rousing himself considerably and talking swiftly and with raised tone, "at my age and that of the Queen, in the suggestion that there will not be a successor ? Under the circumstances I cannot admit the question at all.

"Had I a brother, general conditions would be different. He would be the natural heir-presumptive. Unfortunately I have none, so there is no family heir.

"But we may have an heir at any moment. It would therefore, in my mind, be only making new complications to appoint an heir-presumptive not attached to me, and who would at once become a pretender. I do not, therefore, with the prospect of twenty or thirty years' reign before me, see the necessity, under the circumstances, of appointing an heir-presumptive. And my people are with me in this matter.

"After a lapse of ten years, should I have no children, the question might be brought up for consideration before the National Assembly. The King of Holland was always being bothered about an heir-presumptive. It was only when he was quite old that a child was born."

"Excuse the question put so crudely, but intentionally so, as the only way of meeting the charge made. Will your Majesty give a reply to the statement that the Queen has urged the abdication for mercenary motives?"

At this the King fixed his large horn-rimmed spectacles, which never left his face, more firmly on the bridge of his nose. Approaching me more closely, leaning well over the corner of the table at which I sat, and in a tone of mingled firmness and indignation he said—

"Neither myself nor the Queen have ever discussed such a question. I had concealed from the Queen the papers containing such notices, but, unfortunately, one fell into her hands. She came to me in great distress, and asked me why I had not told her that such infamous, false, and wicked statements were being published.

"Had I wished to abdicate, I should have done so at the time of my message. My father was then alive, and I could easily have turned over the reins of government to him."

"The Queen would deny——" His Majesty did not give me time to finish.

"Every word of such infamies," replied the King promptly. "The Queen has never thought of abdication. Equally false are the reports of the Queen proposing her brother as heir-presumptive. No, the Queen has never spoken such an infamy."

"It would be all-important, Sire, in settling this question, if Her Majesty would say a word about this."

I had previously indirectly suggested to His Majesty the possibility and advisability of the Queen graciously making a statement. The King gave a look through his big glasses, which awoke in me an idea that audacity might possibly meet with reward, but without answering directly as I would have wished, went on—

"Besides, the entire country is with me in this matter. I can tell you that all such reports concerning the succession, and I say it openly to all the world, are worked up by the late Minister and President of the Council, Vladen Georgevitch, who, many times before my marriage, had discussed the question with me.

"Vladen Georgevitch is now banished from Servia and lives in Vienna. He has written and distributed many articles on the subject, and he is all the while hand and glove with the Karageorgevitch pretender's family."

"Nor has your Majesty considered the question of abdication at any time?"

"Any such reports are false, for the reason *that the post of sovereign is not a position which can be deserted.*"

Here the King, who had hitherto made merry from time to time at the absurdity of the reports concerning himself, adopted a most serious tone and look, saying in measured tones and with emphasis—

"*Should my throne be menaced, I will defend it, sword in hand, at the head of my faithful army, acting in a manner befitting the grandson of the creator of New Servia.*

"How stupid the reports of internal discord are, is shown in the recent journey that I and the Queen made through the country. Everywhere I found expressions and demonstrations

of the most profound loyalty to the dynasty from the Servian people.

"The financial conditions of my country are serious but by no means hopeless. In the military situation there is neither danger nor discontent."

Then, as the audience was drawing to a close, His Majesty poured out his innermost thoughts, saying—

"As for all the ill that is said of the Queen, I cannot understand how people can speak of the Queen of a civilised country in a way which would be indecent of one of the most savage land.

"The Queen," and his face lighted up in a way which left no mistake as to the depth of his love for her, "is much loved throughout the country, and is well known for her great amiability."

I felt it now all-important, for the thorough success of my mission, that I should have an audience with Queen Draga. It was a matter of seconds before the inevitable parting word which would end the audience.

The young King was still wrought with emotion; there was a pause, and he looked at me inquiringly as though asking me mutely, "What next?"

I seized what I construed to be an invitation, and said quite simply, "Might I be allowed to tell your Majesty a story out of real life?"

His Majesty looked somewhat astonished at the unconventionality of the suggestion.

"Yes, certainly!" he replied.

I then, in as few words as possible, narrated to the King the tale of my trip to Murren to see Henry M. Stanley, who, as you will remember, was very loth at first that his wife should be brought into the matter, but, upon consultation with her, came to the conclusion that, after all, the women of the world would never believe a story of married life coming from the man alone and not substantiated by his wife. The King listened carefully, and, as he grasped the point of the anecdote, began to smile and finally to laugh. Then I knew that my cause was won.

"Aha!" he said, laughing aloud, "I understand. You want to have an audience with the Queen. All right, I will go and tell her your story about Stanley, and perhaps she will take the same view as Mrs. Stanley did. Wait! It must be soon, as I understand that you wish to catch the Orient Express this afternoon."

As His Majesty rose to go to the Queen's apartment he paused and said, "There is a proverb in our family which Miloch Obrenovitch was very fond of using, and which I endorse most heartily. It is this: '*There are three things a man should never abandon—his wife, power, or a good horse.*'"

Half an hour later I was ushered into a snug little boudoir hung and upholstered with material from the handlooms of Servia—those simple yet artistic materials, all red and white, mostly Greek patterns, half-embroidery, half-tapestry. Queen Draga rose from a settee as I entered, and with a winning smile bade me welcome.

A most charming and attractive picture the Queen of Servia presented, in a very smart and evidently Parisian-made tea-gown of a dark brocade with design of large pink flowers, brown hair—*bien coiffée*—great big pleading brown eyes, and an undeniable expression of kindness on a very pleasing face. Queen Draga looked to me as little like the political *intrigante* as any one I had ever seen.

Nervous she was, and evidently looked upon my audience as a momentous event. In order to give Her Majesty time to compose herself, I explained how important it was, in order to thoroughly refute the charges made, that not only the King, but she herself, should speak out. Otherwise that I would never have thought of disturbing her.

Queen Draga replied most graciously to the effect that she fully appreciated my motives, and felt that it was right and necessary that she should give her confirmation to what the King had stated. She explained that the false reports previously made had been passed over by herself

and the King with the silence of contempt, in the hope that such attacks would wear themselves out.

Without waiting for me to put the first question, Queen Draga said—

"I consider the King to be a clever man. He knows his political men and his country thoroughly well. He is fully capable of conducting political matters himself. On such subjects, therefore, he needs no advice from me, and I should be incapable of giving him any. I am fully engaged in what seems to me to be the fitting occupation for any one in my position—that is, in work connected with charities."

"Excuse the question . . . ?"

I had just got so far when the Queen, with true womanly instinct, interpreted that which I would rather not have asked by cutting me short.

"Yes," she said, "you would like to know about the reports of my relations with the King." This was said eagerly, as though the subject was one she would gladly approach. "All reports which say ill of our relations are abominable calumnies. I would not wish anything better to my dearest friends than that they should enjoy the thorough happiness in their married lives that we do. The King is affectionate and kind; there is no cloud between us."

They had then been married about a year and a half.

"Report credits your Majesty with urging the King to resign in return for financial benefits?"

Queen Draga looked pained. "I know," replied Her Majesty, "they stop at nothing. But why, when evil-minded people take the trouble to spread false reports, don't they go to the pains of getting somewhere near the truth?

"Abdicate! Why should we abdicate? Absurd idea! I ask you, is there any common sense, anything logical, in the idea that a man of his age—he is but twenty-five—should be unlikely to have children?

"When the King married me I expected opposition. My success, my entire happiness, was bound to make me enemies. I know the world. I knew that there would be thorns about that crown. I was prepared. But what I do not comprehend is the endless continuation of the campaign of lies, that this persecution should be kept up so long. It is too bad."

At this point Her Majesty, who had been nervously inclined all along, and especially when speaking of the attacks made upon her, showed unmistakable signs of breaking down, and it was under such conditions that the audience came to its close.

"*Dites du bien de nous!*" said Queen Draga, as I left her presence.

As regards the above interviews, my clever and versatile compatriot, T. P. O'Connor—who from experience ought to know a thing or two about journalism—wrote and published as follows in his weekly paper, *M.A.P.* :—

"I don't think I have read for many years anything that interested and amused me so much as the interview with the King and Queen of Servia which has just been published in the *New York Herald.* It really marks almost the high-water line of the omnipotence of the journalist of to-day. Whatever decay or decrease of prestige and power there may be in other institutions—from royalties downwards—the journalist goes on augmenting in authority and influence. He is the friend and even, to some extent, the master of princes and principalities; everybody pays him court; he is the one great monarch whom everybody continues to fear and pay tribute to.

"Unconsciously the Correspondent gives a picture of himself in some of his observations. He gives the questions he asked the King, and certainly it requires something of what may be called 'courage' to ask such questions, and especially of a monarch.

"There is another self-revelation in the interview which is delightful. The interviewer, having

got an interview with the King, is seized with the noble ambition of getting another with the Queen, but that was a somewhat delicate request. So he tells him a story with a parable to it, which serves the purpose."

After narrating several points of the interview, T. P. ends up: "But there is one final touch which is more remarkable and eloquent than anything which went before. It is really so prodigious that I am inclined to note it as marking an epoch in the history of royalty in Europe. '*Dites du bien de nous*,' said Queen Draga. That is what a Queen asks of an American journalist. It is one of those pathetic cries from the heart which only a woman could utter. It is the democratisation of royalty—it is perhaps part of the Americanisation of the whole world—which is one of the most astounding and far-reaching portents of our time."

Personally, as I have before said, the contact into which I have come with various royalties and personalities has been more than sufficient to convince me that they are just exactly the same as the rest of us, only in most cases, owing to their mode of bringing up, strangely innocent of the ways of the world. Most of them live an intensely dull life, and are thankful beyond measure if you tell them a good joke. Being exactly as human as other people, they make the same average number of mistakes in life, just

like any of us might. And so, when they get into trouble, they are similarly as much in want of the Correspondent as any one else.

In this particular case the daily libels and calumnies, which had been appearing regularly in the papers of Europe and America, ceased at once. Their continuation would have meant the prolongation of a constant and extreme pain and source of anxiety and worry to the King and Queen. The defeat of their cowardly and anonymous enemies using a corrupt and vindictive-minded press for the attainment of their vile purposes could only be accomplished by some big, strong, and independent press organ stepping in and letting the world know the truth.

King Edward of England and King Leopold of the Belgians, who may be taken as the two most worldly and worldly-wise monarchs, were keenly appreciative of the power of the press for good or harm. And the close connections both had with the press are well known to all those who were at all intimate with those two rulers. The great and honest newspaper is of itself a sort of superior court of justice. In the general cause of equity, as in a court of law, it may be necessary to touch upon unpleasant details in order to bring out the truth and confound the viperous human beings who "live to libel and libel to live."

Eighteen months later, whilst I was in Petersburg, busied in watching the diplomatic fight between Japan and Russia—which I knew long beforehand was destined to end in war the moment Japan was ready—the tragic news came from Belgrade to the effect that King Alexander and Queen Draga had been assassinated by those very officers detailed to watch over their safety, and who had taken the solemn oath of allegiance to serve and obey the King whose uniform they wore.

A baser and more cowardly crime has never simultaneously disgusted, startled, and horrified the civilised world. It was at eleven o'clock on a certain Wednesday evening that the military conspirators began to put their long conceived and arranged murderous plans into execution. Neither King Alexander nor Queen Draga had the slightest inkling of anything serious brewing, and were utterly unaware of coming danger.

Silently, a battalion of infantry was marched out from barracks, headed by some forty of the revolutionary officers, and every approach to the palace was rapidly occupied. The guards inside the palace had been corrupted, and, when the officers called for admittance, the palace doors were flung wide open.

One officer alone remained faithful to his trust, Captain Panagalovitch. He, single-

handed, tried to stop the inrush and was forthwith shot, falling across the threshold. The arch-traitor was Colonel Naumovitch, who, in spite of being aide-de-camp to the King, and recipient of many royal favours, played the part of Judas. It was he who led the conspirators to the apartments of the King and Queen.

The palace was in absolute darkness, and apparently the assassins had omitted to provide themselves with lights. Accordingly they groped along the passages, feeling their way towards the royal chambers, and in doing so necessarily made a good deal of noise. Owing to this, the King and Queen were aroused.

Just before reaching the royal apartments the conspirators were met by Adjutant Lazapetrovitch and Captain Milovitch. Both were shot down whilst attempting to defend their King and Queen. This concluded, the band found itself separated from the King by only one door, which was not only barred, but apparently barricaded by the monarch himself. They loudly summoned him to open, but the King resolutely refused. It was then that Colonel Naumovitch went forward, and with his own hand laid down dynamite, which he lighted. With this the door was forced down, and at the same time the traitorous Colonel was killed by his own treachery, for he was blown to bits.

The officers rushed into the apartment, pistol

in hand, and fired simultaneously upon the King, who at the last moment made an effort to escape from the bed which he had evidently just vacated. He was riddled with shots, and fell dead in his tracks.

Then they were like maddened wolves thirsting for blood, and there came the still more cowardly scene of the killing of the Queen. She rose, and amidst her terrified screams met the same fate, in like manner, as her husband.

One might have thought that enough had been done to satiate the utmost vindictiveness. But no! Shameful and incredible as it may seem, the conspirators were still unsatisfied, and in their search for vengeance they in their uniforms took the two bodies of the sovereigns one after the other, and, uttering wild yells, threw the corpses from the windows, as they were in their nightshirts, into the garden below, where they lay, if I remember right, for twenty-four hours.

This last act of barbarity, coming atop of the double crime, brought forth a cry of indignation and disgust from the world over, and there arose a serious question in the Chancellories of the world, that Servia should no longer be diplomatically recognised.

The conspirators themselves gave interviews. They told of how the brothers of the murdered Queen—who I believe were themselves also

assassinated—had the intention of dominating the entire land and eventually succeeding to the throne. But none believed them.

And thus ended King Alexander's ambitions and Queen Draga's dreams.

CHAPTER XIII

Is Kaiser Wilhelm's opinion right?—The "Special Correspondent"—A human chameleon—What is demanded of him—Bismarck and the linguist—A confidence regarding the Russo-Japanese War—The Hague Conference—Ex-Ambassador Choate—The smallest delegate makes the longest speech—The "Terrible Tattenbach"—A wondrous visit to Persia—The death of Shah Muzaffer-ed-Din—His wailing wives pull their hair out by the roots—The Persian Parliament—The President's place of honour—Acting War Correspondent in the Balkans—Repulsed at the point of the bayonet—War Correspondents a nuisance—A defence of the censors—The hardships of the campaign—Bennet Burleigh and Frederic Villiers—Sir Edward Grey's unfortunate intervention—A big political blunder—The mockery of the London Conference—A revolutionary period in St. Petersburg—The blackguardly Cossack—A chance meeting with the Kaiser—He attends a "Bierabend"—Two Ambassadors blister their hands to please the Kaiser—The cleverest monarch I have known—Leopold of the Belgians—Full of fun—His monstrous bad habit—King Humbert of Italy—The Empress Eugenie—A chat with King Ferdinand of Bulgaria—M. Venizelos, the "Greek Bismarck"—Eight pounds a week as Premier and Minister of War—Thoughts on my vocation.

How many hundreds of times, since adopting this roaming and bohemian vocation, known under the name of Special Correspondent, have I been asked by people, curious to know, for one reason or another, "What is it? How does one get to be a Special Correspondent?"

The Emperor William, who has not been lucky in his experiences with the press, smarting beneath the lash of newspaper criticism of the bitterest kind, permitted himself to say that a newspaper Correspondent needed neither any

special preparation nor education for his task. Is that illustrious monarch correct?

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, whose opinion is of much greater value, on account of his wide experience, defined to me one day the Special Correspondent of the right kind, as a man, "half-diplomat, half-detective." That is an apt aphorism.

My definition of him is that he must be, metaphorically, a human chameleon, ready to assimilate himself with his surroundings whatever they be. To be the least use at all, he needs to be endowed with a particularly elastic temperament, be able to accommodate himself to all kinds of company, to feel equally at home with an emperor or a prize-fighter. He must be able to gain the confidence of all kinds and degrees of people, to have an iron constitution and nerves of steel. He must have health to stand all kinds of climates, undergo any sort of hardships, cut himself adrift from all family ties, give up any idea of a home, and be ready at any time, at a moment's notice, to start off and risk his health or even life in any of the hundreds of ways which the news necessity of the moment may indicate. Periodically he will have to forgo, for months at a time, all comfort, and to live in dirty and unsanitary surroundings, as I have done in the Island of Crete, Mustapha Pasha, Teheran, and many other places.

The Special Correspondent is useless, unless polyglottic. Many people appear to imagine that a smattering of languages is sufficient qualification to become a Correspondent—a great mistake. Languages are merely an adjunct, the ABC of the calling.

Did you ever hear the story of Bismarck and the young man who spoke languages? The parents of the youth, desirous of obtaining for him an appointment, had recited to the Iron Chancellor a number of supposed qualities, possessed by the aspirant, of purely negative worth, at which the great man only shook his head dubiously. At last the pair sprang what they considered their trump card: "Ah, Prince, he can talk French, Italian, Spanish, a little Russian——"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Bismarck, intervening, "what an admirable hotel porter he would have made!"

In addition to the above-mentioned qualities of physique, mentality, and moral character, the Special Correspondent must necessarily be possessed of a fluent pen, a descriptive power in writing, an ability to compose and write articles under the most difficult conditions and surroundings, and, above all, to have a "nose for news," in other words, an instinctive intuition as to finding out where news is, and a quick and ready initiative, so as to know what to do at

once, whatever turns up. There you have the difference between the Reporter and the Special Correspondent. The Reporter receives detailed instructions, of what he is to do and how to do it, from the Editor. The Special Correspondent acts almost entirely upon his own initiative.

If the Special is to be a success he must have an extensive connection with diplomats, statesmen, and not only that, but have their confidence, otherwise he will rarely obtain what is known in the newspaper world as "exclusive news." He must himself have a reputation of being a valuable purveyor of realistic news items of interest in the Chancellories, otherwise he will never become a *persona grata* there. He must be able to impart interesting news, otherwise he will never get any given him.

I remember once, being at the time Correspondent in Petersburg, and being on very friendly terms with Marquis Nishi, the Japanese Minister, and one day, after I had communicated to that diplomat some news of special interest to his country, he said, "I know I can trust you to keep silent. In eight years' time, Japan will make war upon Russia!"

My astonishment was immense. "What!" I said, "Japan make war on Russia!"

"Yes," he replied, "inevitably. And you will see, that when it takes place, Russia will be found utterly unprepared."

Eight years later I was again in Petersburg. This time the Japanese Minister was M. Kurino. "There is going to be no war," he assured me.

"There is going to be war, your Excellency!"

M. Kurino gave a quick, sharp look. He had just returned from the Foreign Office, where he had assured Count Lamsdorff that Japan had no warlike intentions.

"What makes you say that?"

"Because Marquis Nishi told me, eight years ago, that Japan would make war on Russia in eight years' time!"

"It was told you in confidence—keep it as such," he replied.

At that moment Marquis Nishi was in Tokio, and formed part of the Ministry which was organising the details of the sudden attack upon Russia which occurred a few days later.

And, as Nishi had said, Japan found Russia quite unprepared.

In this small book I have been unable to give you anything beyond a very few incidents which go to fill up my experiences as a Special Correspondent. As my good and gifted friend, Sidney Whitman, the historian, said to me: "Why, you have enough material for three books!"

I would like to have taken you with me during the time of the Russo-Japanese War, which I passed in Russia, and have told you of

the scenes which took place when the news came of disaster after disaster. For the Russians were defeated in seventeen distinct engagements. And of the far more terrible and exciting times of the revolution, after the campaign, a revolution which had been hatched during the time of the war, when the subterranean dwellings which the Russian soldiers had dug out for themselves, to escape the terrible cold, were simply filled with revolutionary literature, so that when the soldiers, discontented, beaten by the enemy, ill-fed, returned home, each one of them, of himself, formed a spark of revolutionism, ready to break out into fire at any moment. Many regiments were never brought back at all, because it was known that they had been so impregnated with the revolutionary sentiment that the Government feared to have them return home.

I would have liked to have taken you, in these pages, to the last Hague Conference, at which the peace delegates, mostly old men, were so jealous of one another that their bickerings and quarrellings would have fairly filled a book of themselves. How then the biggest and burliest man of the Conference, ex-Ambassador Choate, was rendered furious and persistently contradicted by a little monkey-like being called Ruy Barbosa, the Brazilian representative, the smallest man of all the delegates, but who could make the longest speeches of any one.

It would have been a pleasure to have had you with me at the Algeciras Conference, and introduced you to the "Terrible Tattenbach," as I had christened that rudest and roughest of German delegates, whose brusquerie of manners was such that conferences had constantly to be adjourned, as the French delegate, Regnault, almost in tears, refused to be further insulted by the mannerless Teuton.

And having been behind the scenes on that occasion, I would like to have told you of the constant adjournments of the conferences which took place, because there was no reply from Germany, and how it was that the "no reply" meant the delay caused by the *eminence noire* of the Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse, Von Holstein, who was urging all he could that Germany should declare war on France, whereas the Chancellor von Bülow, not over-sure of his position with the Kaiser, strained every nerve in the cause of peace, and finally at the last moment overthrew his rival.

It would have been a pleasure to me to have been able to tell you about a wondrous visit I made to Persia to be present at the death of the Shah Muzaffer-ed-Din, who persistently and obstinately refused to die, to the great consternation of his nation and the astonishment of a German professor of the name of Damsch, who had been summoned from Göttingen. How it

was that Damsch kept constantly announcing the imminent demise of the monarch, upon which event, according to the Court etiquette of Persia, the wives of the so-called "King of Kings" were called upon to come in, surround the bed of the dying monarch, wail and howl and pull their hair out by the roots. And then when every one thought the Shah happily dead, and were inwardly rejoicing thereat, the monarch had a way of reviving which upset all medical and political calculations. And at last it was Damsch who nearly died from the strain of the constant vigils. Then there was no money in the Imperial coffers to pay Damsch, and finally it had to be borrowed, but only with the utmost difficulty, from the English Bank.

It might have been amusing to hear of the foundation of the Medjelis (parliament), wherein all the members sat on their hams on the floor, and the President was given the place of honour in the fireplace. All those and a thousand more things have come in my way, but cannot be told in a book of the moderate size which the public demands to-day.

My experience as a Special Correspondent is, that the older he gets the more severe are the "details" he is asked to carry out. In other callings it is the contrary. One of my last of interest was to be asked to go as War Correspondent with the Bulgarians.

Since the invention of smokeless powder and the simultaneous intensive development of rapid communication by cable and telegraph, the War Correspondent, in my opinion, as an effective unit, has no longer any place. Knowing this, I went unwillingly to the front, and what happened was about as follows. We started off from Sofia, no less than seventy-four so-called War Correspondents. Anything more ridiculous than that hustling, bustling procession to the station when they left for the front cannot be conceived. The costumes of some of them, especially the less experienced, were truly ludicrous. One might have thought from the outfits of many of them that they were about to undertake a polar expedition. The war had been going on some ten days before this pack of Correspondents was let loose. But let loose is the wrong term, for they were merely sent off to a convenient and exceedingly dirty place, 100 kilometres from the nearest scene of action, called Stara Zagora, where, to their intense dismay and mortification, they found that they were little better than prisoners under the severest kind of censorship.

The disgust and fury of those Correspondents, most of whom counted upon this event for the making of their reputations, was to me a source of constant interest and at times of amusement. The French Correspondents, specially the five representing the one sou papers,

were in a state little short of rabid. And all the while they were receiving wrathy dispatches from their respective newspapers, upbraiding them with the crime of not sending any news. The military staff was absolutely mum, and invisible. I tried to gain admittance to the staff headquarters, and was repulsed at the point of the bayonet.

Now and again the French Correspondents, who generally interviewed the Minister of Railroads, *faute de mieux*, would make up some kind of a dispatch and send it off at triple rates. There was one very lame wire. Often it was ten hours after the copy had been given in, and it had not been touched by the operator. Anyhow, whatever copy was allowed to be sent was purely general, that is to say, it had passed through the fine comb criticism of the Censor, who had sterilised its news interest to the vanishing point. We were forbidden to write about movements of troops, of any engagements, of the sick and wounded, or mention any names. In fact, we were prohibited writing of anything which might be of the slightest interest.

Personally I was not disillusionised, because I had never had any illusions. I had studied the rules drawn out by the censorship, and had beforehand pictured things exactly as they were. I go further still and affirm that in these days no other treatment can be meted out to

newspaper Correspondents. They must necessarily be a plague and a curse to the staff of any army. Ordinary news is of no use to the Special Correspondent. What he seeks is extraordinary news. But any news which is of extraordinary interest to the public must necessarily be of extraordinary interest to the enemy. A bit of such news leaking out may mean a lost battle, a sacrifice of hundreds, yea, even thousands, of lives.

Throughout that portion of the campaign in which I had the ill-luck to figure as a War Correspondent, I invariably sided with the censors, as against the irate and quite irrational scribes who poured abuse and insult upon them. They censored everything, even to private letters and photographs. They confiscated our passes, they circumscribed our movements within a few kilometres, they misled us as much as possible. But they were right. The fate of their country depended upon secrecy observed.

Having explained, as above, how I stood on the side of discipline and order, I may be allowed to ask how it was that the Bulgarian Government came to allow, even encourage, as it did, such a number of Special Correspondents to go to the front and then treat them as badly as it did. It would have been perfectly easy to have said, "Let ten go!" and then have taken some little care of them.

I have had the opportunity lately of mentioning the matter to King Ferdinand. His reply was, " I heard all about it, and am most sorry ! "

As it was, we were first sent to Stara Zagora, and, a week later, to our great delight, were told that the King had given ten of us special permits to go to Mustapha Pasha, a small town which had been captured from the Turks and about thirty kilometres away from Adrianople. But what did we find there ? Merely this. That instead of the handsome treatment which had been dangled before our eyes when in Sofia—namely, that we would be fed, horsed, and housed—we were just assigned to deserted houses to shift as best we might. As for food and horses they were *non est.* And there I lay at nights, for six weeks, upon a dirty mattress on the floor, in the cold and damp of midwinter, kept awake by the incessant racing and fighting of innumerable rats, lighting my own fire—in a sort of kitchen we had invented—of a morning with wood I had to chop and saw myself; picking up food where I could and cooking it myself; and entirely without the most ordinary sanitary arrangements, and, above all, the means of washing. I had to draw water from a contaminated well by means of a bucket attached to a long cord.

Never have I, in my life, been so dirty as I was then. Twice, in despair at the state I was in, I jumped into the frozen waters of the

Maritza, composed merely of the melted snows from the adjacent mountains. But the Maritza flooded, and it became impossible to bathe. Bread was only to be obtained with the greatest difficulty by bribery, for the bakeries were requisitioned by the military, and the strictest orders were that soldiers only should receive supplies. When by strategy, generally by bribing a soldier, bread was obtained, it was so full of sand that it was almost uneatable.

I had a guide, a man named Dashkaloff, but he neither knew how to light a fire, get up early, nor cook, and, as a caterer, although I knew but a few words of the language, I could beat him to a frazzle. Besides, all the while he wailed and moaned and wanted to go home. In fact nearly all the guides, except mine, did desert. They couldn't stand the hardships. But experience shows that all guides are about the same—equally worthless—and are always ready to desert in time of trouble, when they are most needed.

The streets of Mustapha, owing to the immense heavy traffic of big siege guns travelling over them, became utterly decomposed, and perpetual rains converted them into a river of mud, with holes at intervals, into which my horse would sink up to the knees. Then, to make bad worse, the Maritza rose and flooded a good part of the town and all the country around.

Both dear old Bennet Burleigh, most experienced of War Correspondents, and Frederic Villiers, that suave and talented War Artist, who have together seen most of the war campaigns for the past thirty years, agreed that the stay at Mustapha Pasha, the miseries of life there, together with the bad treatment of the Correspondents, entirely put in the shade anything they had previously experienced in any war.

Very soon the less hardened Correspondents began to fall out. Then a considerable number were ejected for undisciplined conduct, till, finally, very few of us were left. That magnificent specimen of hale and hearty vigour and manhood at advanced age, Bennet Burleigh, persuaded me to stop, his opinion being that the Bulgarians would certainly take Adrianople and that we would see the fall. We never did.

Night after night the sky was lit up with the glare of fire from the siege guns, which belched forth tons and tons of shot and shell upon the city, held so bravely by Schruckri, surnamed "the madman," for in Turkey all men of energy are deemed mad.

And sleep was made impossible from the thundering of the heavy artillery and the perpetual cracking of the deadly shrapnel fire. Every night we thought the city must certainly fall. Each morning General Ivanoff, commander of the third army, to which we were

attached, sent us messages that the end was near. At the same time he ordered that the measures taken to prevent the War Correspondents going to the front should be more than ever rigorously enforced.

Clothed in a long military grey cloak, wearing an astrakhan kalpak, such as the Bulgarian officers affected, I was taken to the lines overlooking Adrianople, about ten kilometres from the city. I saw little or nothing. All the active work was done at night. But the officer who took me out was severely reprimanded, and from that time onward, both officers and soldiers were strictly forbidden to have any intercourse whatsoever with War Correspondents.

Three English Correspondents who rode to the adjacent railroad station, three kilometres away, were arrested for being there without leave. The Red Cross headquarters was at the station, and the Bulgarians were deadly frightened lest Correspondents should hear from the wounded what was taking place at the front.

After the big engagement at Lulu Burgas, in which the Turks were badly worsted, both sides were ready to make peace. And, undoubtedly, peace could have been concluded on the spot within three days if the belligerents had been left to themselves. Turkey was then prepared to give up Adrianople, with the proviso

that her religious rights be respected, and the Selim Mosque left them. But through the most unfortunate intervention of Sir Edward Grey, and the grave mistake of his calling a conference in London, an armistice took place, with the deplorable results since seen. It represented one of the cruellest of many examples of the folly of the Powers intervening and meddling themselves in the affairs of small states.

At the time of the political blunder of the calling of the London Conference, both the Turks, and the Bulgarians and Servians were in a state verging on exhaustion. Immediate peace at all risks was necessary. The weather was terrible. The commissariat of all three Balkan states was demoralised. The unfortunate troops around Adrianople had been months in the trenches, and the usual and various forms of camp illnesses were rife. It was icy cold. Fuel there was scarce any at all. At such a moment to call a conference in London was nothing short of criminal. It lasted many weeks; nothing was done. The delegates were feasted and fêted, entertained at the Mansion House. Most of them were simple folk, who lived on meagre fare at home, and there they were, out on what the Americans term a "junket," a sort of perpetual picnic, eating, for example, at the Mansion House, turtle soup,

served in gold plates. And the sleek portentous personages who represented the Powers, having the conceit to imagine that they could arrange everything, met periodically, as though time were of no importance, and arrived at conclusions which were quite futile and inacceptable.

When I hear of the representatives of the Powers meeting, I always remember the words of my good friend the late German Ambassador in Constantinople, Marschall von Bieberstein. He said, "You can get two of the Powers to agree often, three seldom, more almost impossible."

And whilst that mockery, known as the London Conference, was wasting time in vain discussions, each day hundreds of men were dying in the trenches or contracting various forms of illnesses, the outcome of exposure, which left them cripples for life. In such ways the London Conference must have cost at least ten thousand victims. It ruined the Bulgarian nation and left it so weak that the Turks were eventually able to retake Adrianople.

I was absolutely the last Correspondent to leave Mustapha Pasha, Bennet Burleigh, the last but one, and my good friend Frederic Villiers had left two days previously in utter disgust. Thanks to a good supply of that most excellent and best of tonics, Phosferine, without which I never travel, I attribute the fact that I was able to last out

through those miserable six weeks of hardships and privations and remain in the best of health and spirits. And that in the midst of most unsanitary conditions, lying on the floor at nights in a room full of draughts, as neither the window nor door fitted their frames, with sleep made difficult owing to the rats, constant bombardments, and perpetual invasion of our premises by belated soldiers seeking shelter. As for the town of Mustapha, when I left it had become so disgustingly dirty, for lack of drainage, for the Turks do not know what sanitation means, so contaminated by the constant presence of such masses of soldiers, that it had been decided by the authorities that the only thing to be done to prevent an epidemic was to burn the whole place down.

I mention the above incidents at Mustapha Pasha to show that the Special Correspondent, in addition to a number of other qualities, must be endowed by nature with an iron constitution. He must be able to stand all kinds of privations, he must be a skilled horseman, be able to ride any kind of horse, and all day long if necessary. He has therefore to keep himself in constant training. Not only his muscles but also his interior must be proof against derangements, illnesses, feeblenesses, for a man who is liable to get ill is absolutely no use as a Special Correspondent.

His brain must be proof against all fatigue, for as I have shown you in the Panama trip, after being out all day in a trying climate, intense heat, made the more difficult to bear owing to the dampness with which the air is saturated, when the rest of the party, like himself, returns fatigued and worn his work is only half over, indeed, his hardest task is yet to come.

The Special Correspondent must have a knowledge of any number of things, and be prepared to undertake anything at any time: to risk his life, to go where epidemics are raging, up in a balloon or down a coal-pit.

In the Island of Crete, for instance, I was submitted to much danger and hardship. It was at the time of one of the many revolutions when the Turks still had tenure. The Cretans fell foul of me because I had given the Turkish side of the question after having most fully given the Greek. One day I received an invitation to go up country and there meet some of the revolutionary leaders. I had embarked in a big fishing-boat to get to my destination. But the port authorities would not grant the necessary permit to leave Canea, because it had come to their knowledge that the whole thing was a plan to kidnap me. Once up country they intended to kill me.

Being boycotted by the only hotel and the

one decent restaurant, I had to sleep in a room without windows, in a hammock, a prey to swarms of mosquitoes, fleas, and ants, and had to take my meals on the sidewalk, where a Turk provided me with strange dishes cooked with pungent-tasting fat, and the pariah dogs, half-starved animals who had swarmed into the town from the devastated villages around, sat around me by the scores, and menaced my proprietary rights to the pilaff on my plate.

In Petersburg, for a long while during the time of the revolution, it was as much as one's life was worth to venture out into the streets at night, yet duty called me forth each evening. The police were helpless in the face of the general strike, and the hooligans had matters entirely to themselves. In the three cholera epidemics of Valencia, Hamburg, and Petersburg, I was constantly and in duty bound to be where the contagion was centred.

Apropos of those revolutionary periods in Petersburg, the usual police forces being inadequate, and the military uncertain as regards loyalty, those worst of all blackguards, the Cossacks, were sent in to do patrol work.

Some people I have met hold the mistaken idea that the Cossack is a magnificent fellow. He looks most picturesque, and his uniform is glorious; but he himself is a born outlaw and

robber. He will not submit to ordinary military rules of discipline, but has to be treated upon much more liberal lines. But he is loyal to the Czar.

When the Cossacks, therefore, were put on to patrol duty, on the fashionable Nevsky, for instance, where they were liable to meet well-to-do people, their delight was immense. This is what took place. As every one knows, the Cossacks are the handiest riders in the world, and can do all kinds of tricks a-horseback. This particular ability they now used in the following manner. Whenever they saw any one with a good fur coat on, likely to have a wad of roubles in his pocket, they would forthwith ride on to the sidewalk, surround him, nip him up, and carry him to the centre of the street, where they rapidly went through his pockets, took everything of value easily portable, money, watch, and so forth, gave him a few smart lashes with their nagaikas (leather whips, a sort of cat-o'-nine-tails), and let him go, knowing full well that under existing conditions, namely, a state of siege, no complaints by civilians could be entertained.

In those days every one, except perhaps myself, went about armed. I was dining one evening at my friend Grabovsky's house, and we were seven. As usual the conversation turned upon the numerous assaults and robberies in the streets. I suggested a show of weapons. Grabovsky led with a murderous-looking knuckle-

duster and a loaded life-preserver. The rest produced between them five revolvers and two life-preservers. I myself had nothing, being a staunch advocate of the naked fist as the quickest and handiest weapon known. Having long been a pupil of Professor "Ned" Donolly, one of the finest teachers of boxing I have ever known, I have the firmest belief that a quick right and left, or a short arm jab on the point of the jaw of an assailant, is far more effective than a revolver, which generally misses fire at the critical moment, or gets knocked out of the hand; or more likely still is, that whilst you are fumbling to find it t'other fellow knocks you senseless. Besides, the feeling of carrying a revolver in most cases gives an itching desire to use it, most dangerous, and which has in innumerable cases made murderers of men who otherwise would never have become criminals.

As regards myself, I consider the life of a Special Correspondent one of the finest in the world. If he knows his business, all doors are open to him. In my experience it has brought me into direct contact with one Emperor, two Empresses, seven Kings, and Princes, Grand Dukes, Premiers, Ambassadors, and Ministers innumerable. To have met and been intimate with such men as De Lesseps and Pasteur is of itself a right pleasant reminiscence. Through it I have become a long-time friend of the talented

and charming authoress, Miss Marie Corelli, who has a more profound knowledge of Shakespeare in the tip of her little finger than all the Shakespearians rolled into one.

I have never sought an interview of Kaiser Wilhelm, *l'Empereur touche à tout*, as the French call him. But he has made a speech before a medical gathering in which he talked of my cholera experiences, and words have passed between us.

One afternoon I had come aboard a friend's yacht from Kiel to Eckenförde. I had landed to take a walk. The water there is very shallow, and a narrow plank jetty is built, extending many hundreds of yards out into the bay, for the convenience of those wishing to land from row-boats. I had gone about half length towards the water when, of a sudden, I looked up and saw the Emperor, in plain serge yachting-suit, coming along within a few yards. As he came up to me, His Imperial Majesty stopped, drew himself up, saluted, and said in German, "Good-day!"

Not knowing exactly what to do, I suddenly had the happy thought, "When amongst the Germans, do as the Germans do!" Now, when a German salutes you, he gives his name, and etiquette makes it incumbent on you to give yours.

Kaiser Wilhelm, I thought, might easily

think the salute enough, counting upon it that I knew his name.

So I just said, "Your Majesty, my name is Stanhope."

The Kaiser, who appeared in a hurry, replied quickly, "Good afternoon, Mr. Stanhope, I hope you are enjoying yourself!" And with that he passed on. This small incident struck me as a most courteous example of spontaneous good nature on the part of the German Emperor.

That evening, however, I saw and heard a great deal of His Imperial Majesty, for all those who had taken part in the cruise from Kiel to Eckenförde were invited to a "Bierabend" in the local casino. My party was seated at a table next but one to that occupied by the Kaiser, who, abandoning all formalities, became the simple yachtsman, and drank quantities of beer like every one else. On one side of His Imperial Majesty was Lord Lonsdale, on the other Prince Bülow, both exceedingly genial persons, in whose company the Kaiser enjoyed himself immensely, talked incessantly, and gesticulated all the while as he spoke. He drank glass after glass of beer, and when he had finished one tumblerful, the waiters, without asking, brought him another, and so on.

The Kaiser was always very gay when on his yachting trips, and one of his great amusements was to get important personages aboard his

racing yacht, and to make them haul ropes, from which unusual work they naturally got sore hands. In one race he had two American Ambassadors hauling away might and main, Mr. Charlemagne Tower and Mr. von Lengerke Meyer. Both came back very proud of their work, but with blistered hands.

By far and away the cleverest of the monarchs I have known was Leopold of the Belgians, and I knew him best of all. He was full of fun. Once, when I went to see him on the matter of the Referendum, I was dressed up as a Belgian senator, in a wondrous uniform heavily beladen with gold braid, cocked hat with white feathers, court sword, and all complete.

After dinner the King, I noticed, kept looking round the room. It was for me. His keen glance fell upon me once or twice, but he could not believe his eyes. Then he sent his Chamberlain to look for me.

I shall never forget the way in which His Majesty laughed when he saw me thus outfitted. "Where did you get it?" the King asked, laughing immoderately.

I had borrowed it from a senator, for, on that evening, the dinner was for senators only, and I had to leave the next day. So I had gone thus disguised.

But King Leopold of the Belgians had what, to my mind, was a monstrous bad habit. That

is to say, that he insisted that a dinner at the Palace should never last more than an hour. Upon this matter he was exceedingly precise and uncompromising. The courses altogether, including dessert, were twelve in number. Now, if you like to try it, you will find how exceedingly difficult it is to get through a dozen courses in sixty minutes. As far as I remember, there were three flunkeys to each guest. But it was just a case of eat or talk. Personally I am very fond of conversation at meal-time. The result was that when I dined at the Palace at Brussels I talked, and dish after dish was removed from before me almost untouched. I went and supped in the town later.

It may not be generally known that King Leopold was the active and practical founder of the Wagons-Lits organisation, whereby travel all over Europe was made luxurious for those who had money to pay. One day he asked me what I thought of the hotels of the Wagons-Lits. I replied that they were what they were called, palaces, but that their organisation was abominable. "Ah yes!" he said, "that is what I always told Nagelmakers." Monsieur Negelmakers was the managing director of the company.

Four out of the seven kings I have known were assassinated. Firstly, that most excellent monarch, King Humbert. A more wanton act

than the murder of that monarch cannot be imagined. When I had an audience with him in Rome, his principal interest was concerning the Italian working man who emigrated to the United States, and how he fared there. And His Majesty was highly interested to hear from me what a big rôle his humble subjects played in the labour market of the United States.

Often and often have I seen King Humbert driving in Rome, and his most gracious bow was invariably that given to some working man who saluted him.

That any one should wish to take the life of good King George of Greece seems to me incredible, and we must imagine that the man who committed the abominable crime at Salonica must have been demented. The King had just then reached the height of his life's ambition, which was to make of his small country a solid nation. And, had he been spared till the end of the war, he had intended to resign his throne in favour of Prince Constantine, and retire to live on the fine property he had bought in Denmark.

King Carlos of Portugal had undoubtedly incited the wrath of his people against himself. He had the profoundest contempt for the race over whom he ruled, and he made no secret of it. The expenses of his Court were far and away above those justified by the financial

resources of his country. And the Orleanists, of which the Queen was one, do not attract the popular sympathy.

The fourth assassinated monarch I have known was the unfortunate King Alexander of Servia. That crime was a particularly revolting and cowardly piece of treason, an act of barbarism unworthy of a civilised people.

I have had the opportunity of prolonged talks with Empress Eugenie, and found her a most charming and talented conversationalist.

In November of this past year I had an interesting audience with King Ferdinand of Bulgaria in Vienna, at the palace of his brother, Prince Philip of Coburg. Of his cleverness one becomes aware before he has spoken many sentences. I ventured to suggest to His Majesty that the right time to have made peace would have been after the great victory of the Bulgarians over the Turks at Lulu Burgas. The King quite agreed, but added, "If the world only knew the intrigues which stood in the way of that! The war," he added, "was a brilliant one, and was finished in twenty-seven days. Then we ought to have had peace."

King Ferdinand denied to me, in the most emphatic manner, that he had any intention of resigning his throne, as so often reported

in the British press. He said, "But people cannot understand my mentality if they believe all the nonsense written about my intentions."

Of all the politicians I have known, none has impressed his personality more upon me than the Greek Bismarck, M. Venizelos. I had known the Tricoupis, the Dragoumis, the Theotokis, the Rhallis, the Delyannis, in fact, all the leading Greek politicians for a score of years. But they were all children compared to Venizelos. He came to Greece at the time of the revolution and military league, at the head of which was a certain Colonel Zorbas. The league had outlived its utility, but feared to dissolve, lest the reactionaries should undo all the work it had accomplished. Venizelos was at that time leader of one of the two big parties in Crete, and by his firmness and strength of will kept his otherwise unruly followers in perfect discipline. He appeared, when I first met him in Athens, a cold, grey-eyed, silent man, a cool-headed lawyer, never known to show any emotion. He came; he saw. He insisted upon the dissolution of the league, and carried his point. A refractory Parliament set about to overthrow him. He overthrew the Parliament, appealed to the country, summoned the populace to elect new members, and came back supported by an

overwhelming majority. Since that time he has never made a mistake. He has thoroughly solidified the position of the dynasty, which at one time was sorely shaken. Since he has been in power, Greece has almost doubled the size of her territory, and in the recent division of the spoils, after the war, has received the lion's share of the territory, including rich Salonica and the perhaps even more valuable harbour of Cavalla, whence millions upon millions' worth of tobacco are yearly exported to America alone. Greece has increased in size by 47,000 square kilometres, owing to the war. When I knew him, or, rather, saw him last, Venizelos was occupying the posts of President of the Council and Minister of War, for which joint services the nation was paying him *eight pounds*, or two hundred francs, per week. Since then, I understand, a patriotic Greek has left him a considerable fortune, in order that he may, free of financial cares, pursue the most remarkable work he has already accomplished in the regeneration and nationalisation of the Greeks and their country. He stands by the side of Bismarck as a man who has done vast things, almost miracles, for the benefit of the fatherland. He has done more for Greece in three to four years than his predecessors all together in the past forty.

I much wonder if those of you who have read what I have written concerning my ex-

periences would care to be a Special Correspondent. Methinks few of you would be venturesome enough to say "Yes."

To myself it is an ideal career, which keeps you keenly and intensely interested in every public question of the day, and brings one constantly into close contact with those who are making the history of our times. Above all, it is an exciting vocation, a truly restless calling, and, as my dear old friend Oakey Hall used to say, "*The penalty of journalistic life is perpetual vigilance.*"

"Would you like to be a Special Correspondent, or would you not?" That (as they say in Parliament) is the question before the House. Those who are in favour say "Ay"; those who are of the contrary opinion say "No."

I think the "Noes" have it!

THE END